

A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE

MARCH

Our Gang

COMICS



TOM and JERRY

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT US CORNERED THIS TIME! BUT PLEASE DON'T HURT US! WE'LL BE GOOD!

PSHAW! I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU! LET'S LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND BE FRIENDS!

YEAH, HAVE MERCY ON US, TOM!

DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

TO PROVE MY GOOD FAITH, CLIMB UP ON MY BACK AND I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE!

THIS IS THE LIFE! I GUESS OLD TOM'S HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE AFTER ALL!

THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO PRACTISE MY IMITATIONS-- HAVE YOU HEARD MY LATEST?

WELL, IF I'VE GOT TO LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO GO AHEAD!

WELL, IF I'VE GOT TO LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO GO AHEAD!

FIRST - A BIRD!

TWEET TWEET

WHO SAYS SO?

NOW - A DOG!

WITH OR WITHOUT FLEAS?

ARF - ARF -

YOW!! A DOG! A FEROCIOUS DOG! RIGHT AT MY HEELS!

WHACK

GOSH! I NEVER KNEW I WAS THAT GOOD!

YOUR IMITATIONS ALWAYS DO GIVE ME A HEADACHE!

MGM PRESENTS

OUR GANG

LOOK, RED! THIS BOOK OF CHARTS OFF THE COAST SHOWS THE DEPTH AT WINTER INLET!

SO?

HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF CAPTAIN ZEBRA?

SURE! HE WAS THAT LOCAL PIRATE WHO HID A TREASURE AROUND HERE--ACCORDING TO THE OLD STORIES--WHAT ABOUT HIM, SQUINT?

HE USED TO USE WINTER INLET, DIDN'T HE?--AND NOBODY KNOWS WHERE HE BURIED HIS TREASURE! SUPPOSE HE DIDN'T BURY IT? WHAT IF HIS SHIP, THE TERN, WAS SUNK?



WELL THAT WOULD BE JUST DANDY! WHAT COULD WE DO ABOUT IT?

WE COULD DIVE FOR IT! I'VE BEEN POLISHING UP A NEW KIND OF DIVING HELMET!

HOT DOG! YOU MEAN GO DOWN INTO WINTER INLET AND LOOK AROUND FOR THE TERN?

SURE--WHY NOT?



SEE HERE! YOU BOYS MUST STOP TALKING SO LOUDLY IN THE LIBRARY—AND YOU! RED MAC DOUGAL! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT!



UH-YES M, MRS. THOMPSON!

WELL LET'S GO ANYWAY, RED! I'VE MADE A COPY OF THE DEPTHS AT WINTER INLET!



GOLLY! DO YOU THINK THIS DIVING HELMET OF YOURS WILL WORK?

SURE IT WILL!

YOU RUN OVER AND GET JANEY. WE'LL NEED HER SKIFF TO ROW AROUND AND TRY DIFFERENT SPOTS--I'LL GO GET THE HELMET--WE'LL MEET DOWN AT THE DOCK!



OKAY!

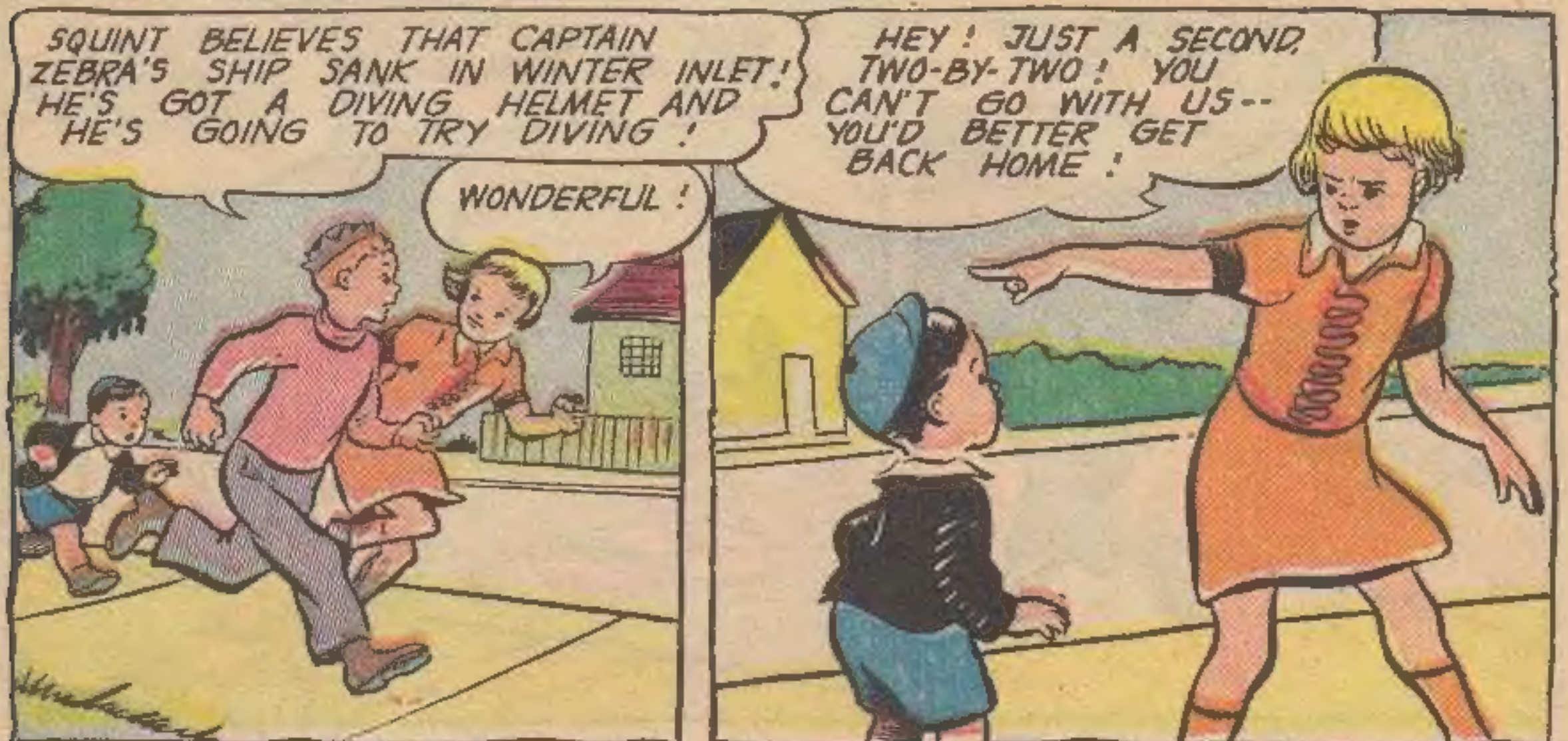
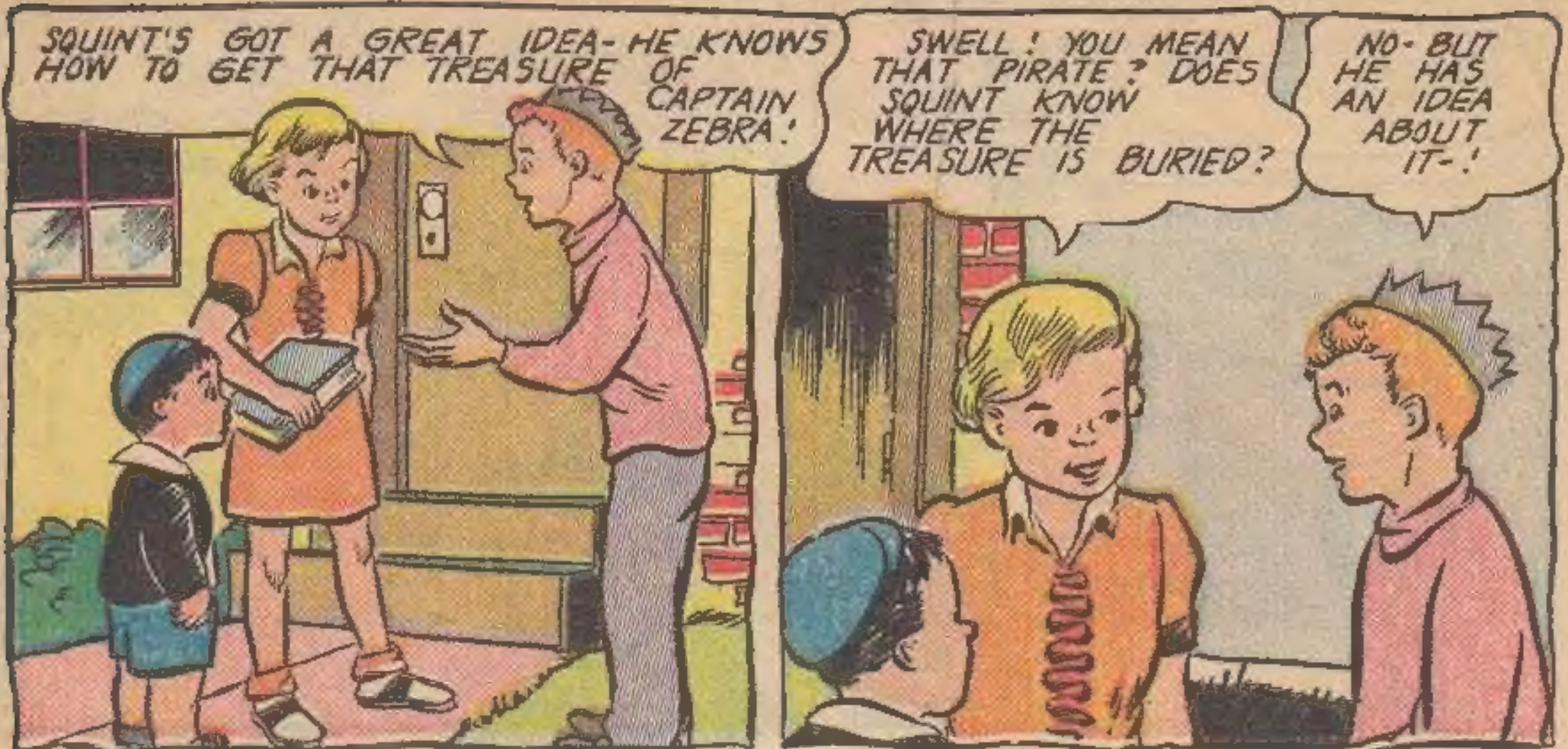
GOSH, IT'S TOO BAD THAT FROGGIE IS VISITING HIS AUNT--HE'D GET FUN OUT OF THIS!

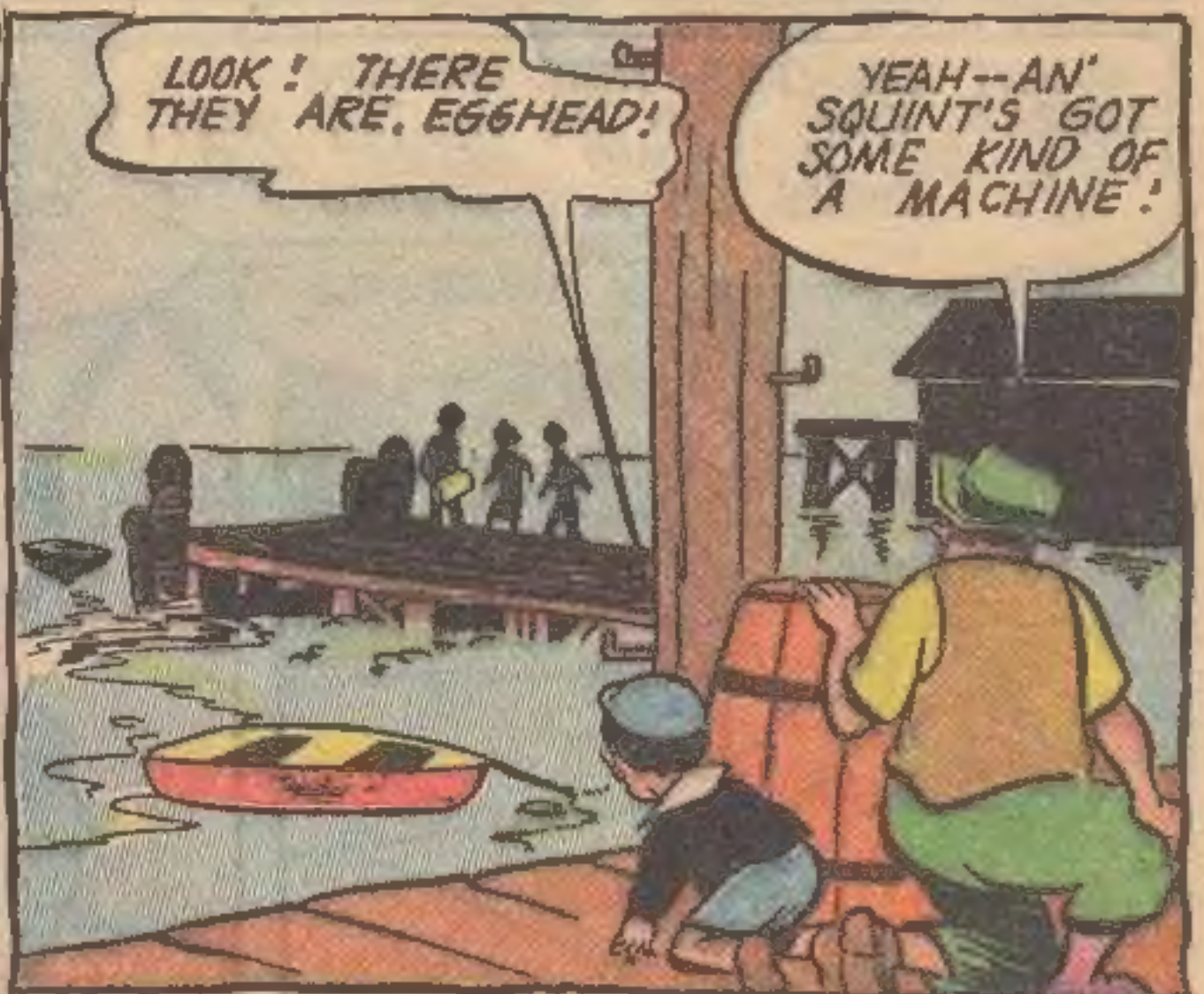
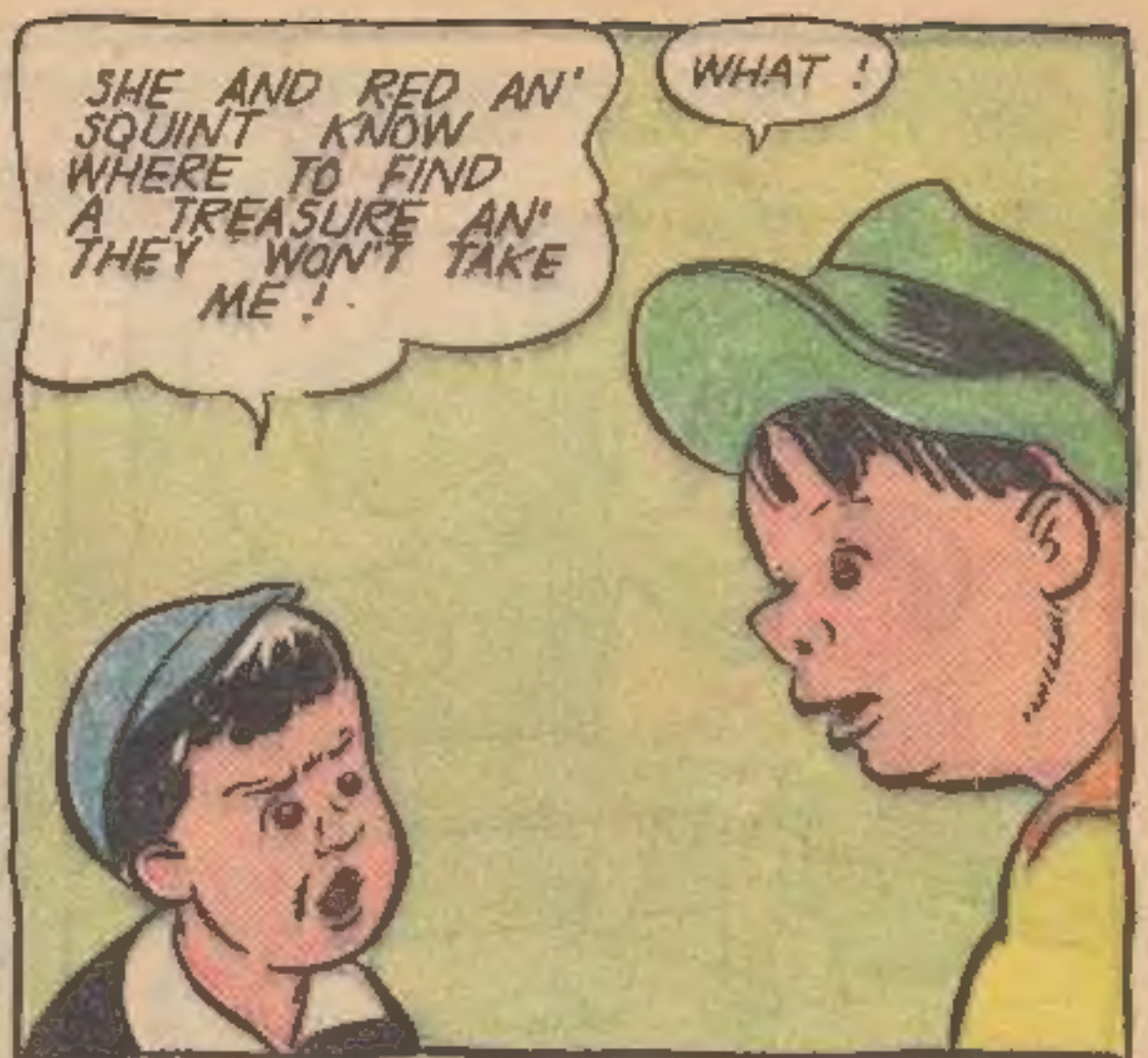


HEY COME ON, JANEY-- SQUINT'S GOT A GREAT IDEA--WE'LL NEED YOUR BOAT!



SURE! BUT WHAT'S IT ABOUT?





PULL FOR TUCKER'S LIGHT
RED-- I FIGURE THE WAY
THE OUTGOING TIDE
PILES UP AGAINST THE
SPIT THERE--WE MAY FIND
SOMETHING!

A LITTLE
HARDER ON
YOUR RIGHT
OAR, RED!

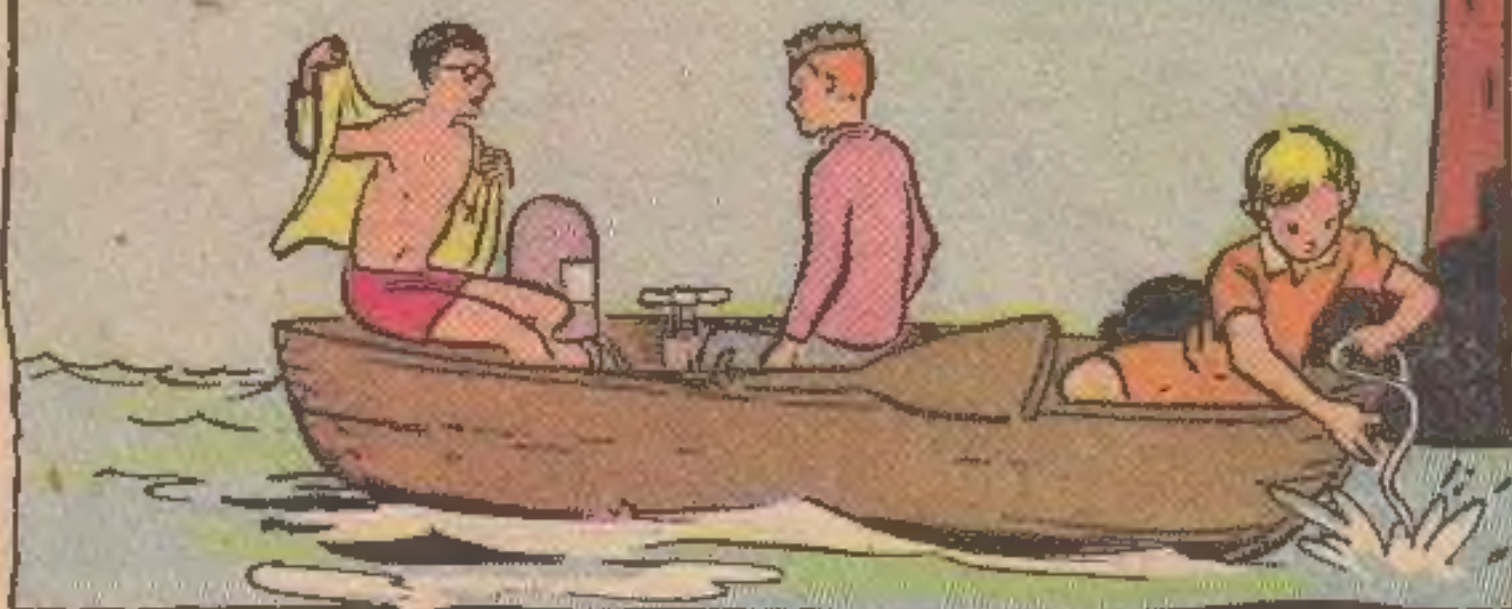
YOU THINK THAT AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS THE SHIP
WOULD HAVE WASHED DOWN
THERE?-- ZEBRA WAS ACTIVE
ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO!



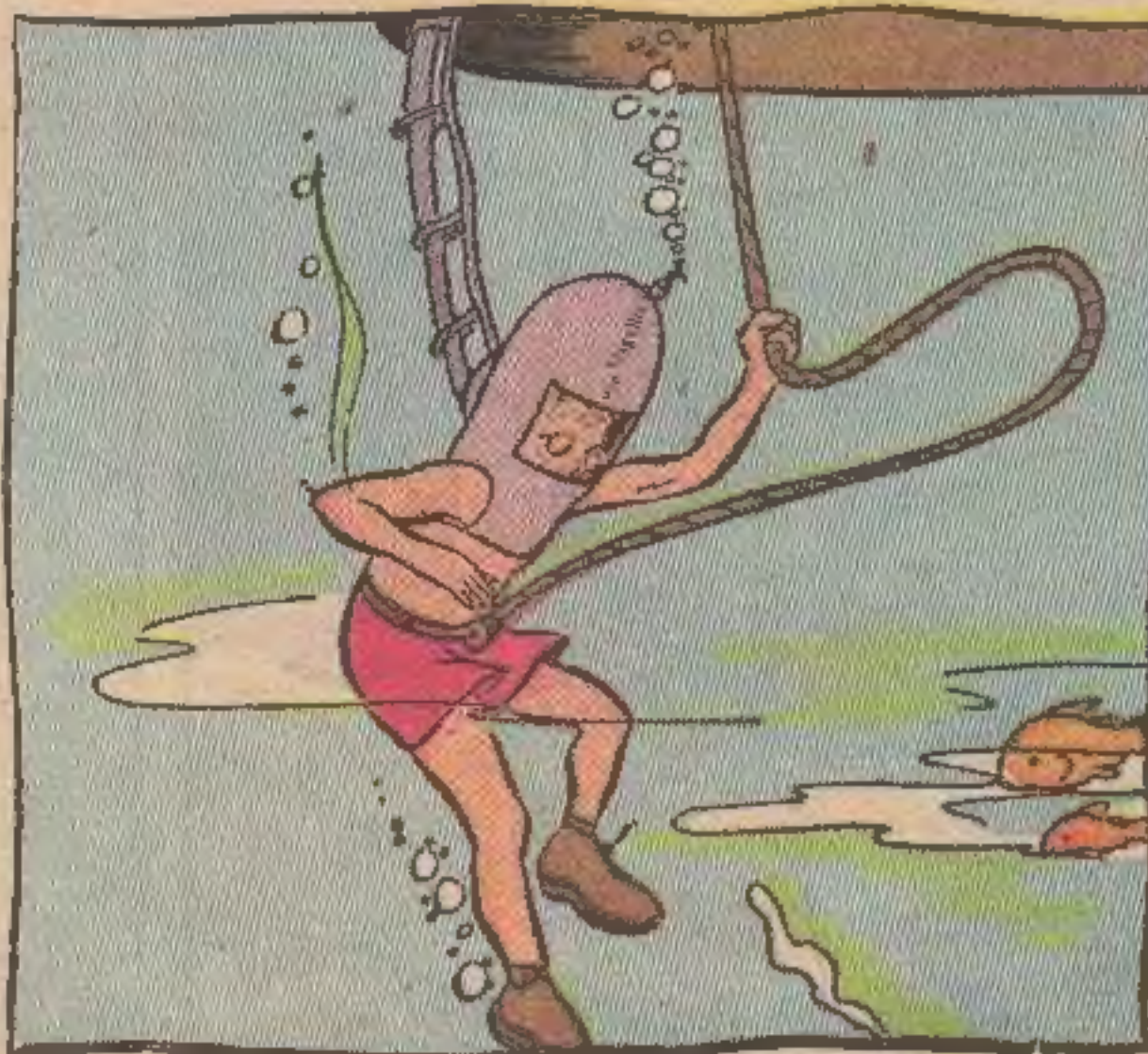
YEAH!- I DON'T THINK
YOU'LL FIND ANYTHING--
EVEN IF THE TERN DID
SINK, THERE'D BE NOTHING
LEFT!

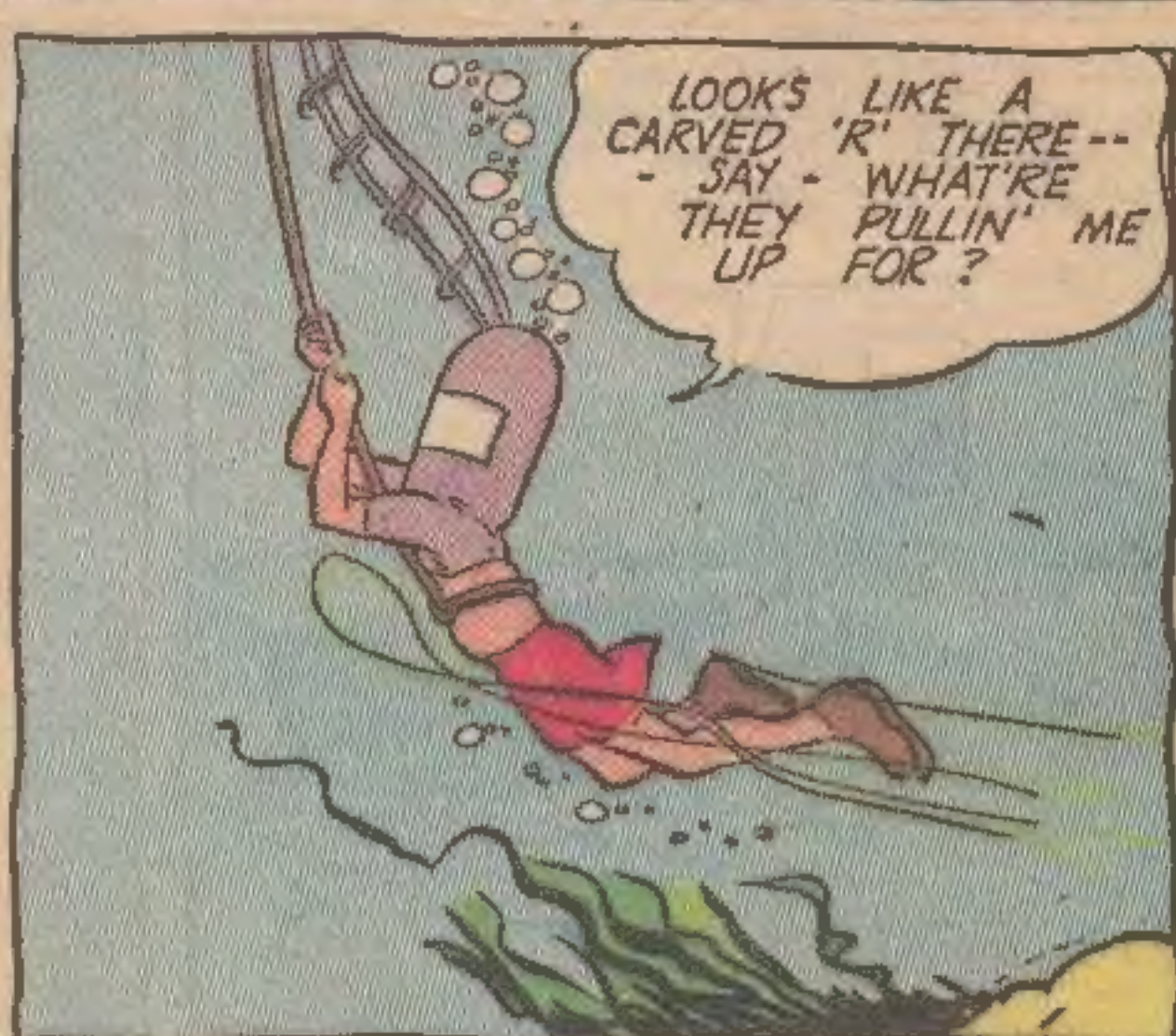
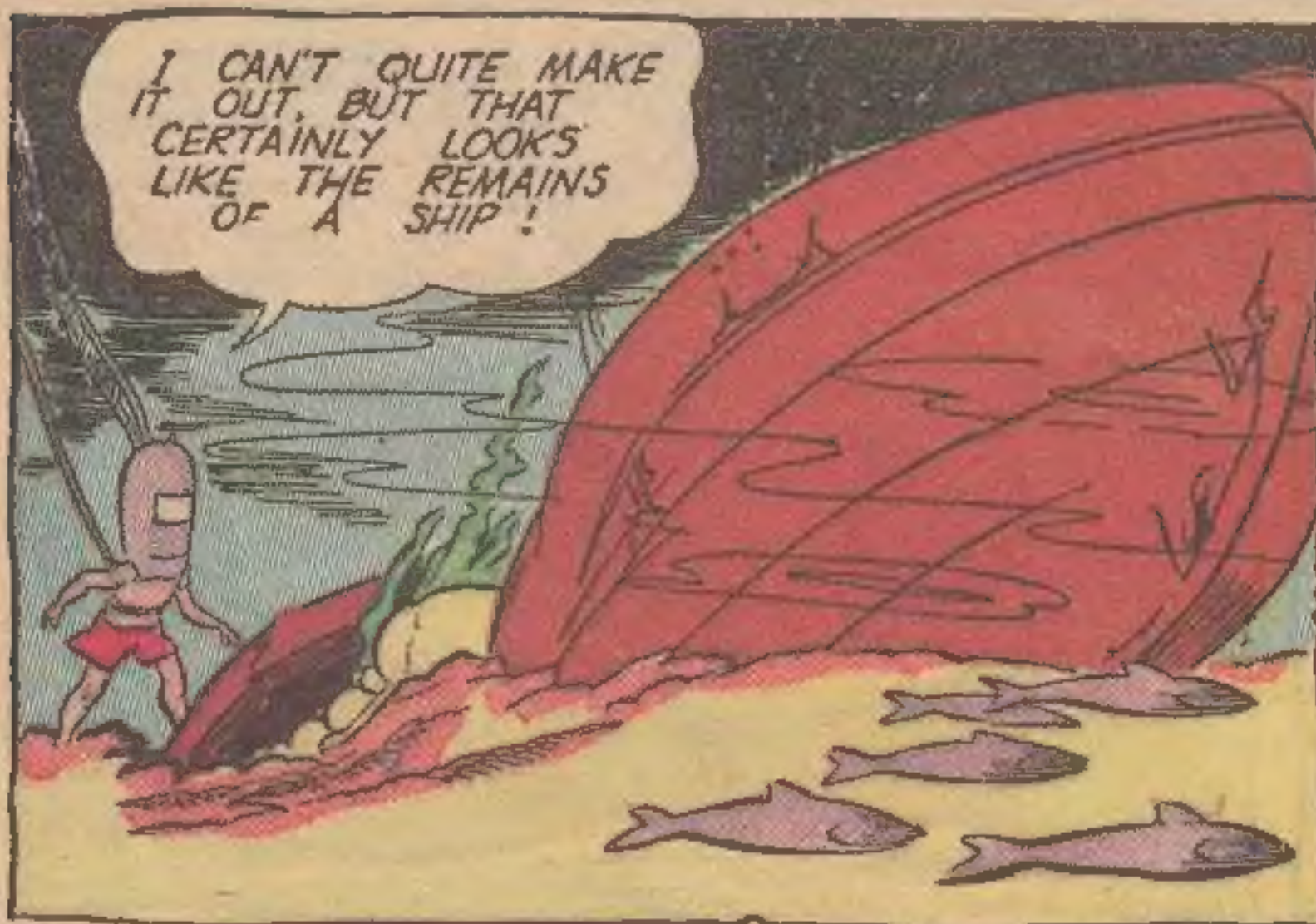
WELL - THERE SHOULD BE SOMETHING! IT'S
LOW TIDE NOW AND THE DEPTH HERE
IS JUST ABOUT TWENTY FEET- THROW
OVER THE ANCHOR, JANEY!

YOU SURE THAT
HELMET WILL WORK?

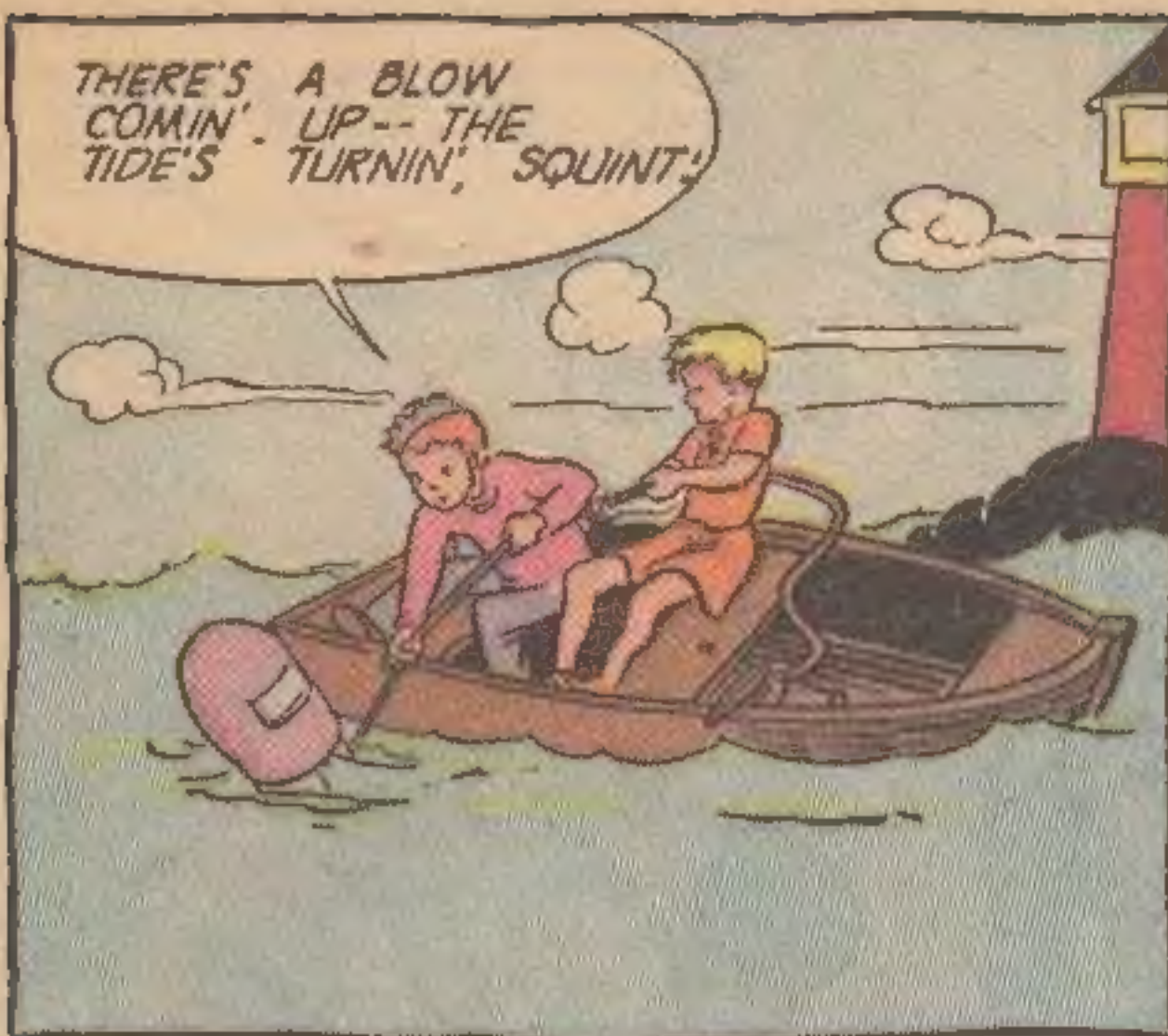


OF COURSE- BUT IN CASE
ANYTHING GOES WRONG, I'LL
TUG ON THE LINE TWICE--
PULL ME UP IF I DO!





THERE'S A BLOW
COMIN' UP-- THE
TIDE'S TURNIN', SQUINT!



SAY! THAT HUNCH WASN'T
BAD-- THERE'S SOMETHING
DOWN THERE-- I DON'T
KNOW EXACTLY WHAT-- BUT
IT'S AN OLD SHIP-- IT
COULD BE THE TERN --
IT HAS AN "R" IN THE
NAME!



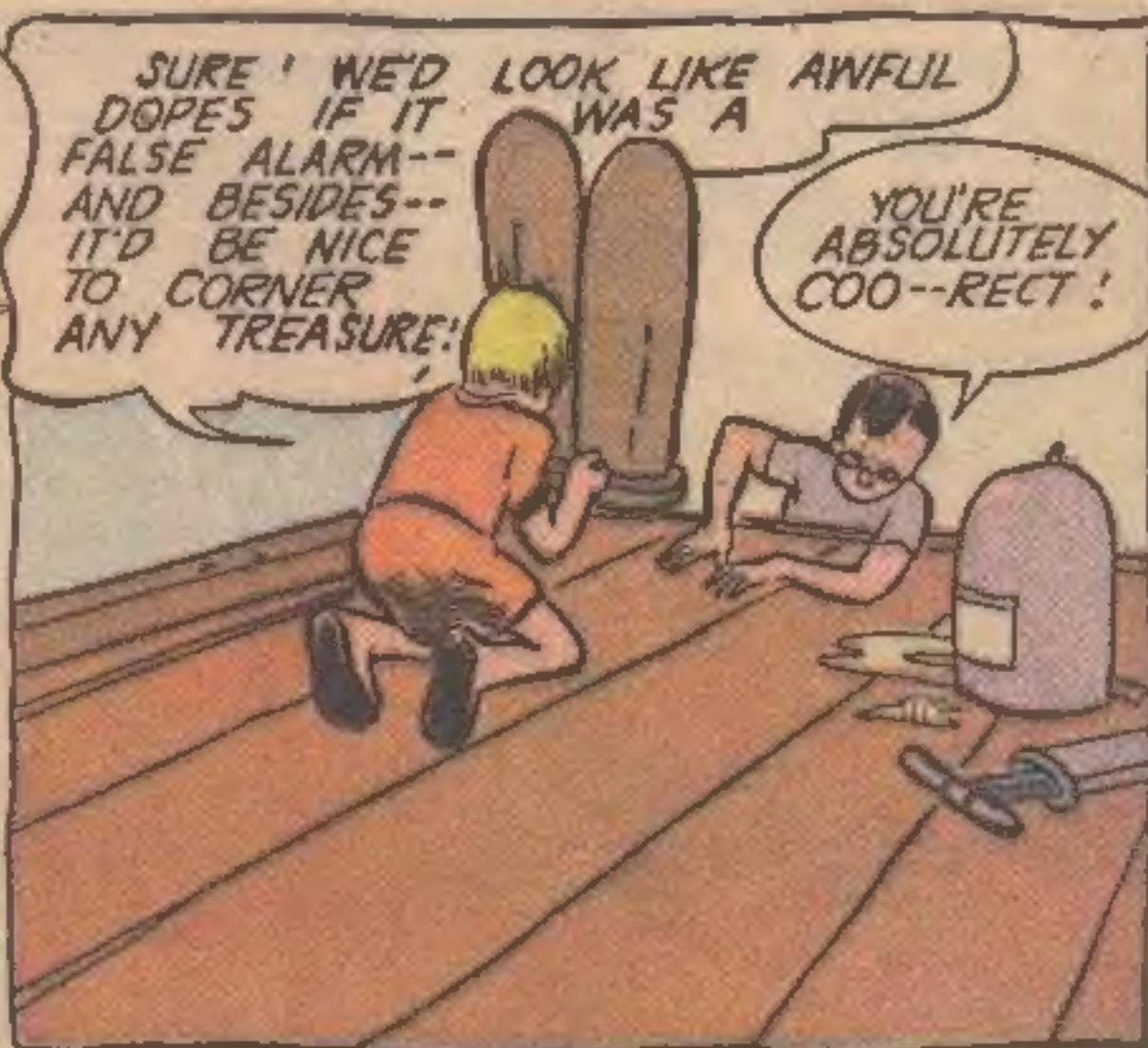
GOLLY! WHAT A
STROKE OF LUCK
IF IT IS THE
TERN!

WELL - LET'S
KEEP MUM
ABOUT IT
UNTIL WE'RE
SURE!



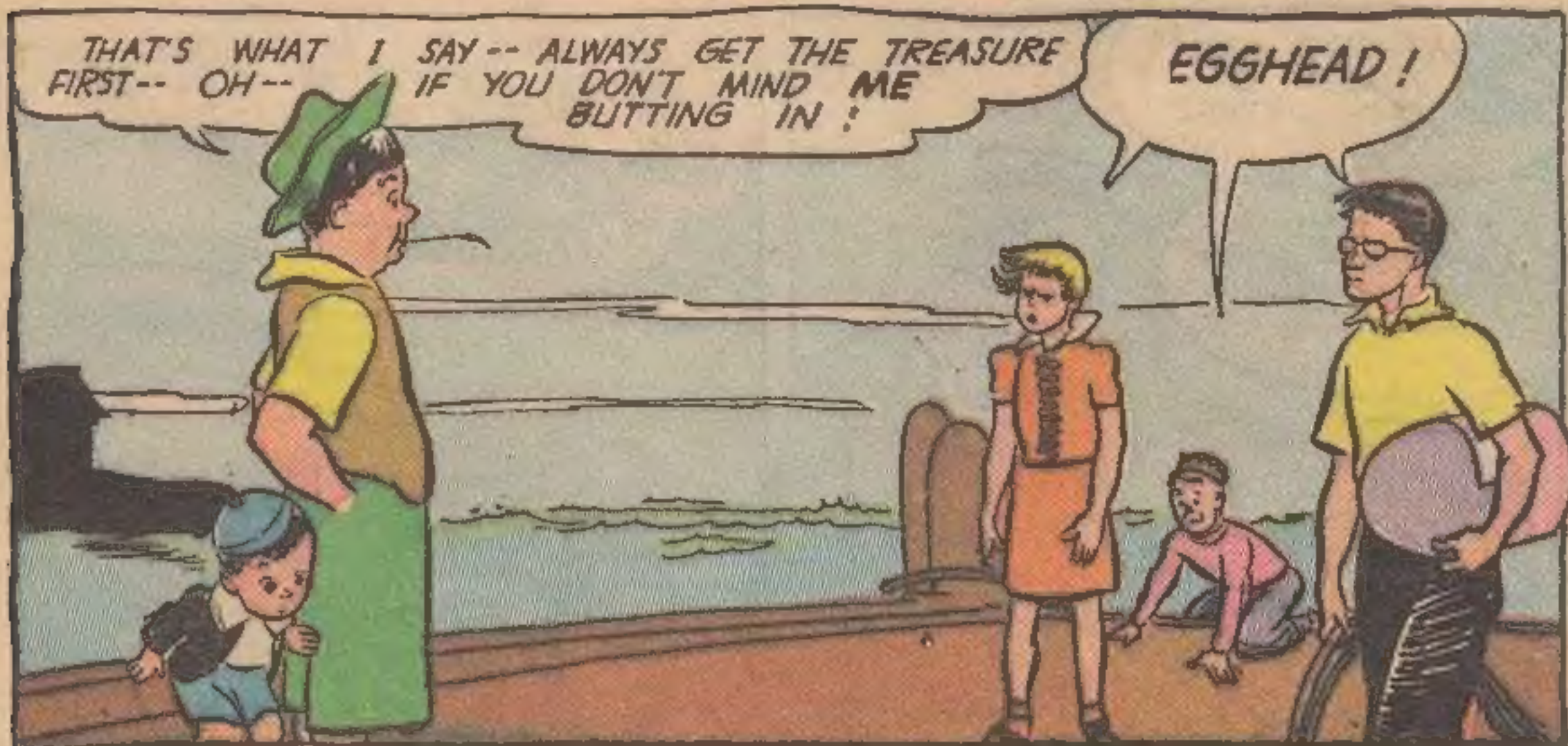
SURE! WE'D LOOK LIKE AWFUL
DOES IF IT WAS A
FALSE ALARM--
AND BESIDES--
IT'D BE NICE
TO CORNER
ANY TREASURE!

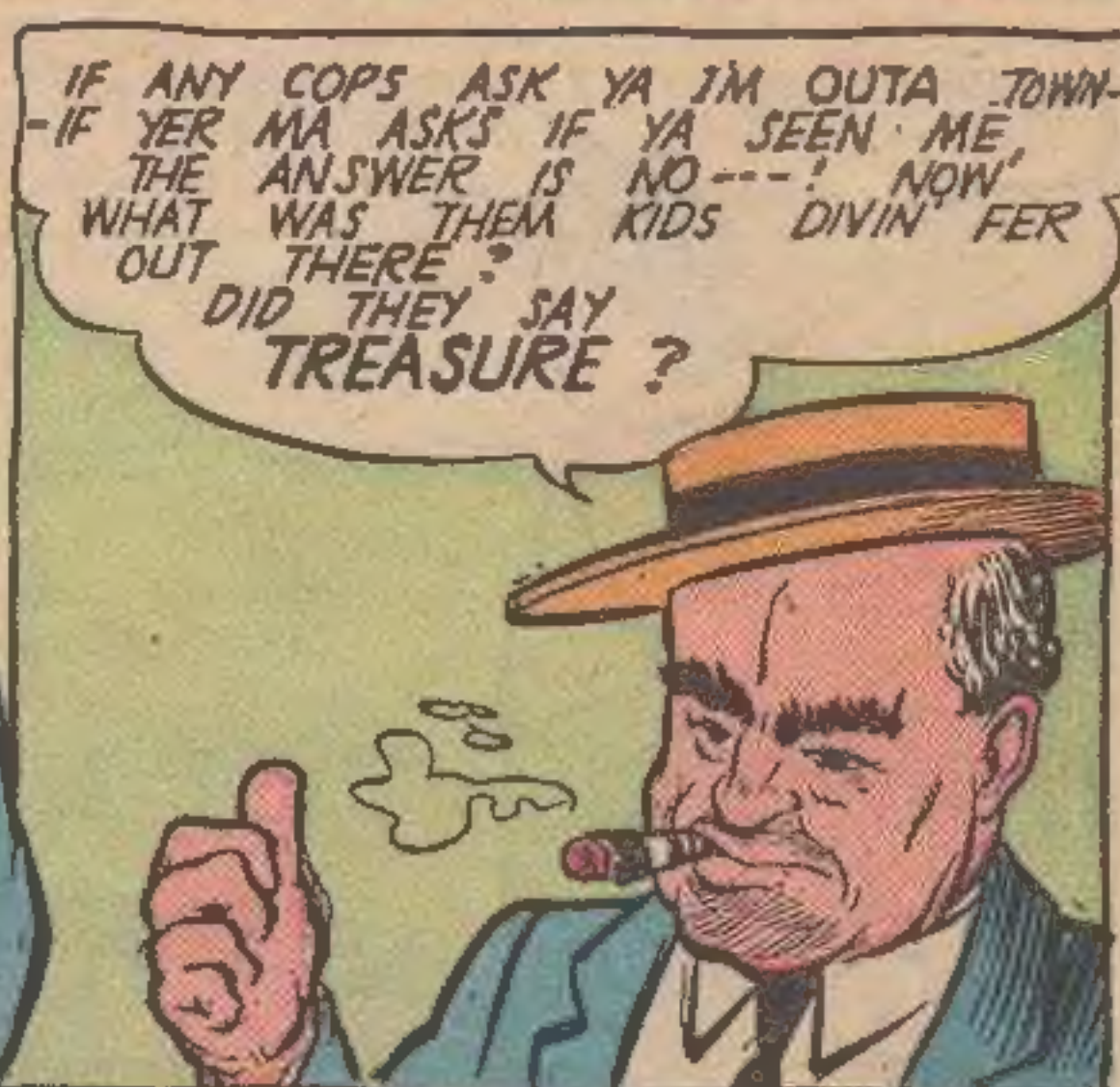
YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
COO--RECT!



THAT'S WHAT I SAY-- ALWAYS GET THE TREASURE
FIRST-- OH-- IF YOU DON'T MIND ME
BUTTING IN!

EGGHEAD!







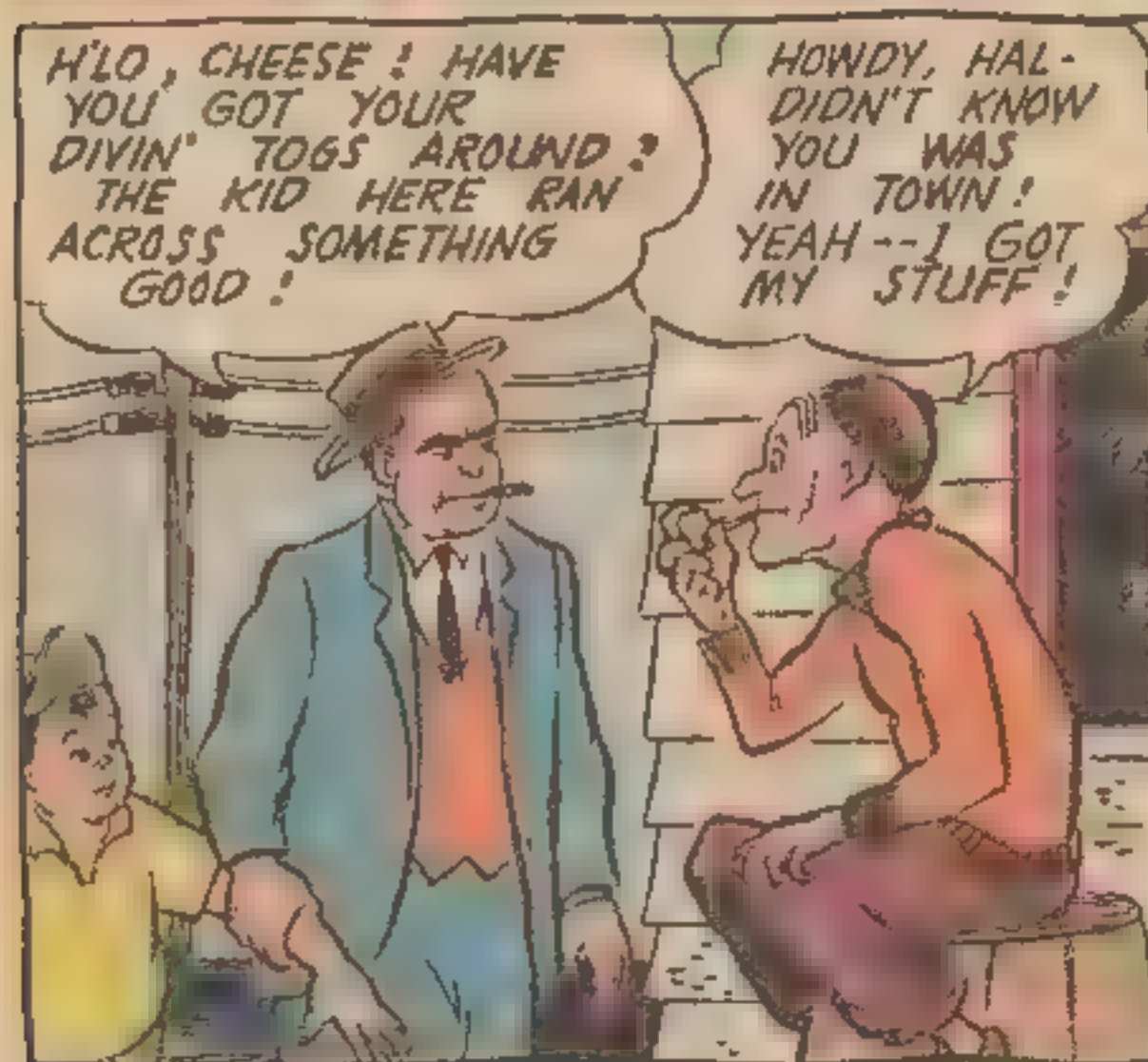
GEE - I
UH-DUNNO-

DON'T GIVE ME
THAT-- THEY
CALLED YOU
EGGHEAD AND
SAID YOU KNEW
ABOUT A TREASURE!
TELL ME BEFORE I--



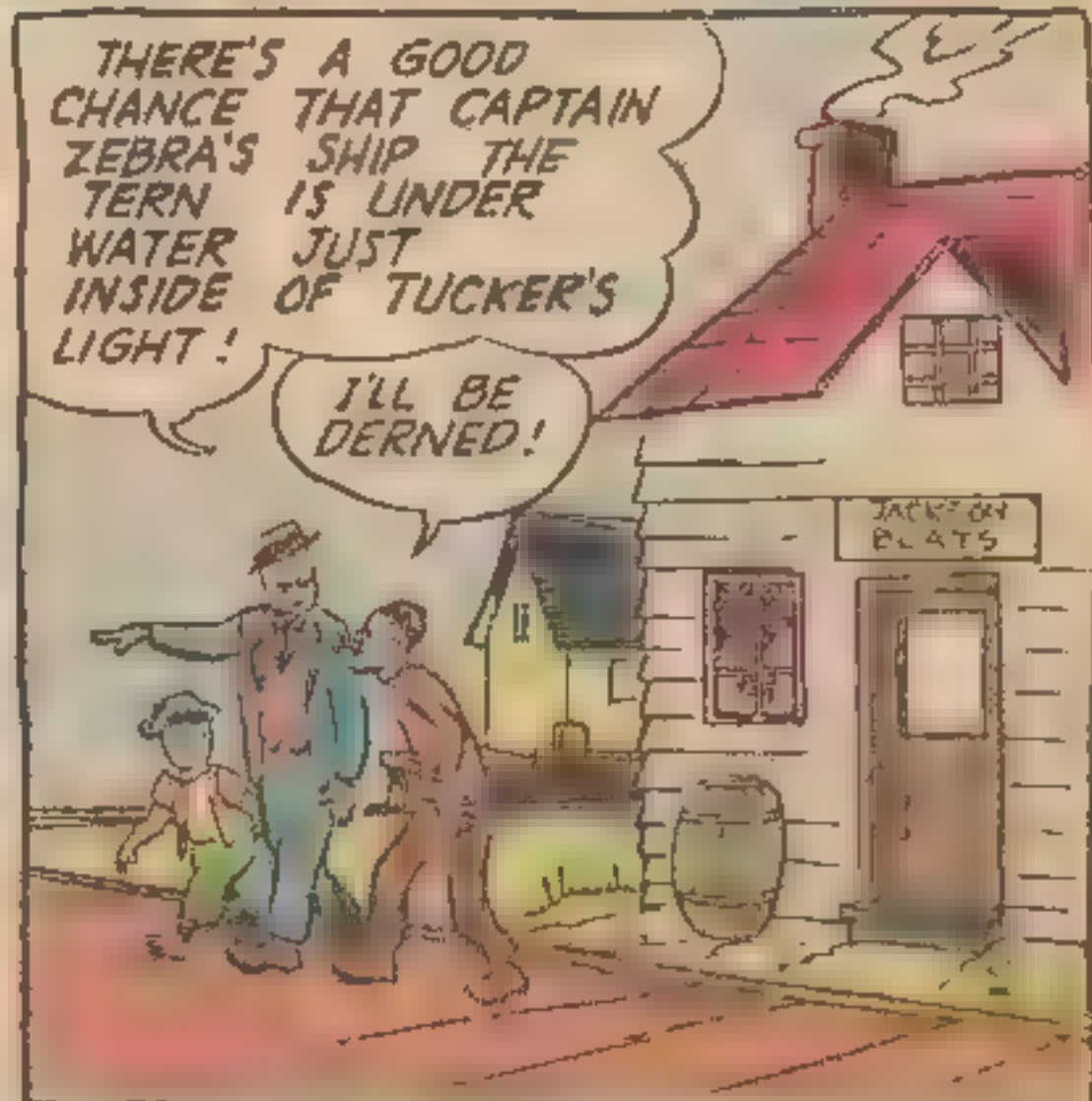
WELL I THINK
THEY LOCATED
THAT OLD
PIRATE TREASURE
OF CAPTAIN
ZEBRA!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH
--- COME ON -- WE'RE
GONNA GET MY
PAL, "CHEESE"
JACKSON!



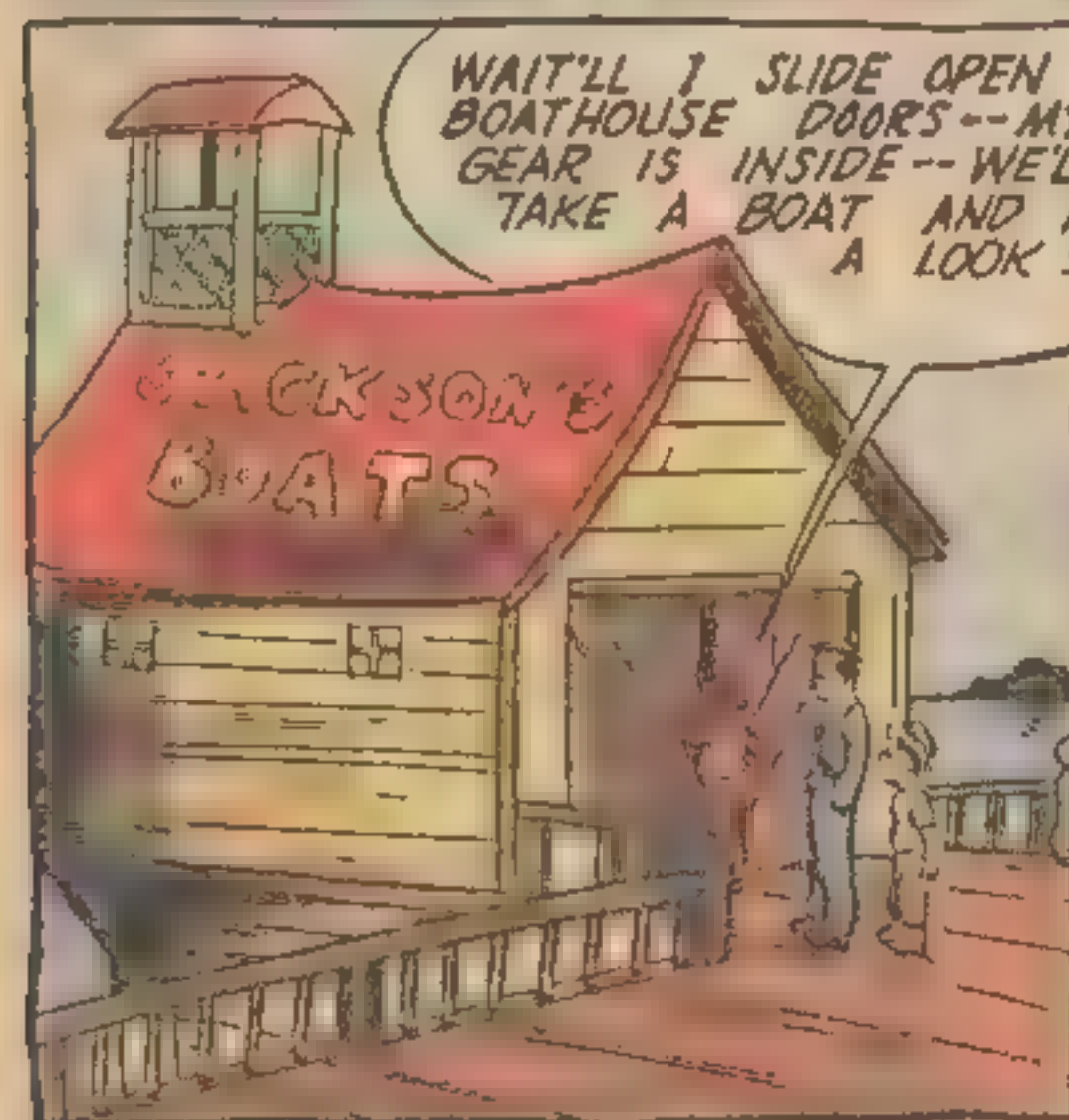
H'LO, CHEESE! HAVE
YOU GOT YOUR
DIVIN' TOGS AROUND?
THE KID HERE RAN
ACROSS SOMETHING
GOOD!

HOWDY, HAL--
DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WAS
IN TOWN!
YEAH-- I GOT
MY STUFF!

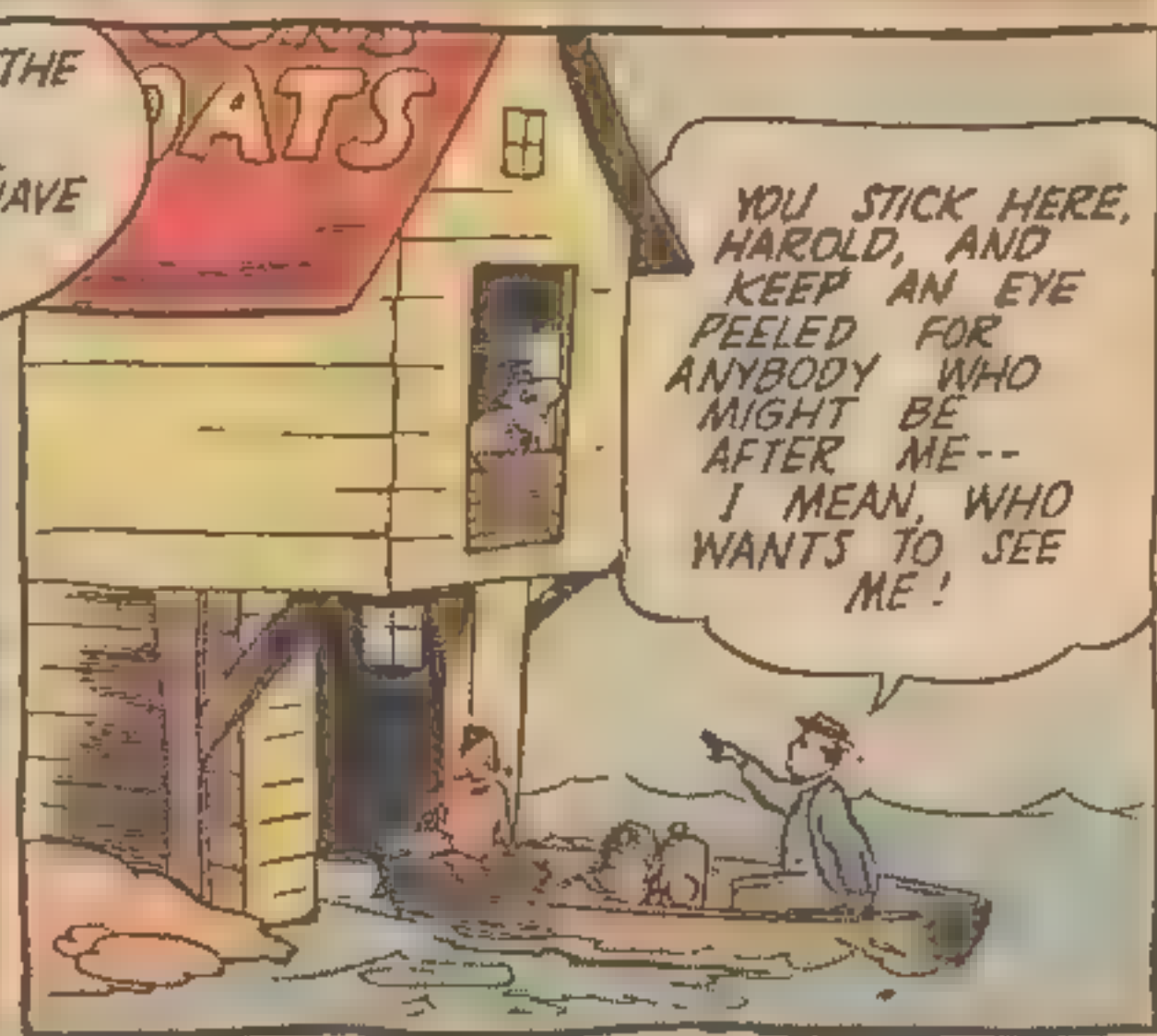


THERE'S A GOOD
CHANCE THAT CAPTAIN
ZEBRA'S SHIP THE
TERN IS UNDER
WATER JUST
INSIDE OF TUCKER'S
LIGHT!

I'LL BE
DERNED!



WAIT'LL I SLIDE OPEN THE
BOATHOUSE DOORS-- MY
GEAR IS INSIDE-- WE'LL
TAKE A BOAT AND HAVE
A LOOK!



YOU STICK HERE,
HAROLD, AND
KEEP AN EYE
PEELED FOR
ANYBODY WHO
MIGHT BE
AFTER ME--
I MEAN, WHO
WANTS TO SEE
ME!

GEE- IF PA FINDS THAT TREASURE THE GANG KIDS WILL REALLY HATE ME-- PA WON'T GIVE ANY OF IT TO THE FAMILY ANYWAY!



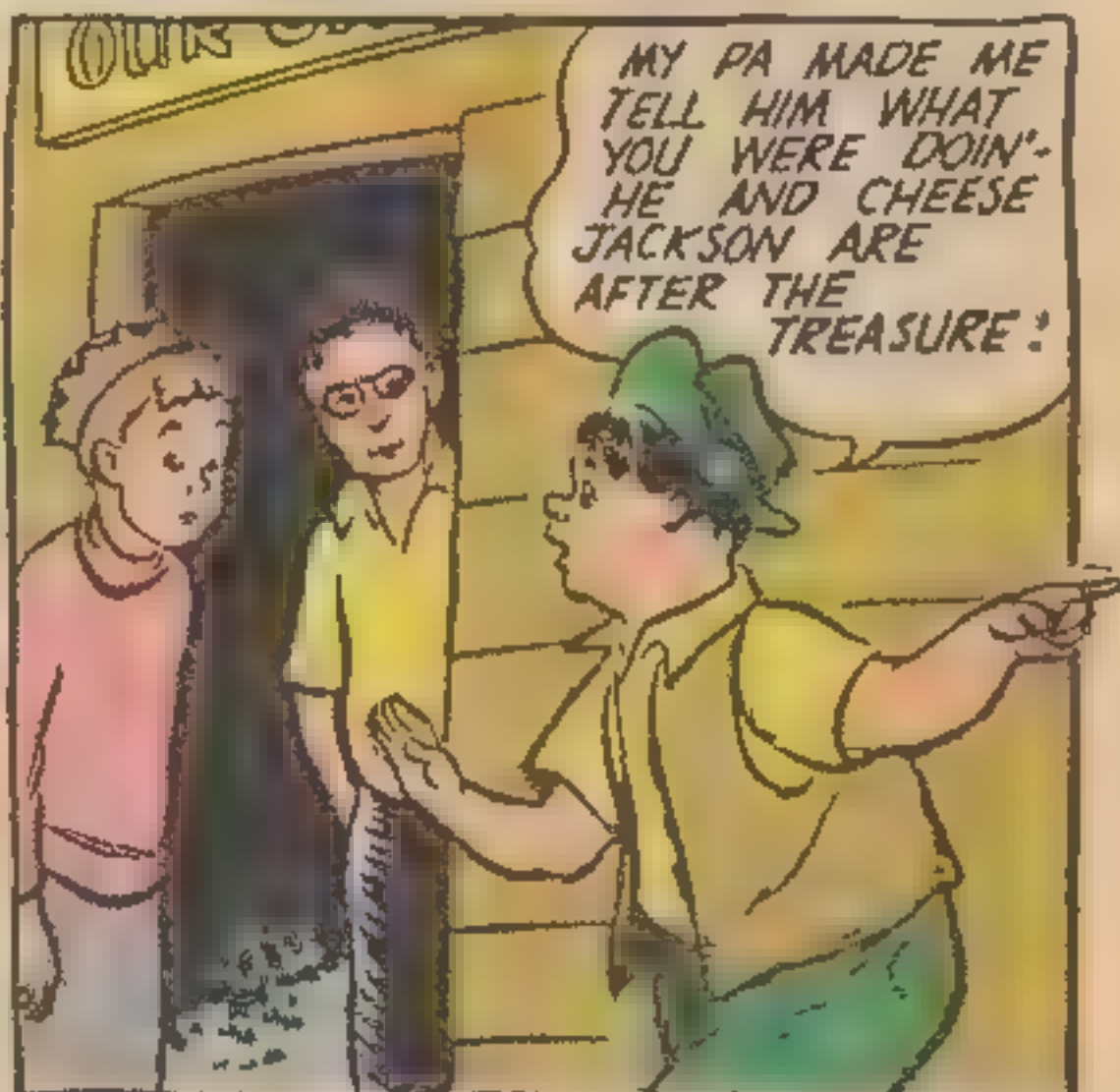
THE LEAST I CAN DO IS WARN THEM THAT HE'S AFTER IT-- THAT'LL SQUARE ME!



HERE COMES EGGHEAD. HOTFOOTIN' IT AS IF HE WANTS HIS MONEY BACK-- PROB'LY FEELS CHEATED BECAUSE WE DIDN'T GIVE HIM YOUR HELMET!

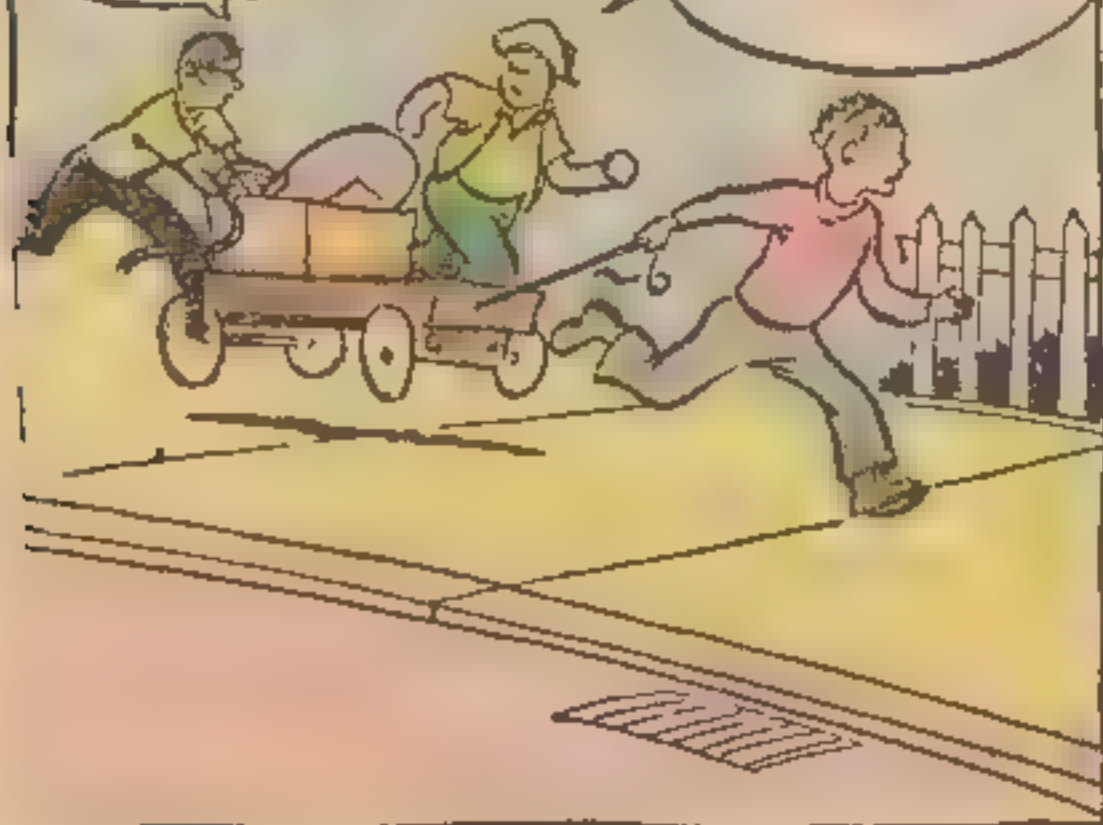


MY PA MADE ME TELL HIM WHAT YOU WERE DOIN'. HE AND CHEESE JACKSON ARE AFTER THE TREASURE!



CHEESE JACKSON'S AN OLD-TIME DIVER. ISN'T HE?

YEAH-- BUT I DON'T WANT HIM OR PA TO GET WHAT SHOULD BE OURS!

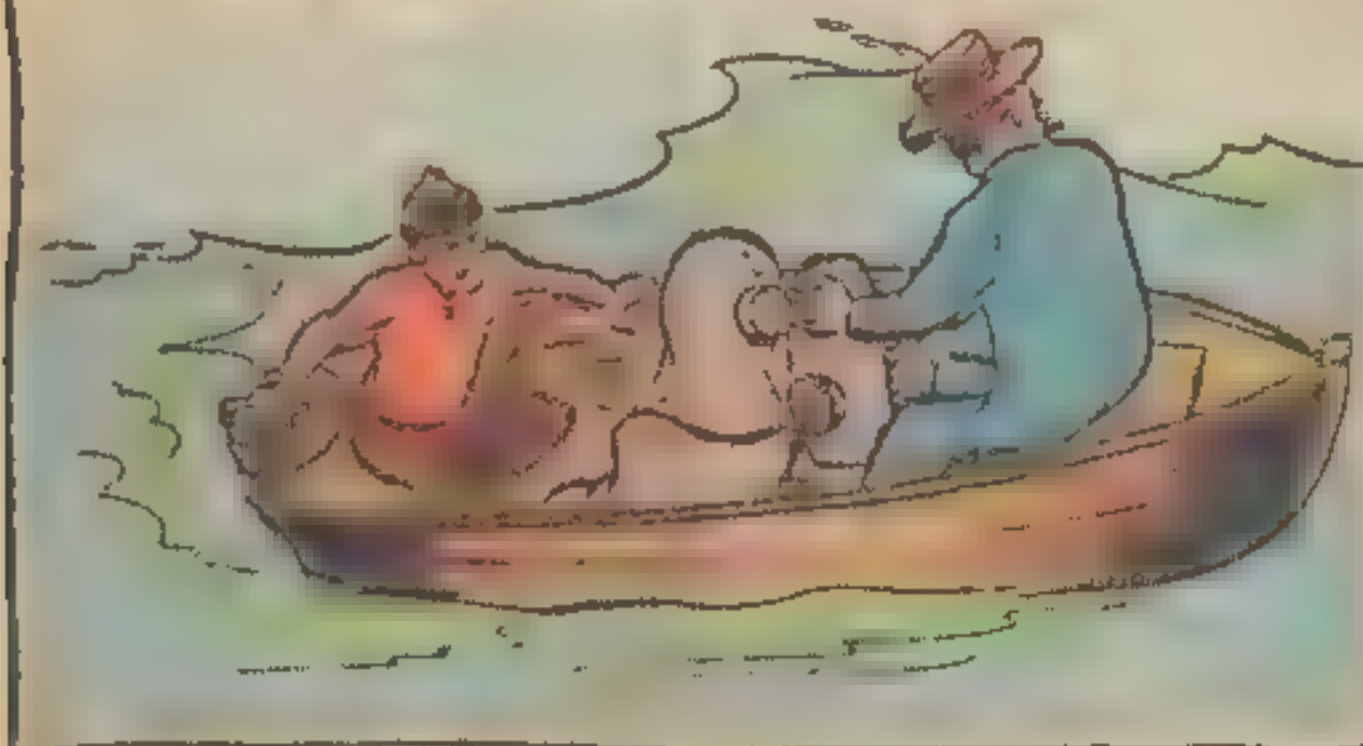


HOW COME YOU'VE GOTTEN SO RIGHTEOUS?

MY PA HAS ALWAYS TREATED OUR FAMILY MEAN AND CHEESE JACKSON ALWAYS ENCOURAGES HIM -- PA DOESN'T EVEN SUPPORT US!

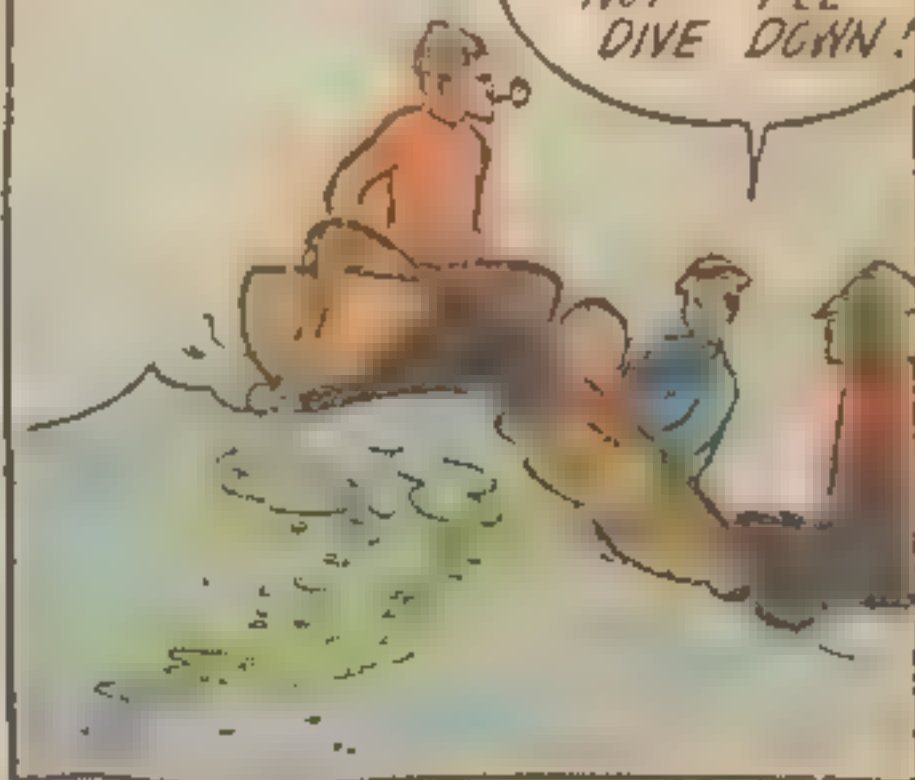


JUST INSIDE TUCKER'S LIGHT?
THAT'S NOT TOO GOOD A
SPOT NOW--TIDE COMIN'
IN CAUSES TRICKY CURRENTS!



AS A MATTER OF FACT-IT'S TOO
ROUGH FOR SAFETY HAL- WE
BETTER GO BACK!

IF YOU'RE
YELLOW--I'M
NOT--I'LL
DIVE DOWN!

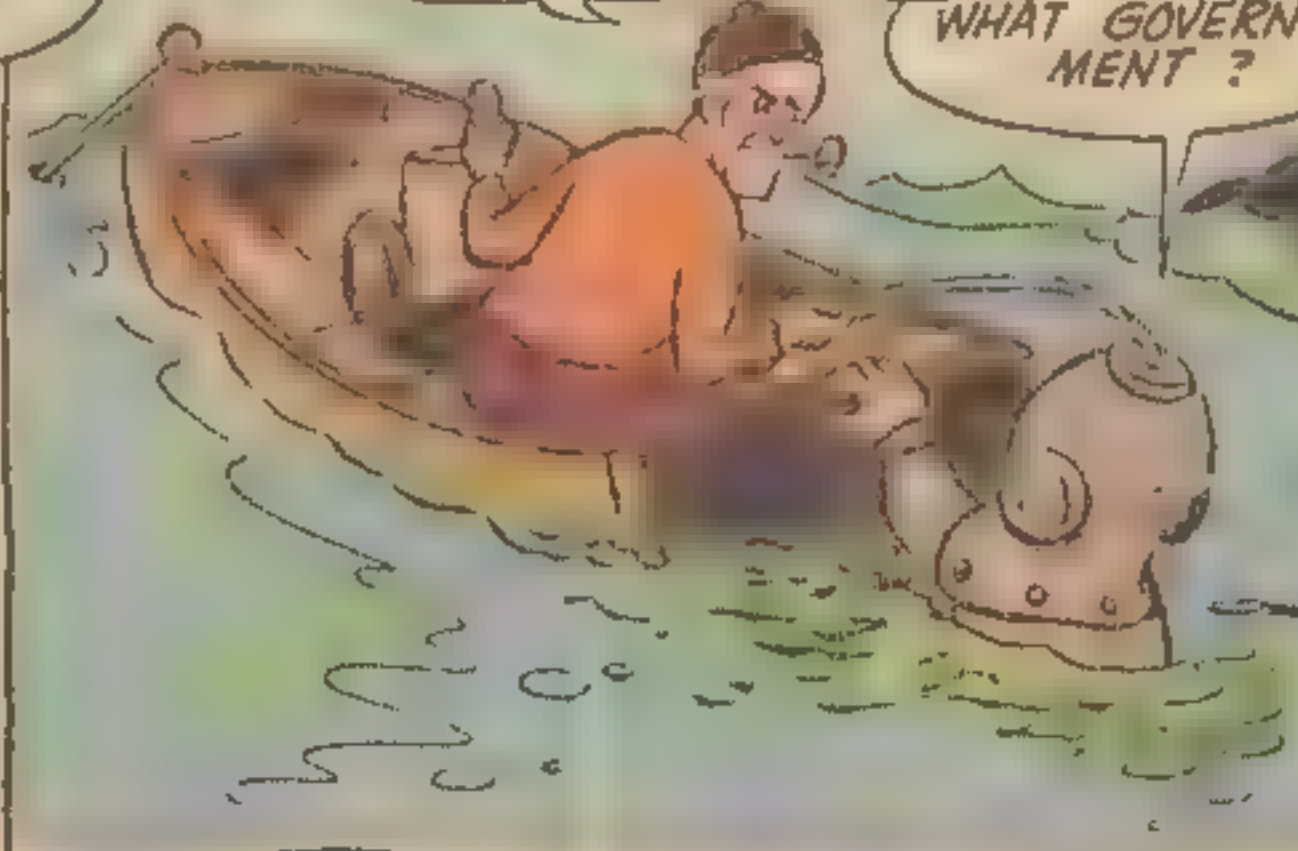


I'M NO DERN FOOL, HAL-
IT'S TOO ROUGH NOW- BUT
IF YOU WANT TO BE A
BLOCKHEAD, GO AHEAD--
IT'S YOUR LIFE--NOT
MINE!

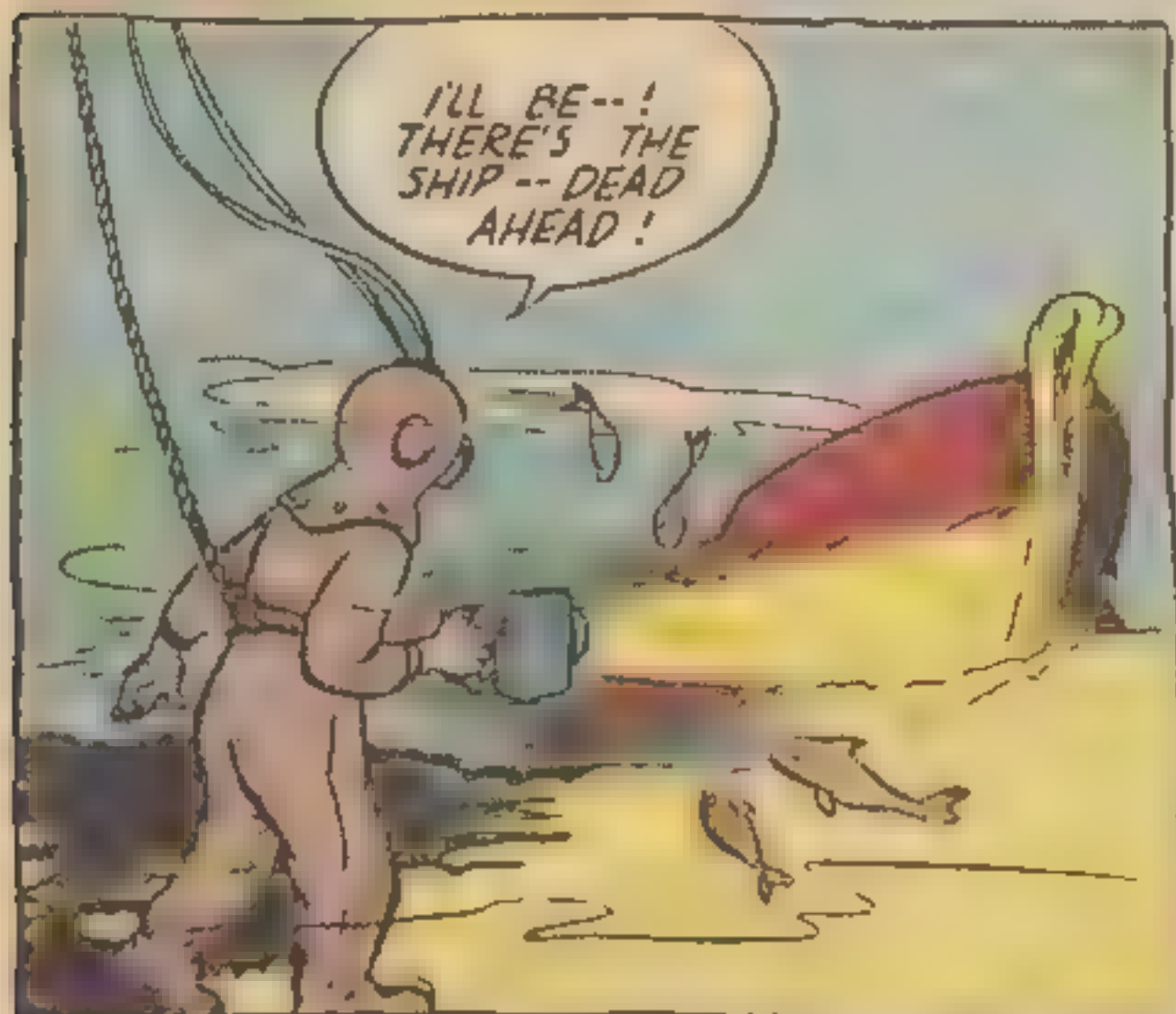


YOU WERE BORN TO BE HUNG
ANYWAY, HAL--YOU'RE SAFE
AS GOVERNMENT BONDS!

WHAT GOVERN-
MENT?



I'LL BE--!
THERE'S THE
SHIP--DEAD
AHEAD!



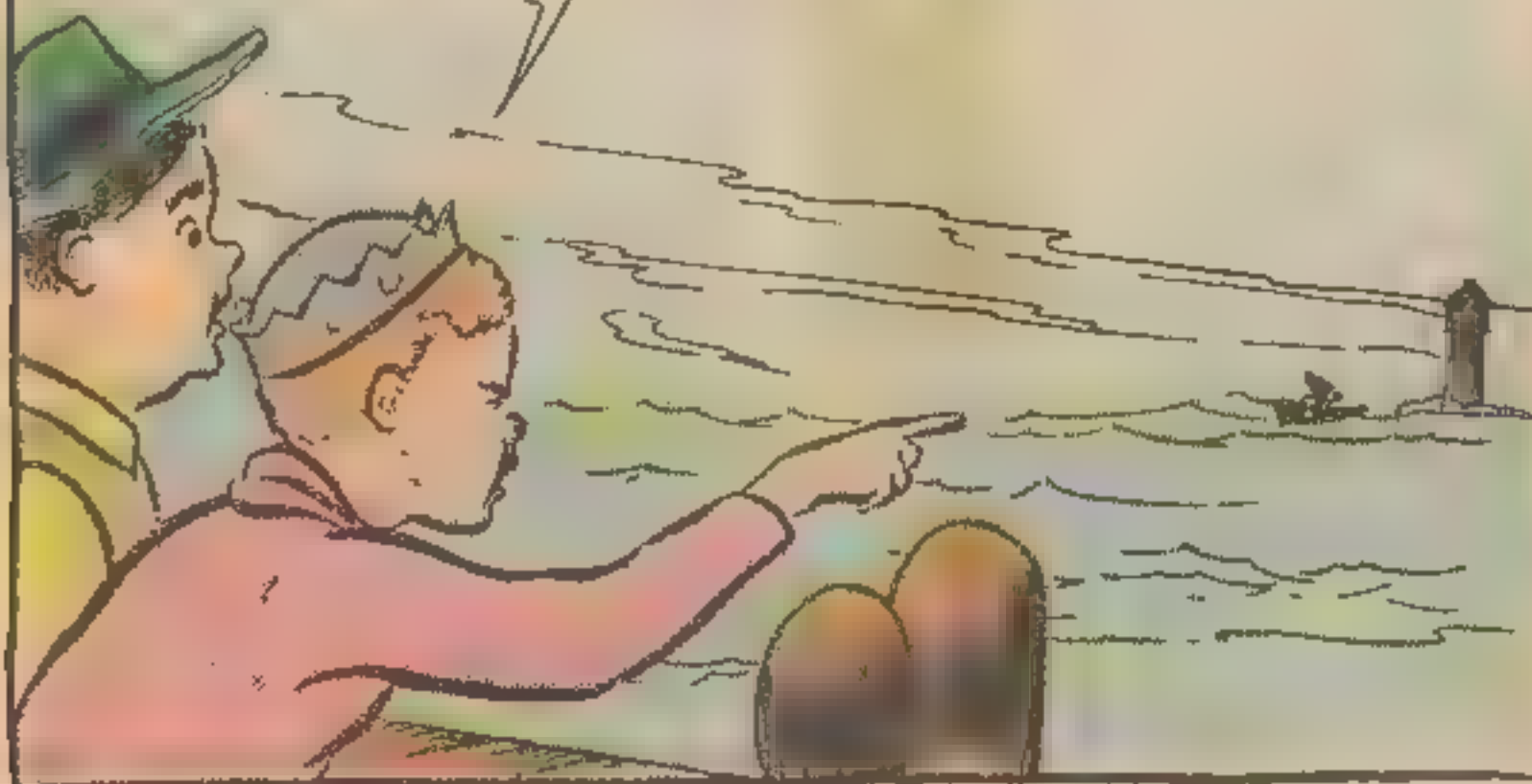
BACK ON SHORE--

GOLLY--LOOK!--EGGHEAD,
I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR FATHER
WAS A DIVER!

NEITHER DID
I!



YEAH -- AND LOOK -- THAT BOAT
OF CHEESE JACKSON'S IS
IN TROUBLE -- I THINK HE'S
BROKEN HIS ANCHOR CABLE!



THAT MEANS HE'LL
DRIFT -- AND PA IS
DOWN THERE ---
HE'LL BE DRAGGED
ALL OVER THE
OCEAN BOTTOM!

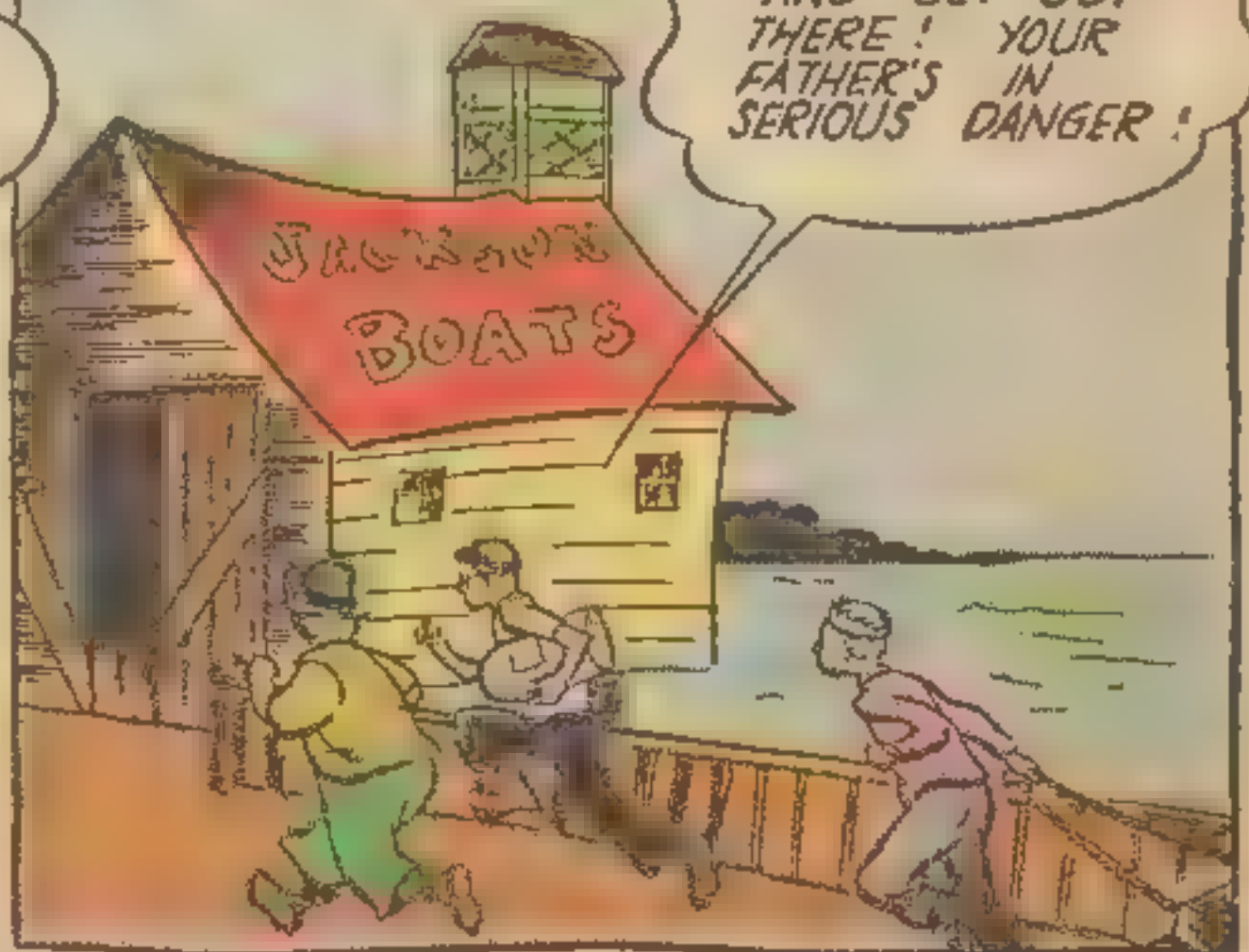


WHERE'S JACKSON'S POWER
LAUNCH -- HASN'T HE GOT
ONE?

SURE -- IT'S IN
HIS BOATHOUSE!



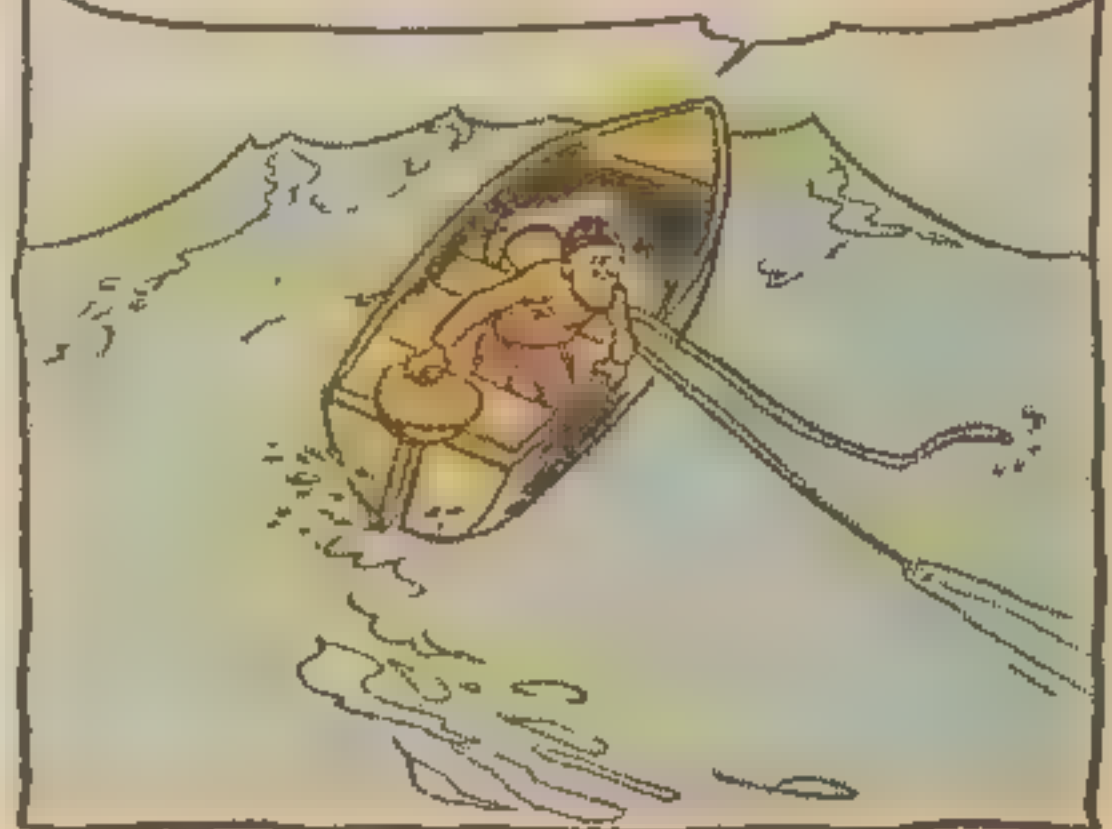
QUICK! LET'S GET IT
AND GET OUT
THERE! YOUR
FATHER'S IN
SERIOUS DANGER!

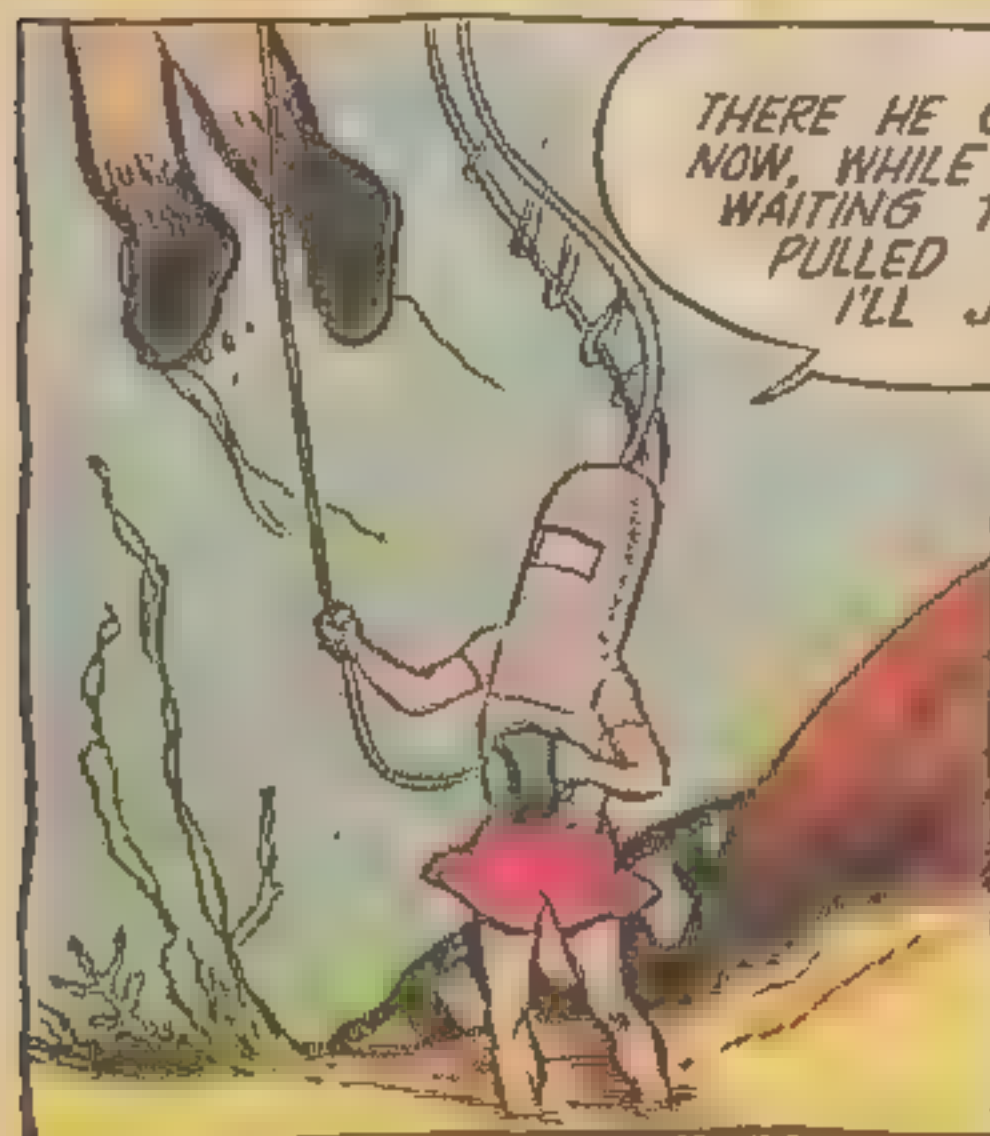
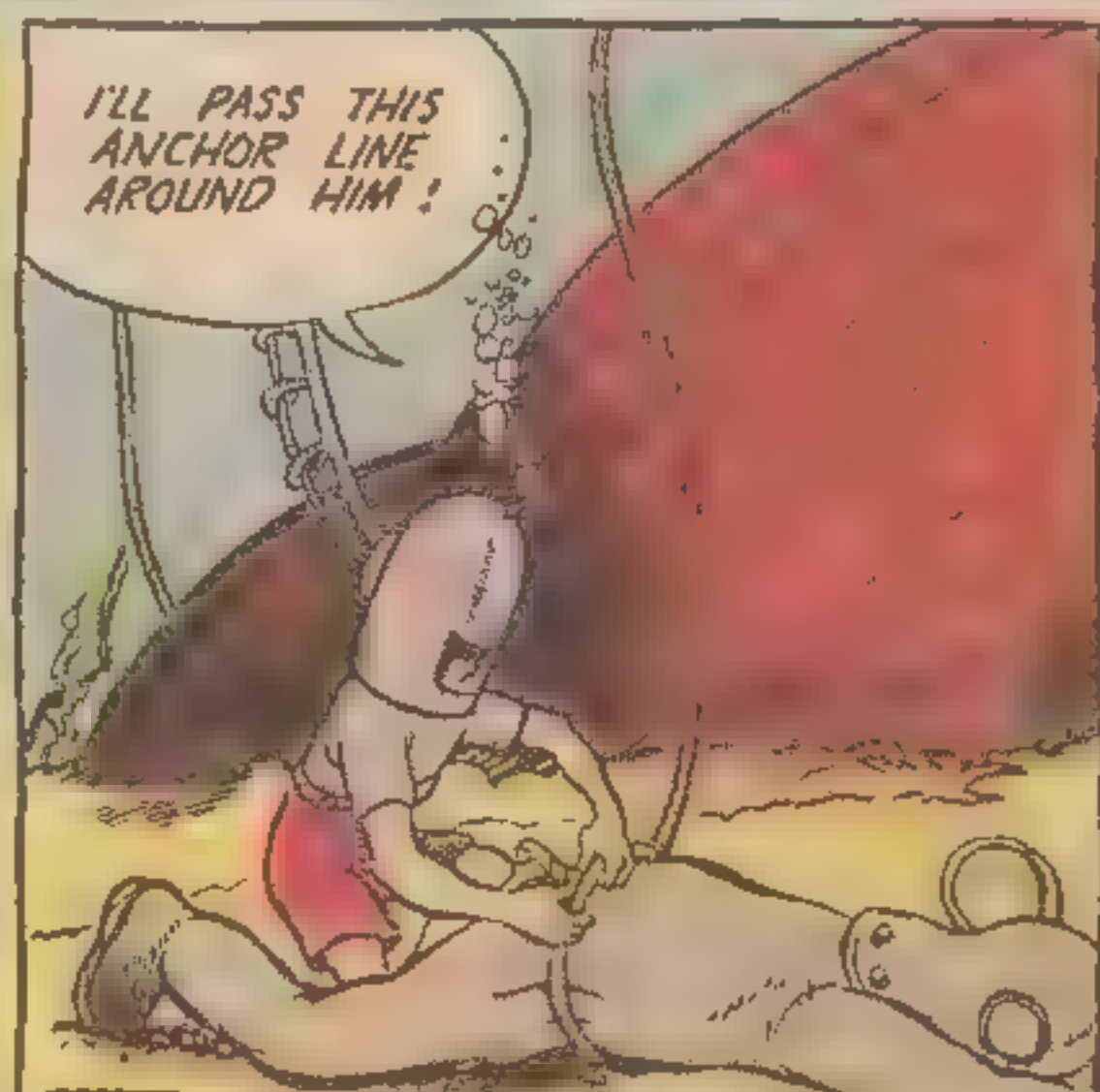
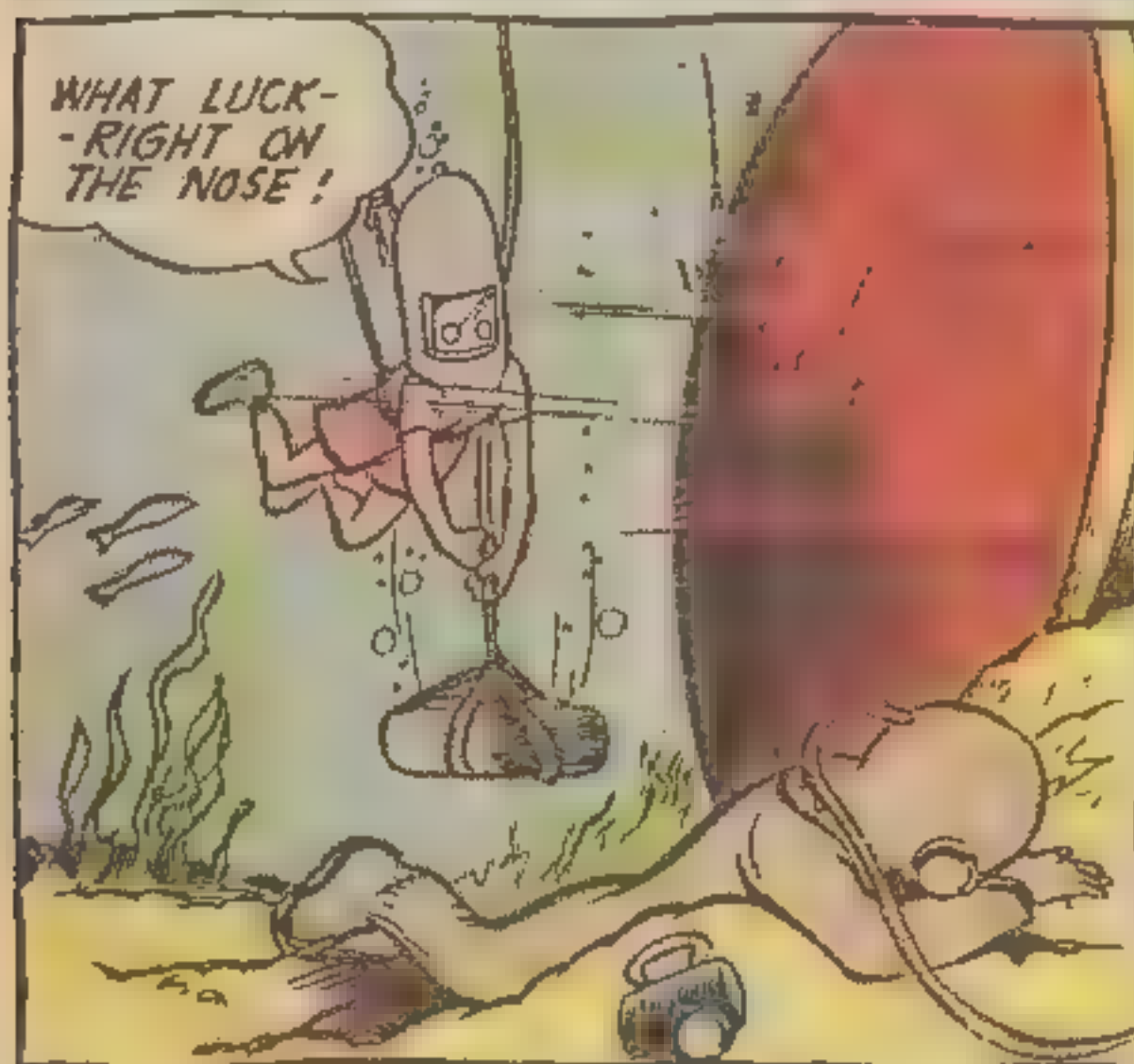
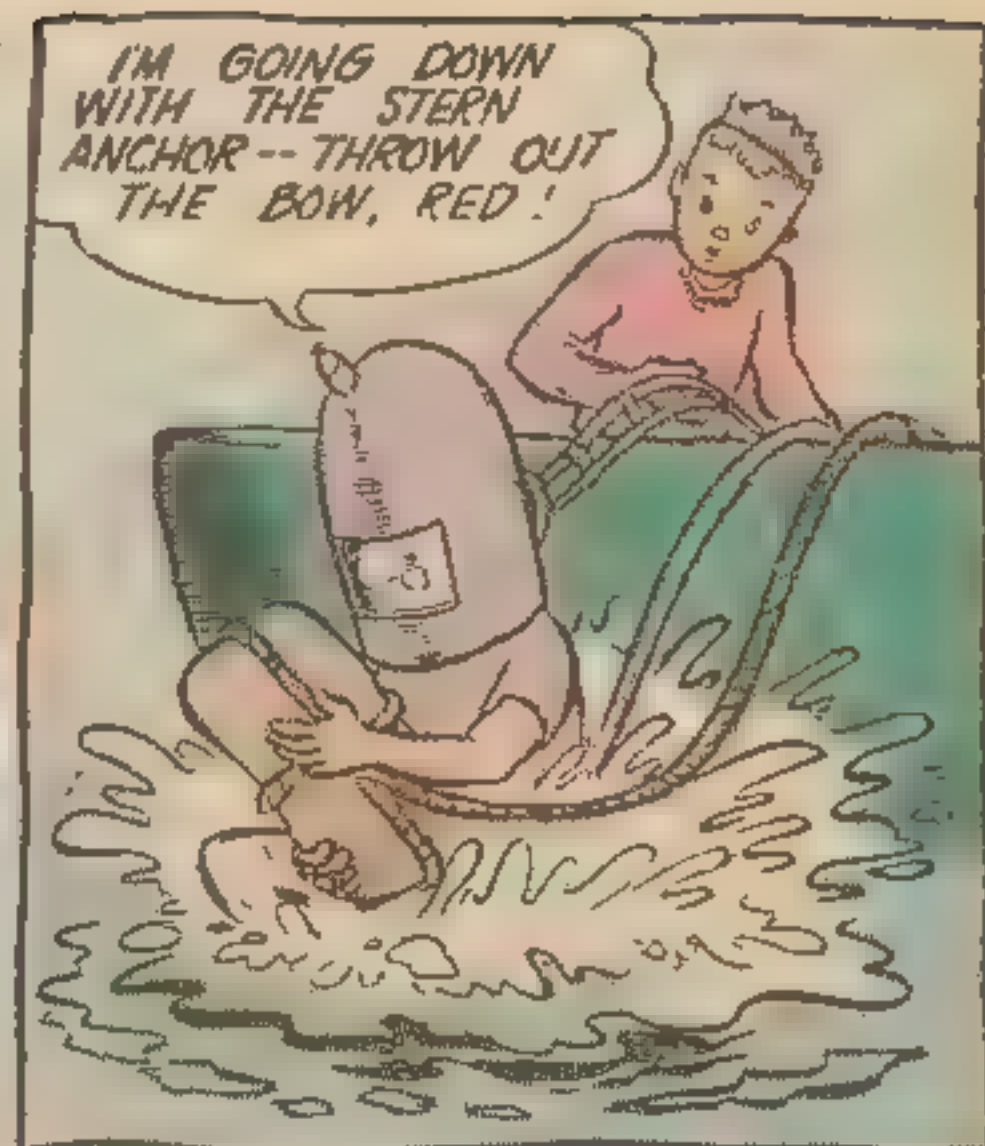
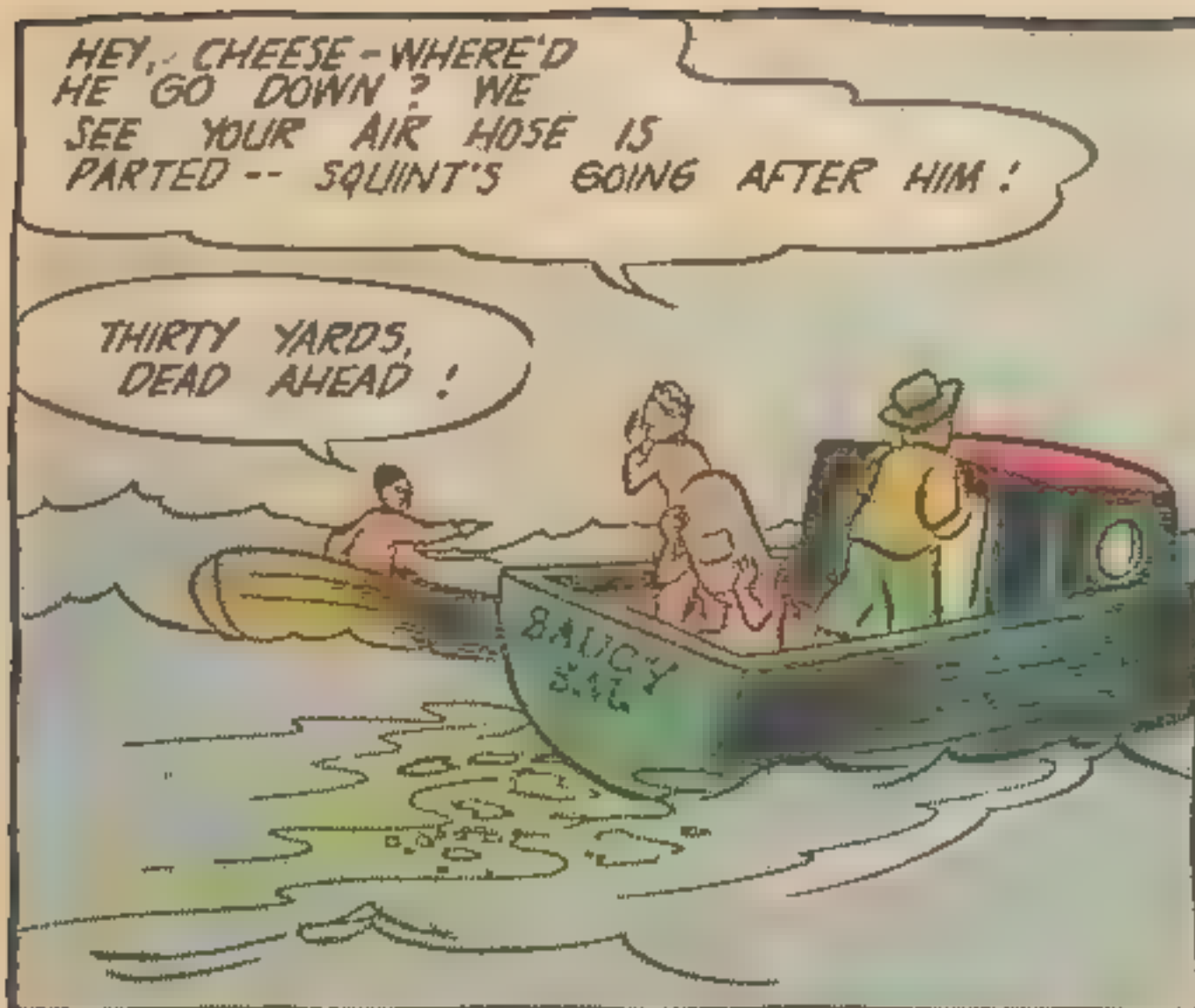


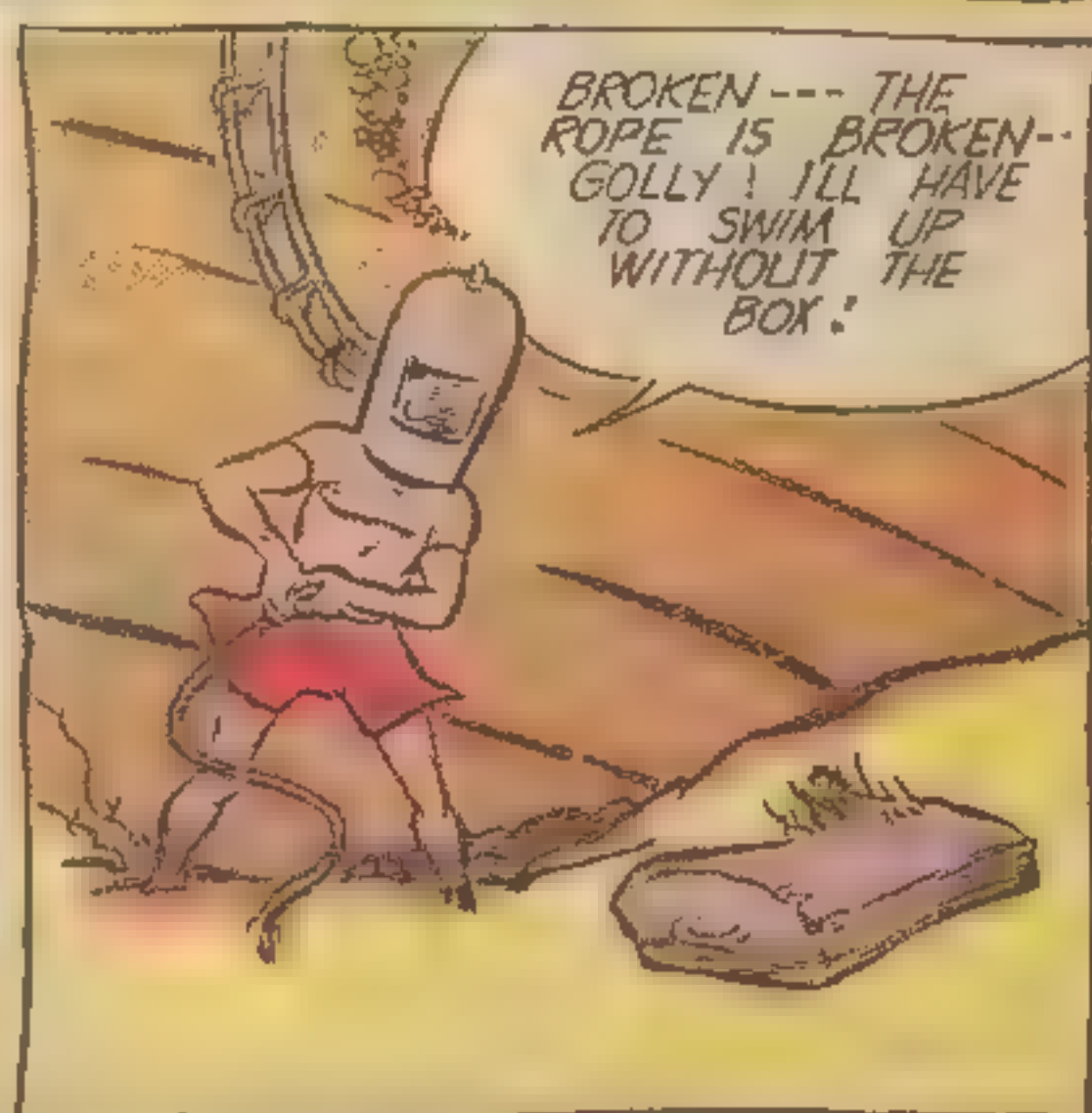
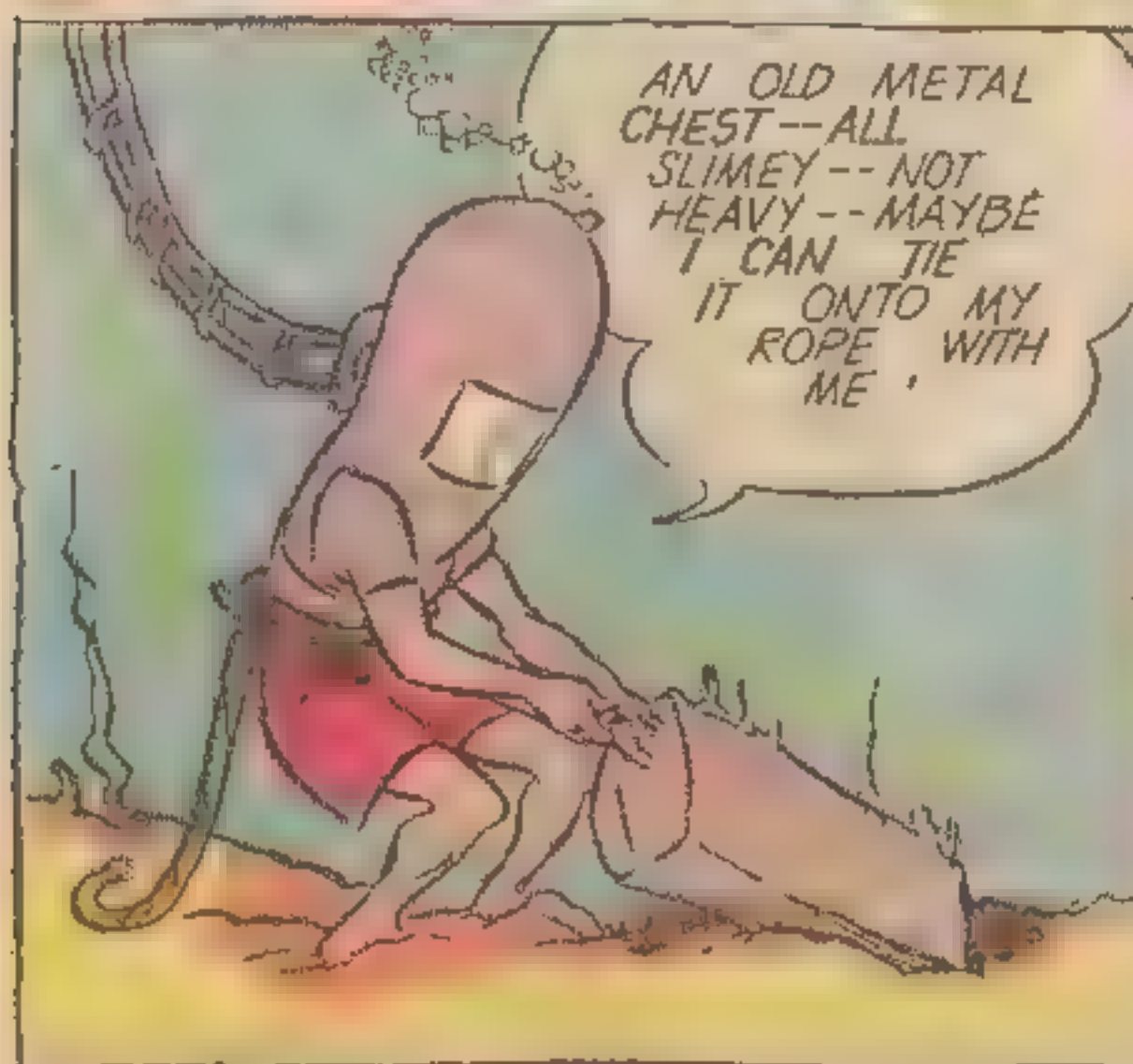
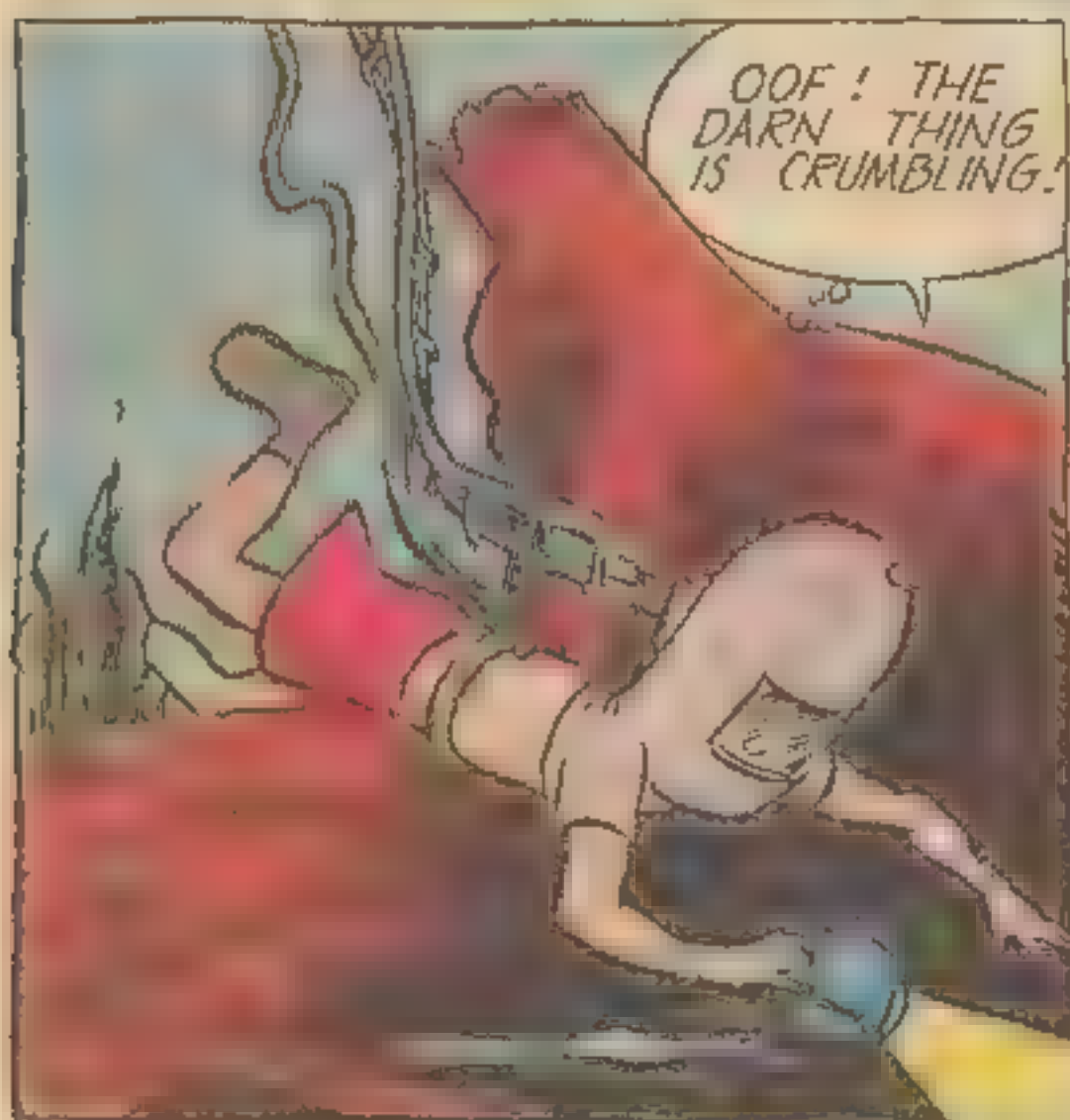
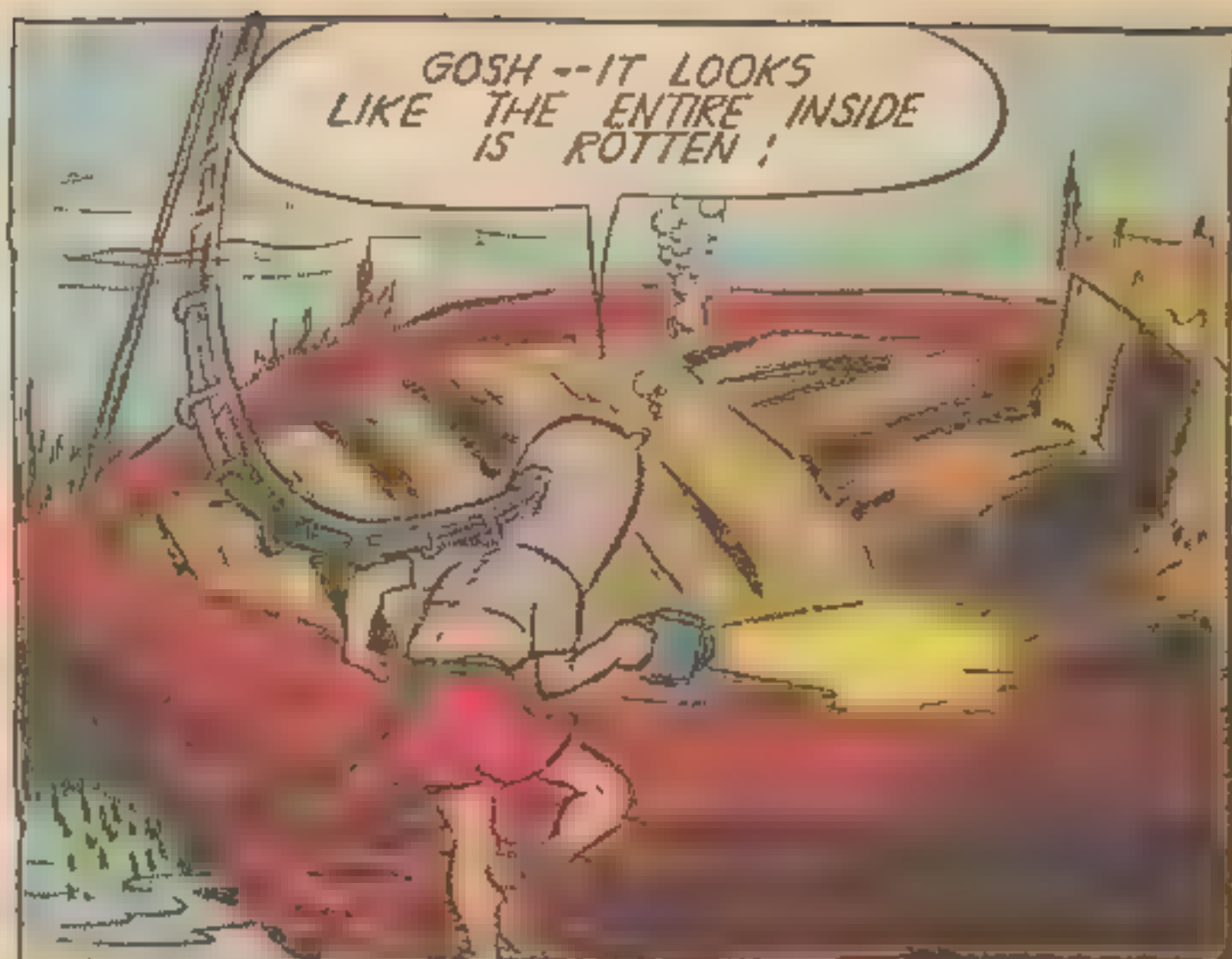
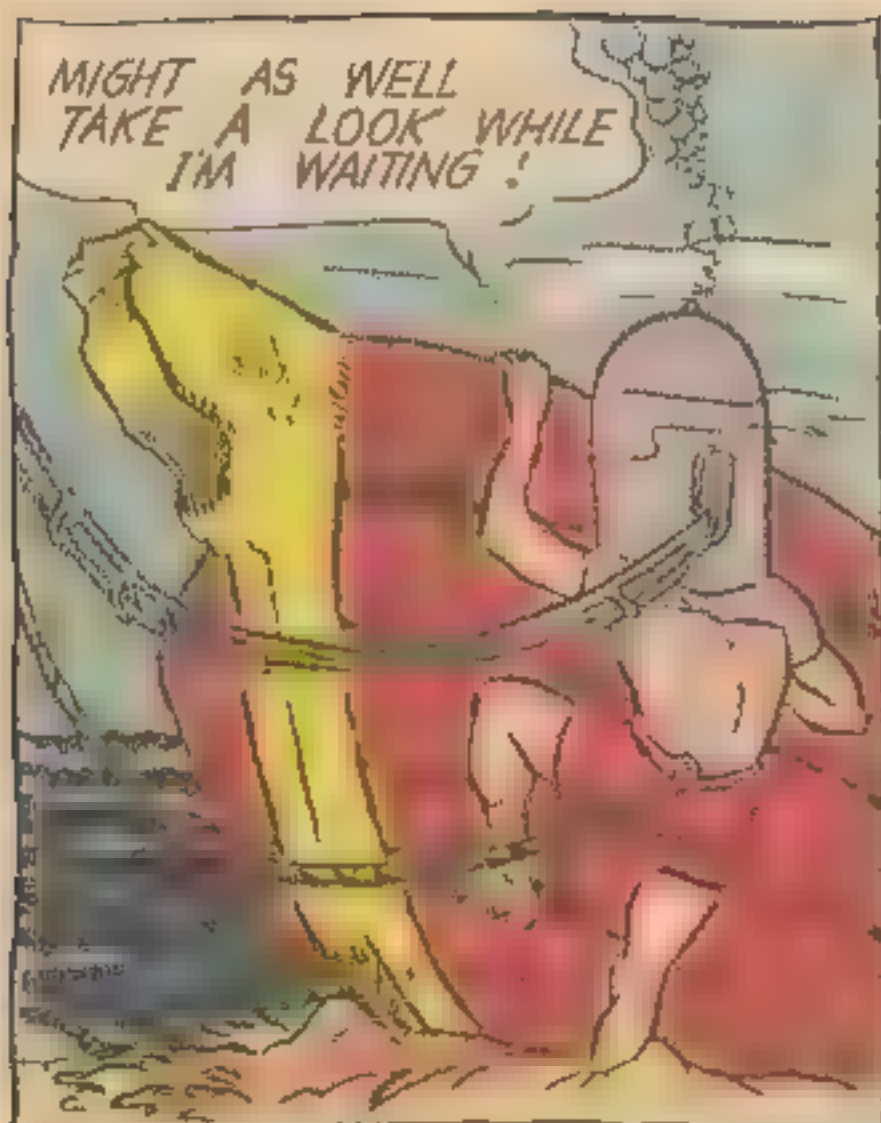
THAT DRIFTING
BOAT WILL
SNAP HIS AIR
LINE IF CHEESE
JACKSON CAN'T
MAINTAIN HIS
POSITION!



GREAT GUNS! THAT'S DONE IT --
- I COULDN'T GET THE MOTOR
GOING SOON ENOUGH! DRIFTED
TOO FAR - THE HOSE SNAPPED!

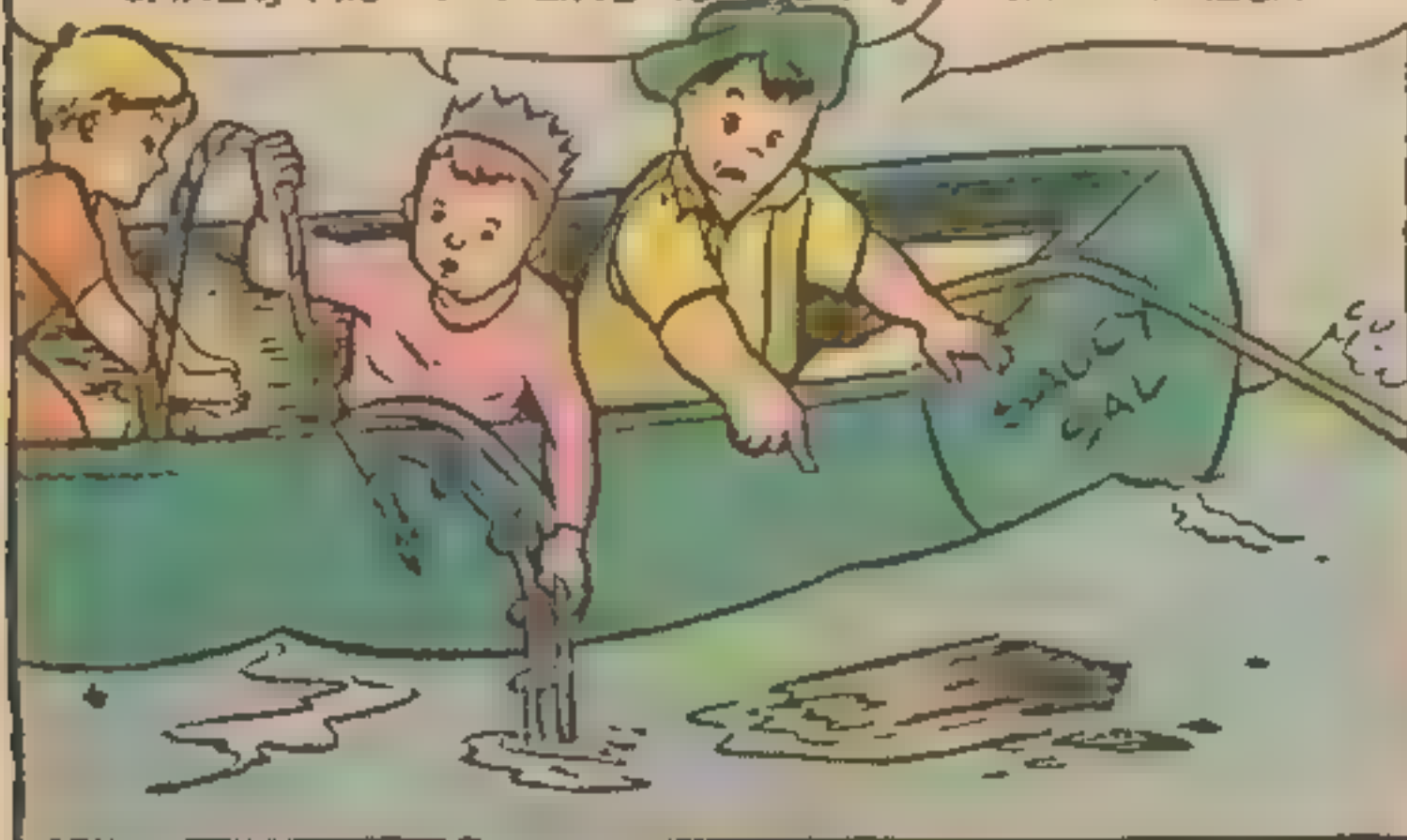




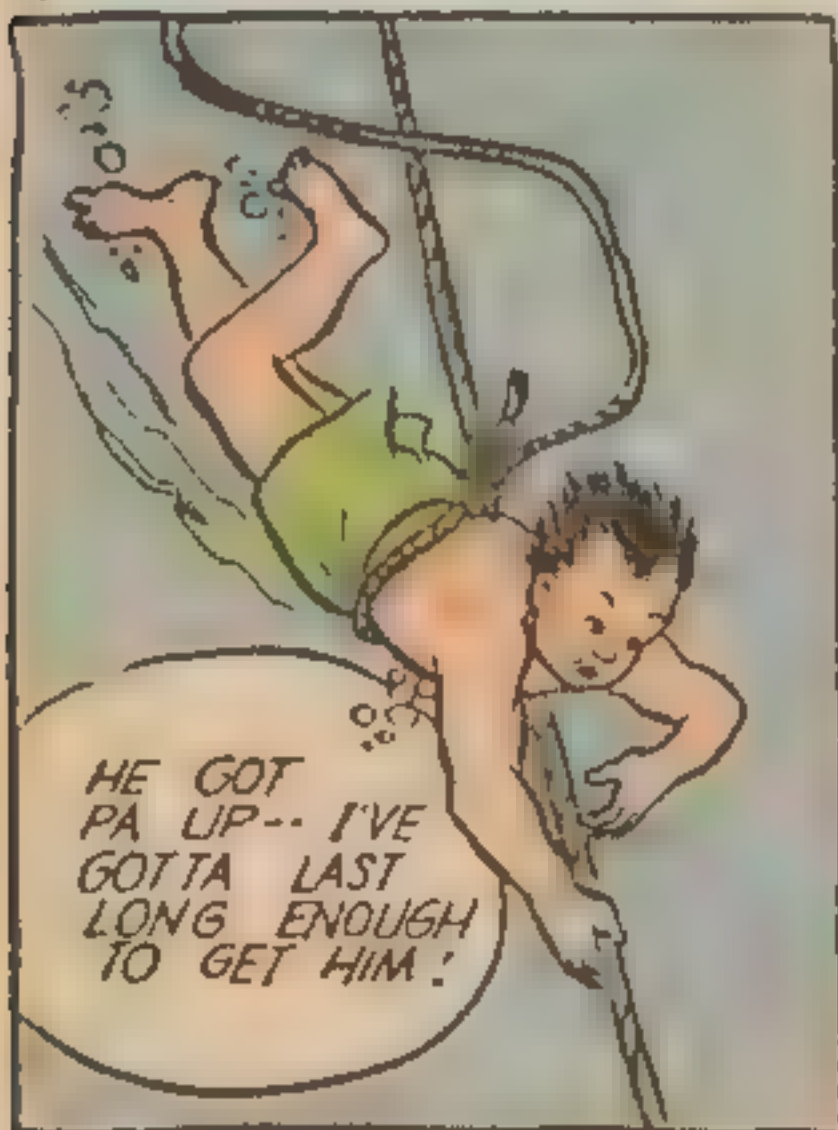


LOOK! THE ROPE'S BROKEN--
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO
SQUINT--- KEEP PUMPING
JANEY, HIS AIR LINE IS TIGHT!

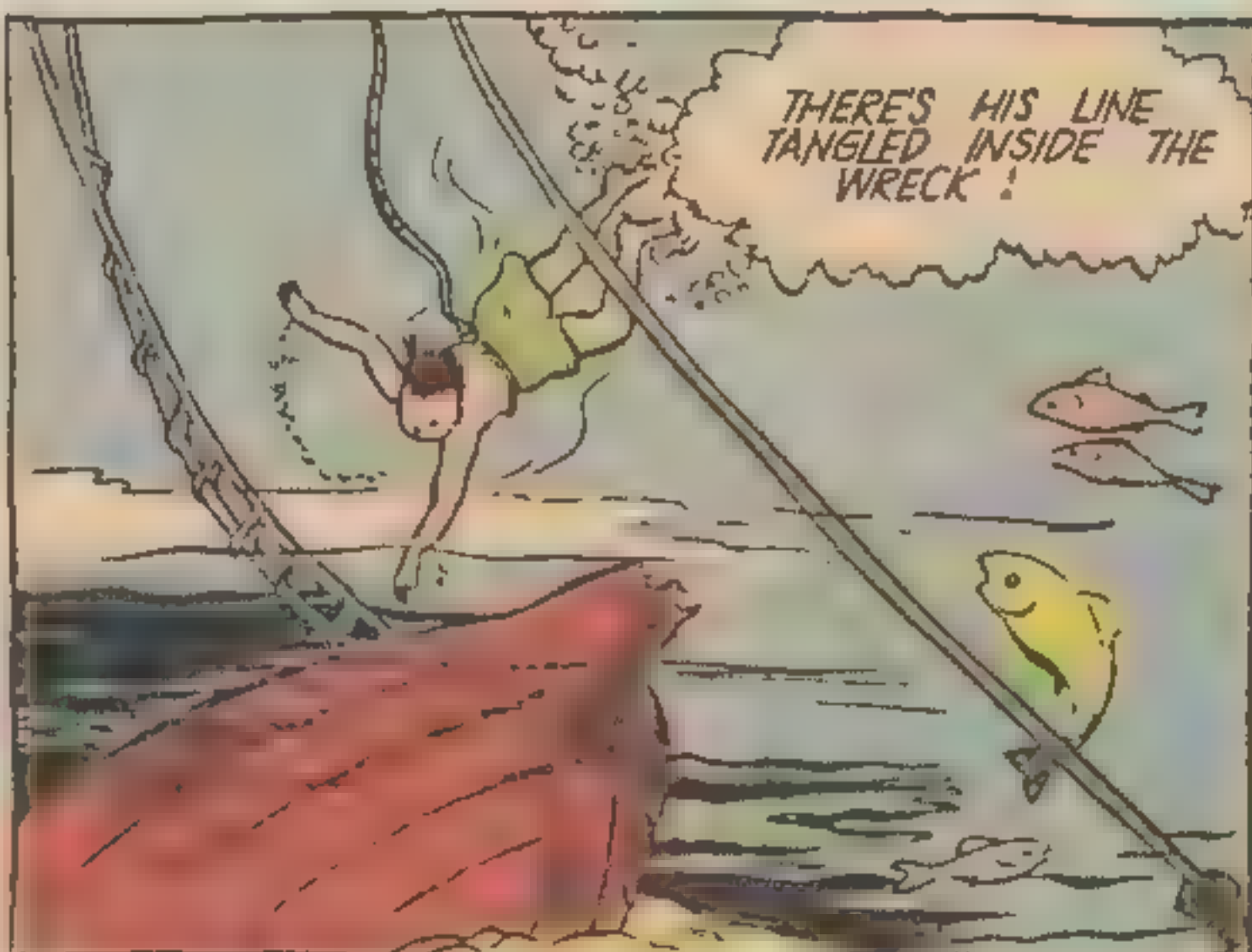
BITS OF WOOD--
- HE MUST BE
TANGLED IN
THE WRECK:



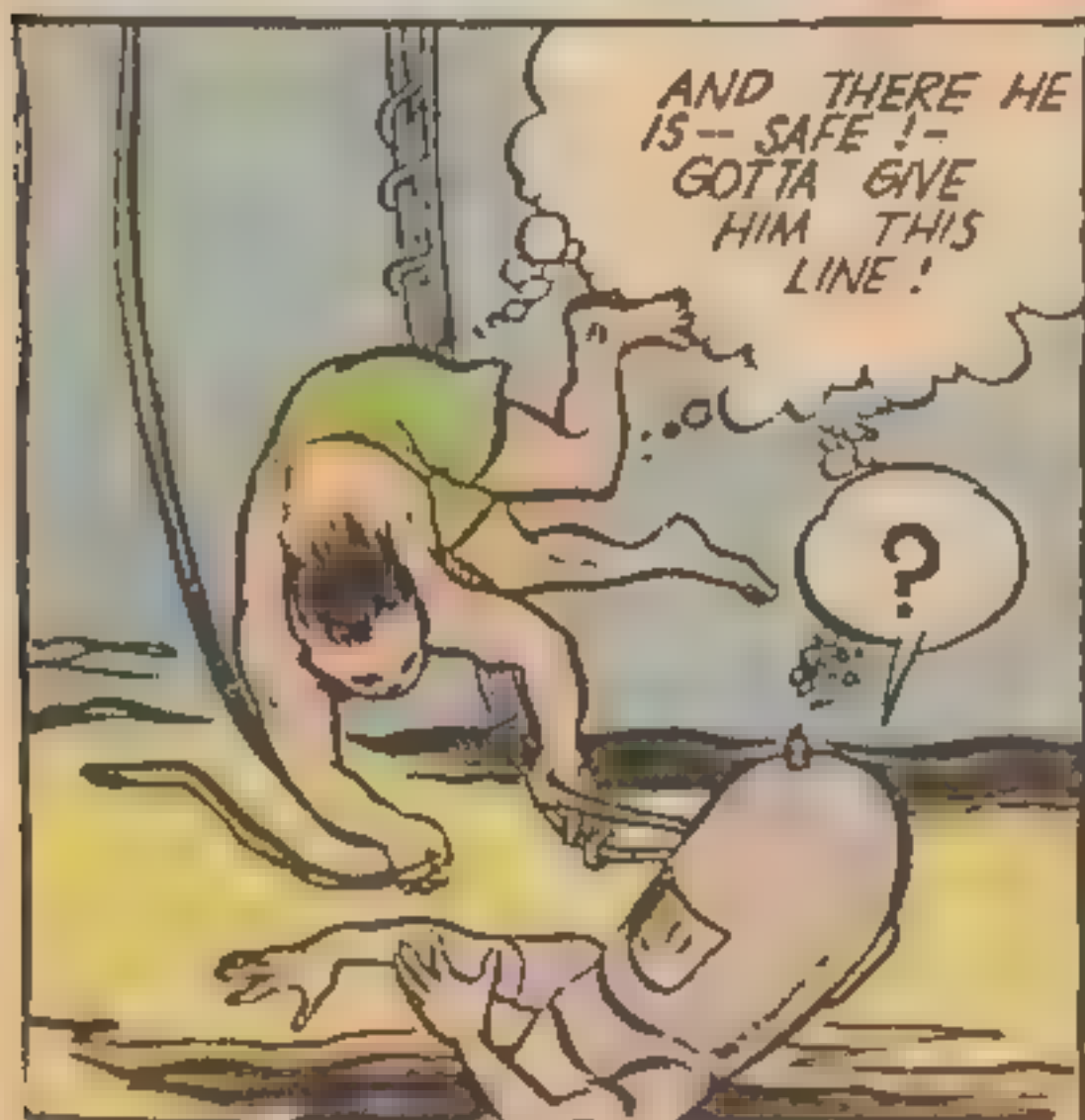
I'M A GOOD DIVER-- I'M
GOIN' DOWN ON THE
ANCHOR ROPE WITH
ANOTHER LINE FOR HIM.



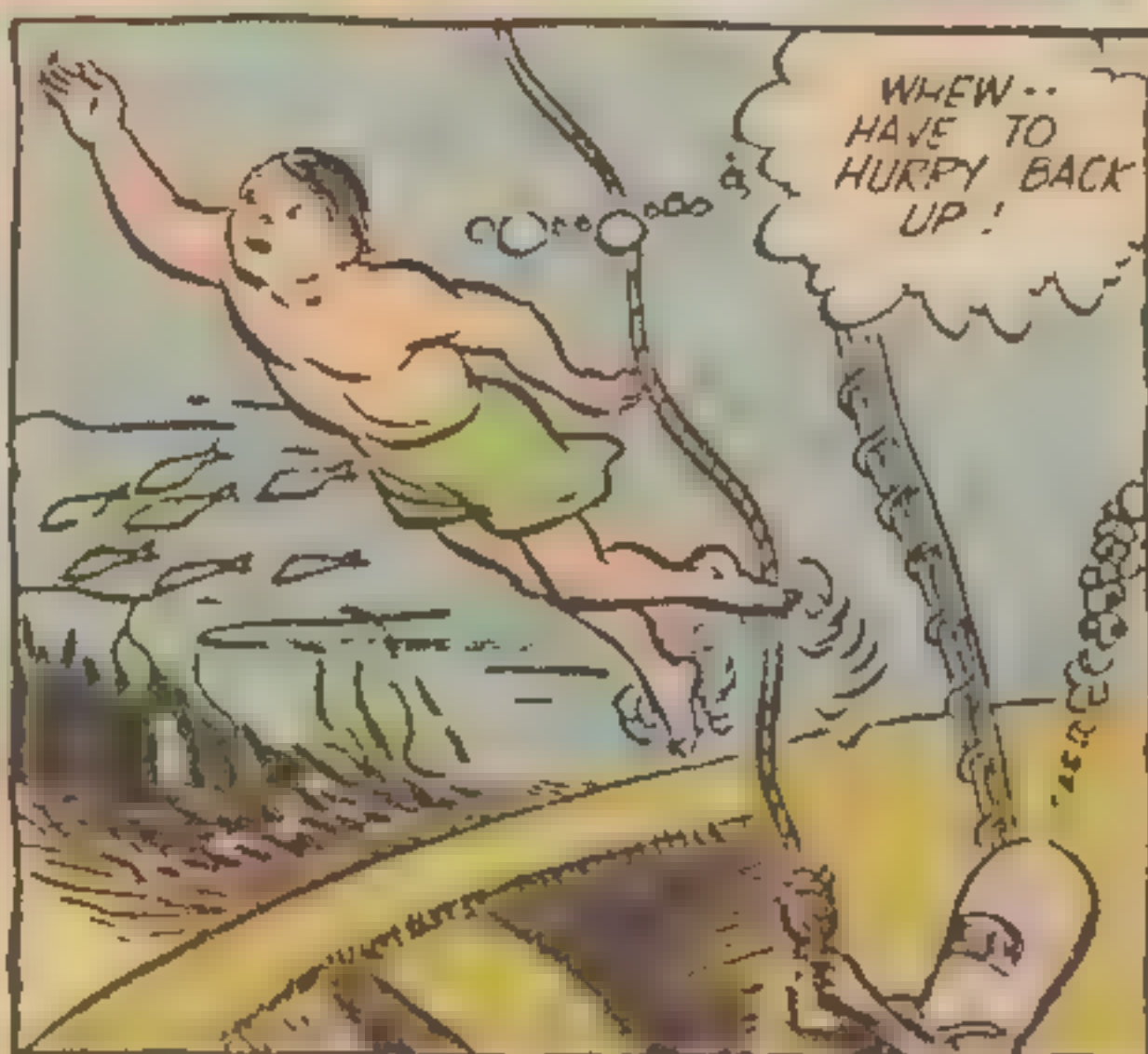
HE GOT
PA UP-- I'VE
GOTTA LAST
LONG ENOUGH
TO GET HIM!



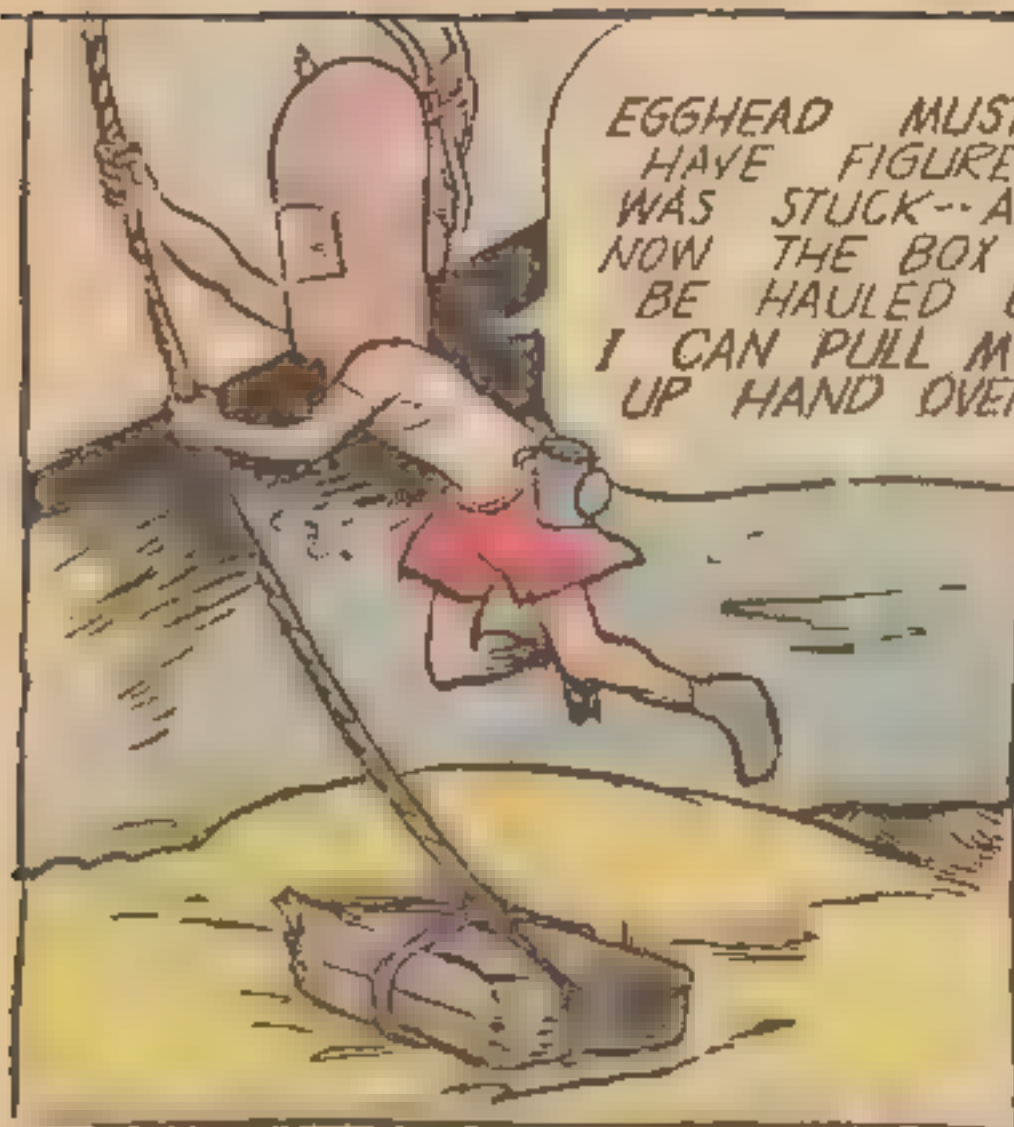
THERE'S HIS LINE
TANGLED INSIDE THE
WRECK!



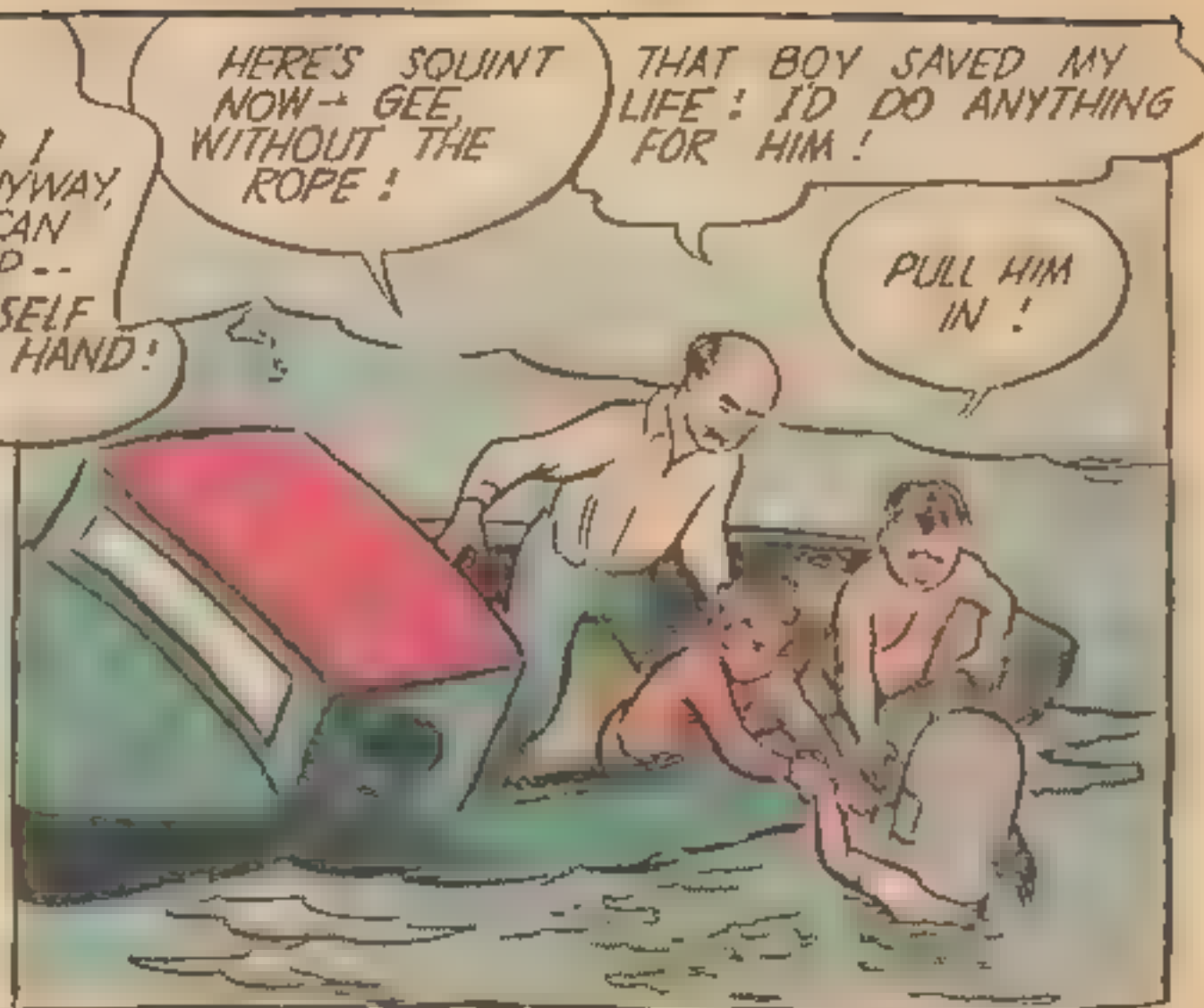
AND THERE HE
IS-- SAFE!--
GOTTA GIVE
HIM THIS
LINE!



WHEW--
HAVE TO
HURRY BACK
UP!



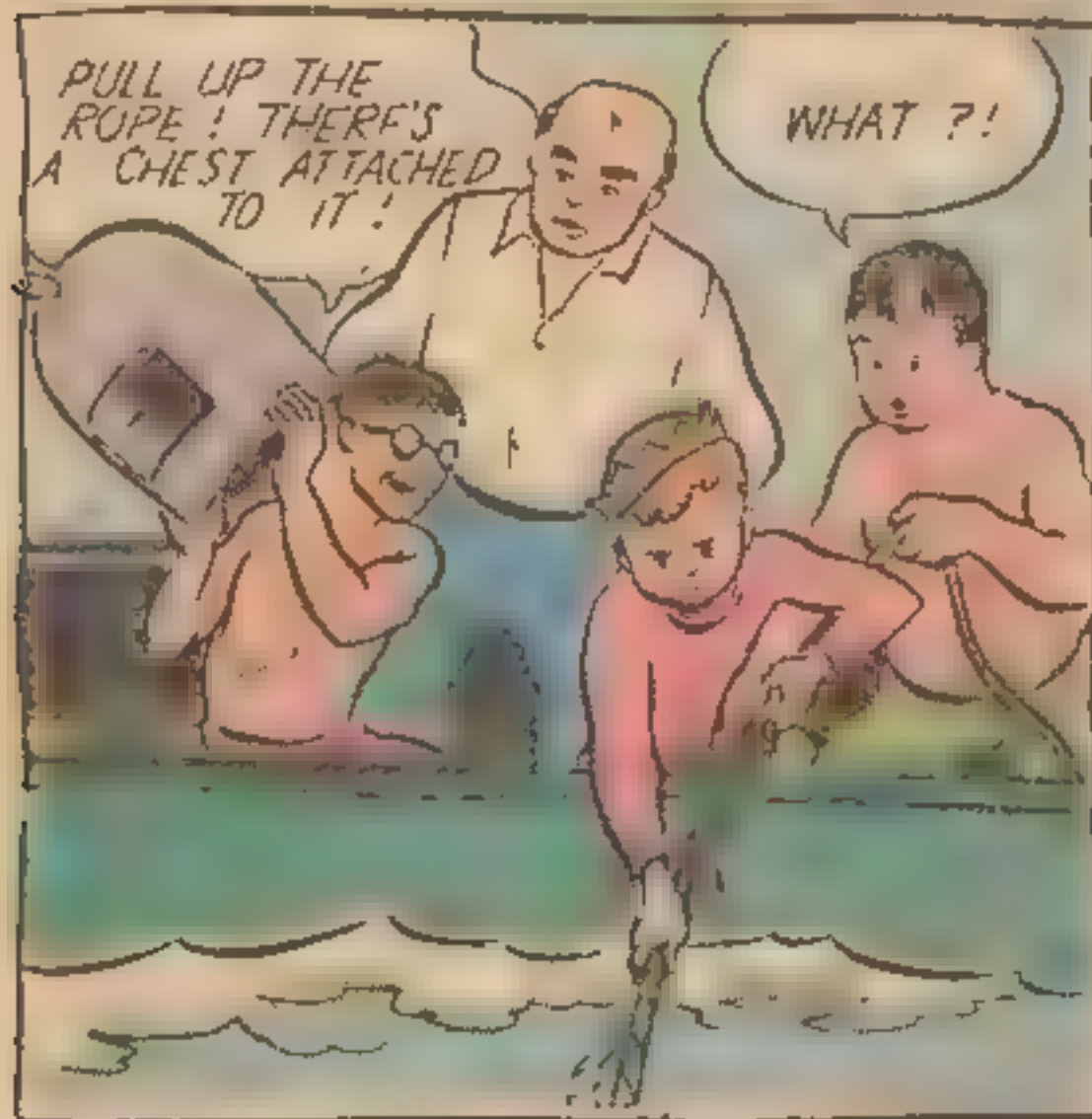
EGGHEAD MUST HAVE FIGURED I WAS STUCK-- ANYWAY, NOW THE BOX CAN BE HAULED UP-- I CAN PULL MYSELF UP HAND OVER HAND!



HERE'S SQUINT NOW-- GEE, WITHOUT THE ROPE!

THAT BOY SAVED MY LIFE! I'D DO ANYTHING FOR HIM!

PULL HIM IN!



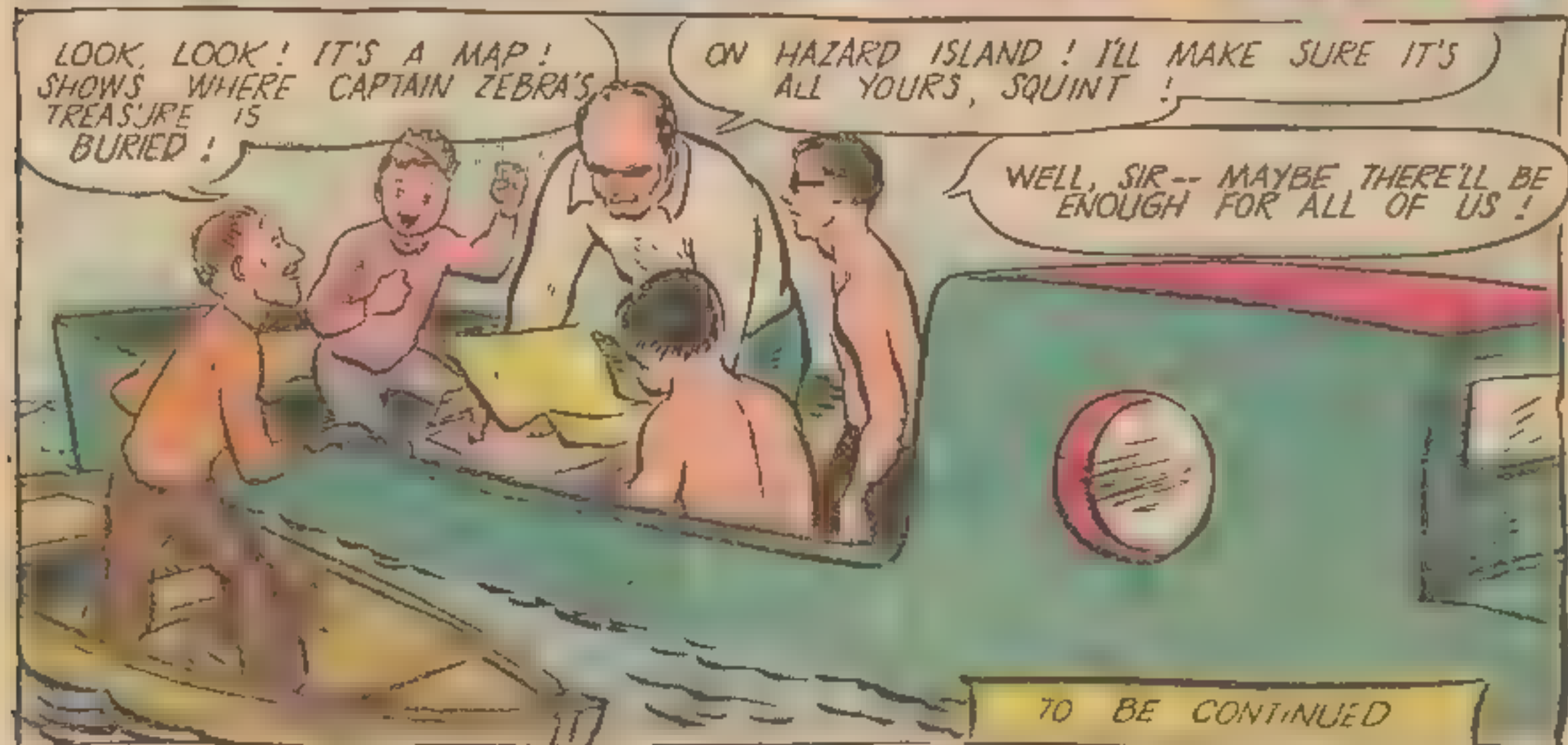
PULL UP THE ROPE! THERE'S A CHEST ATTACHED TO IT!

WHAT?!



GEE-- NOTHING BUT WATER-SOAKED RUBBISH!

NO, LOOK! THERE'S AN OILSKIN ROLL!



LOOK, LOOK! IT'S A MAP! SHOWS WHERE CAPTAIN ZEBRA'S TREASURE IS BURIED!

ON HAZARD ISLAND! I'LL MAKE SURE IT'S ALL YOURS, SQUINT!

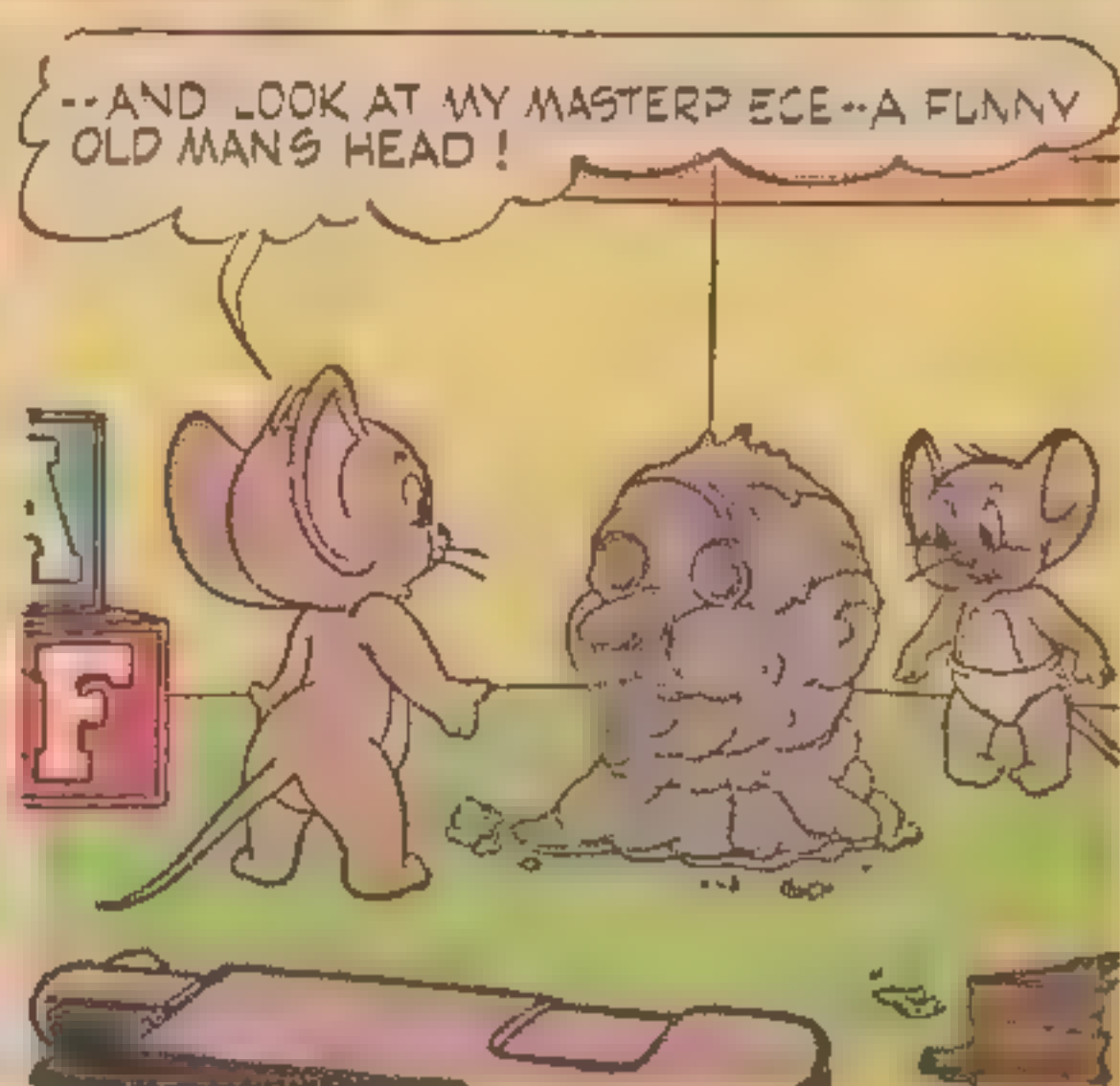
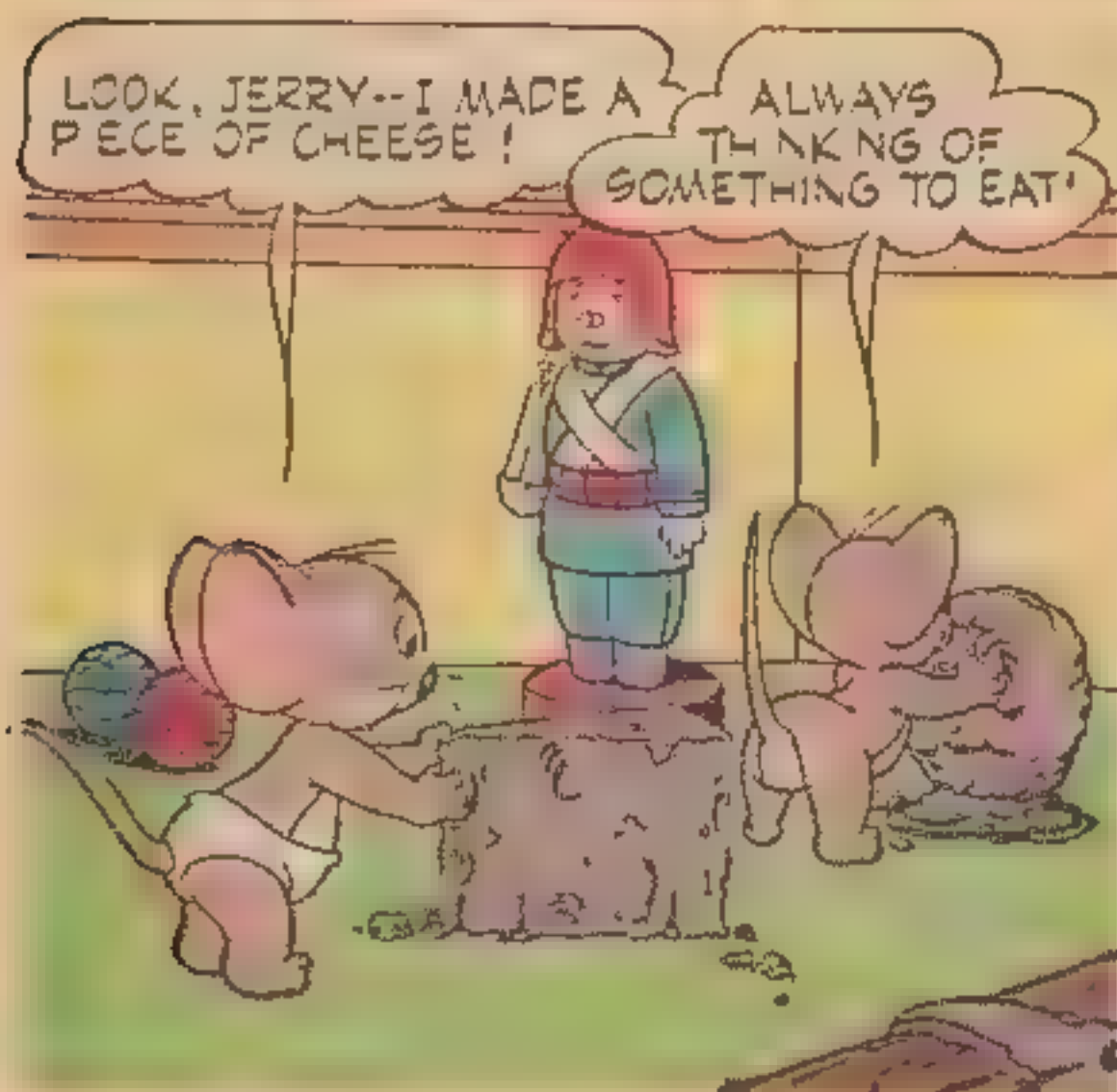
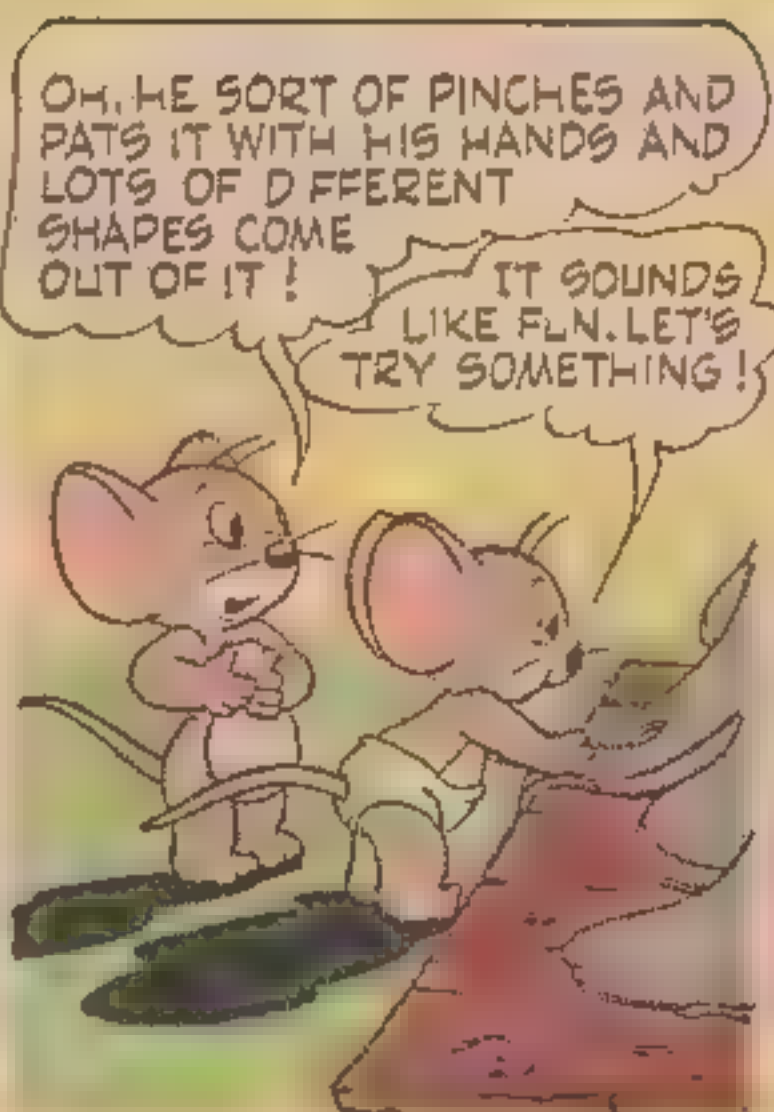
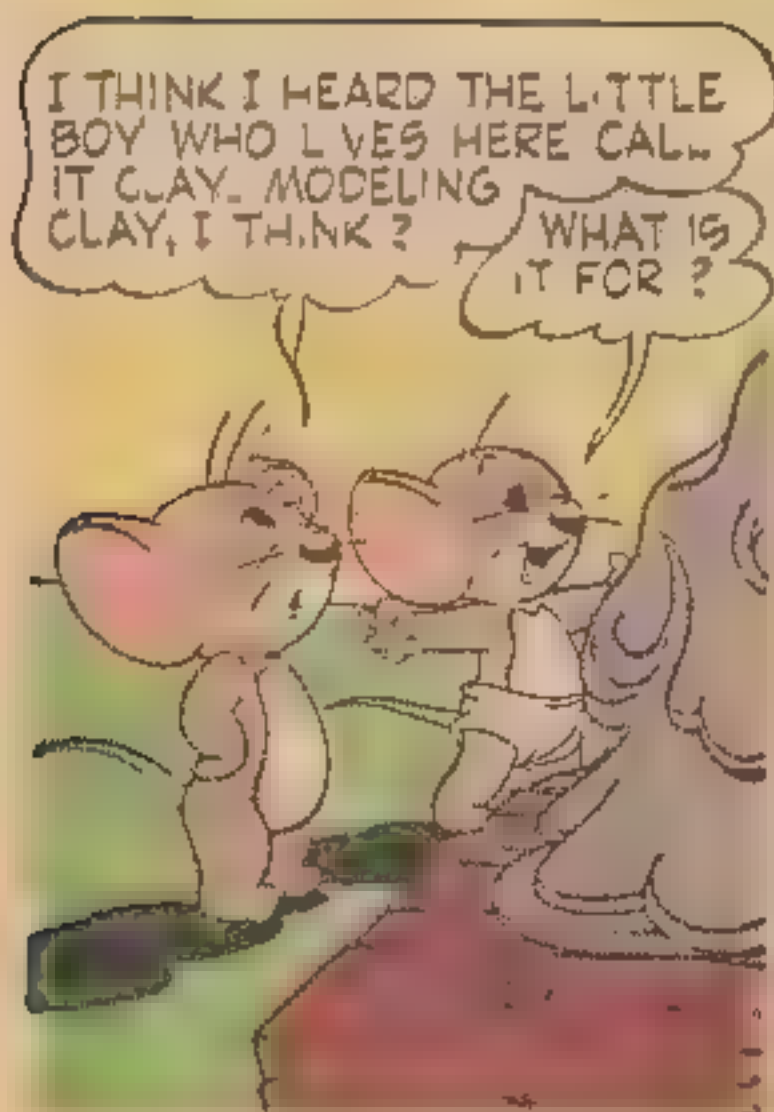
WELL, SIR-- MAYBE THERE'LL BE ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!

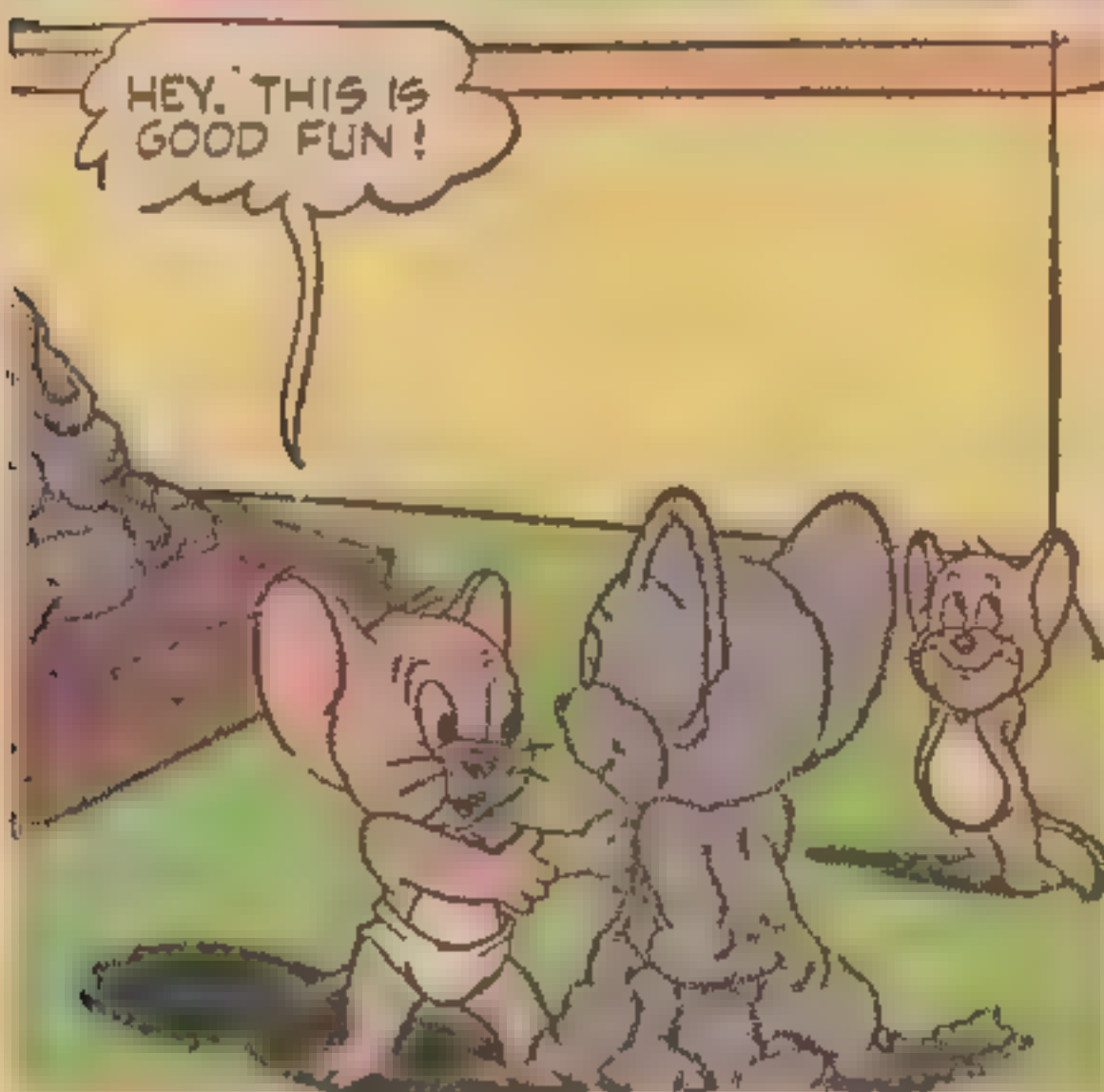
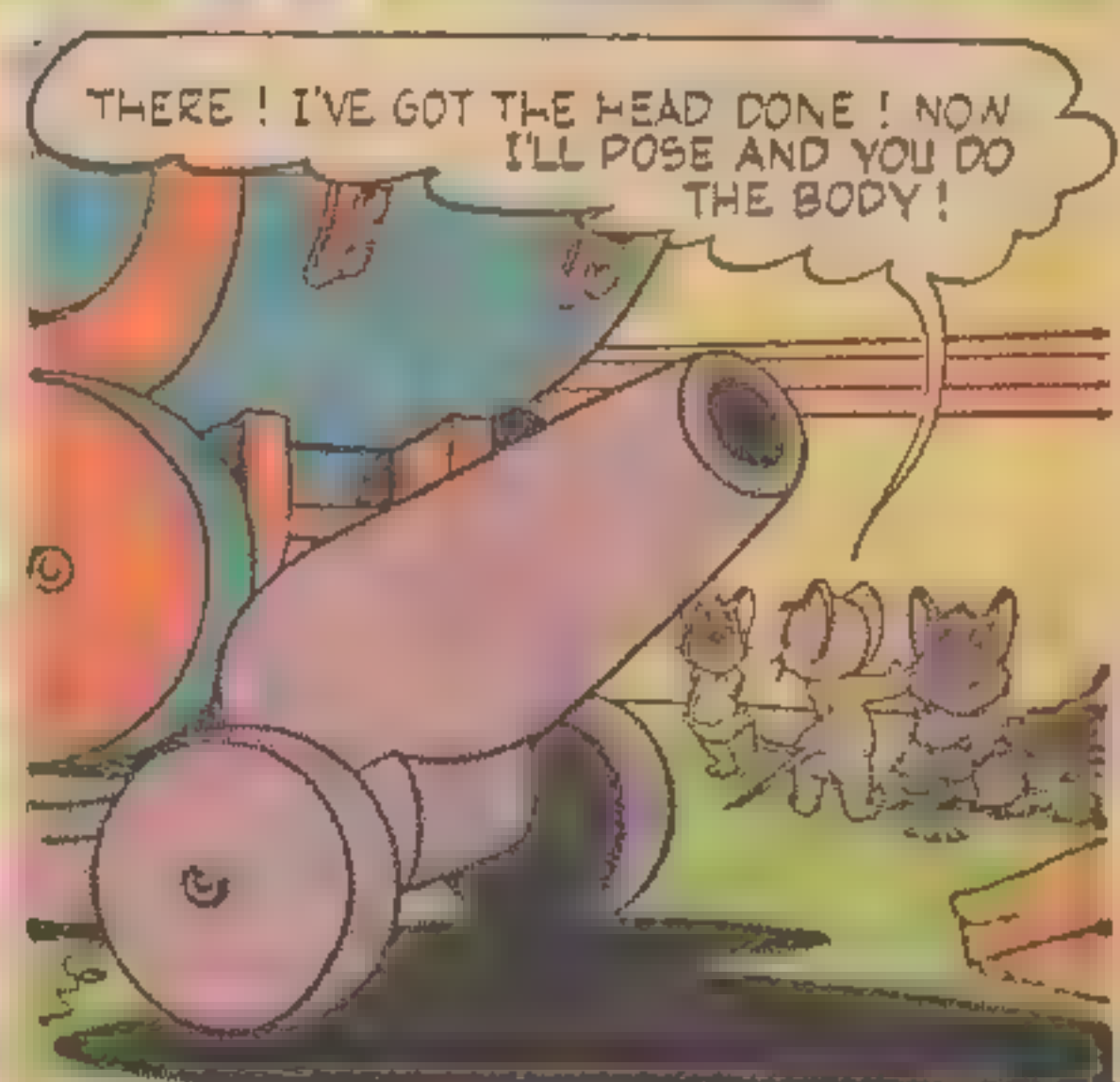
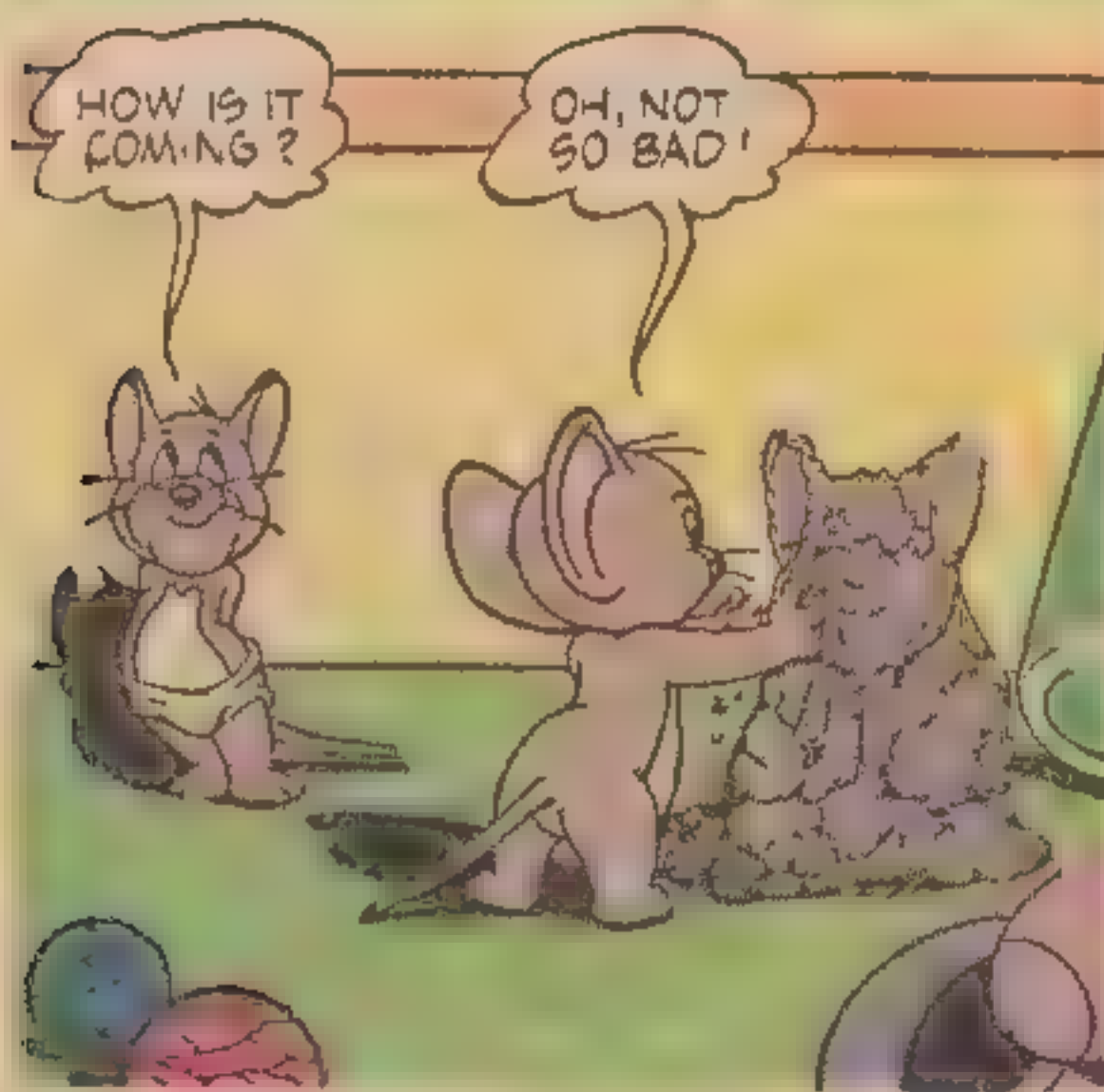
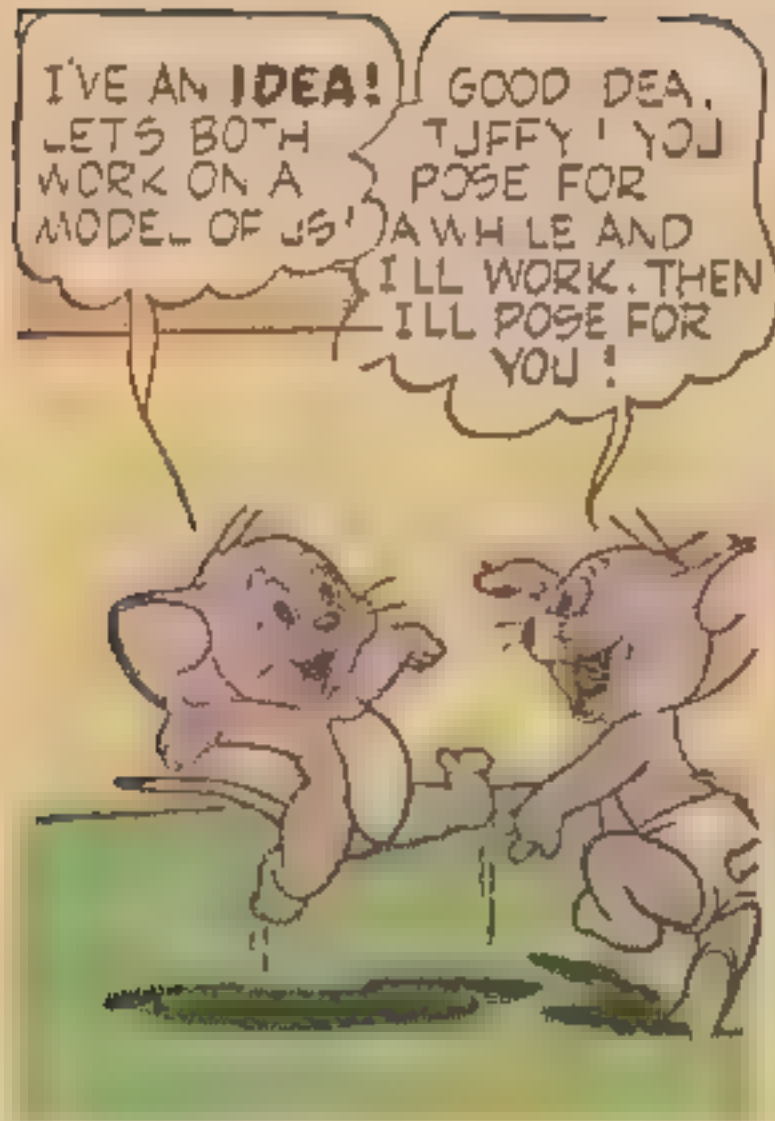
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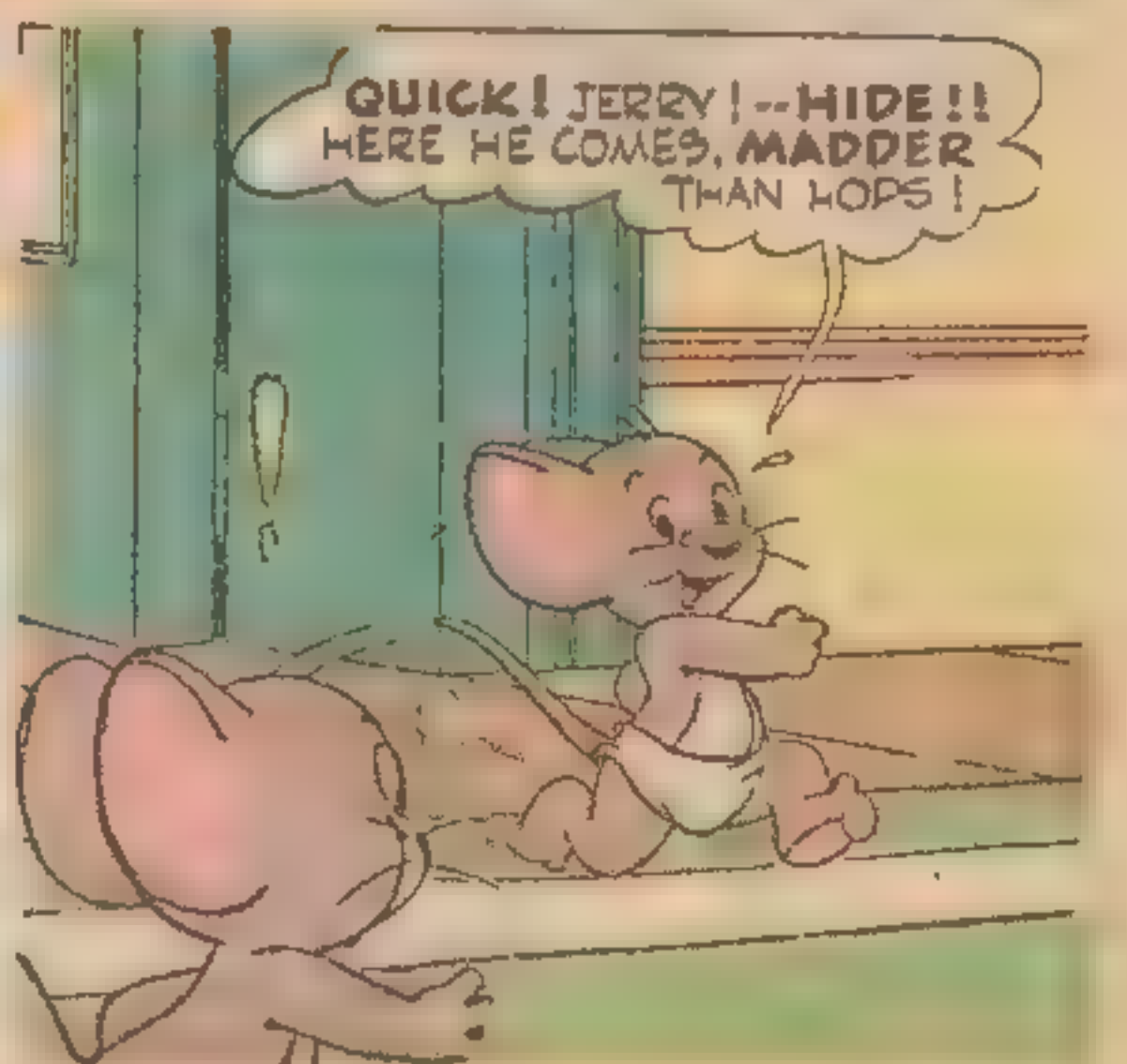
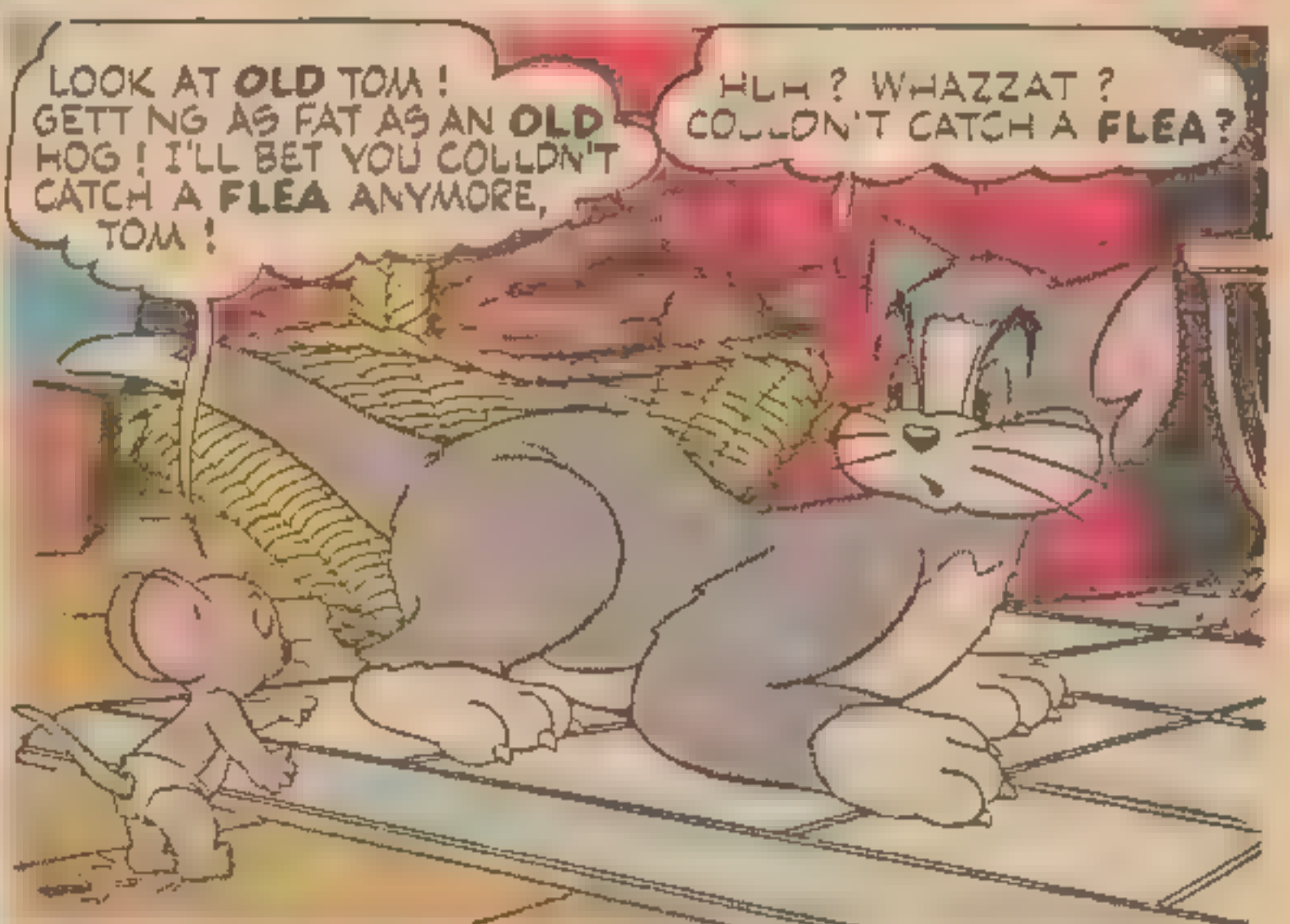
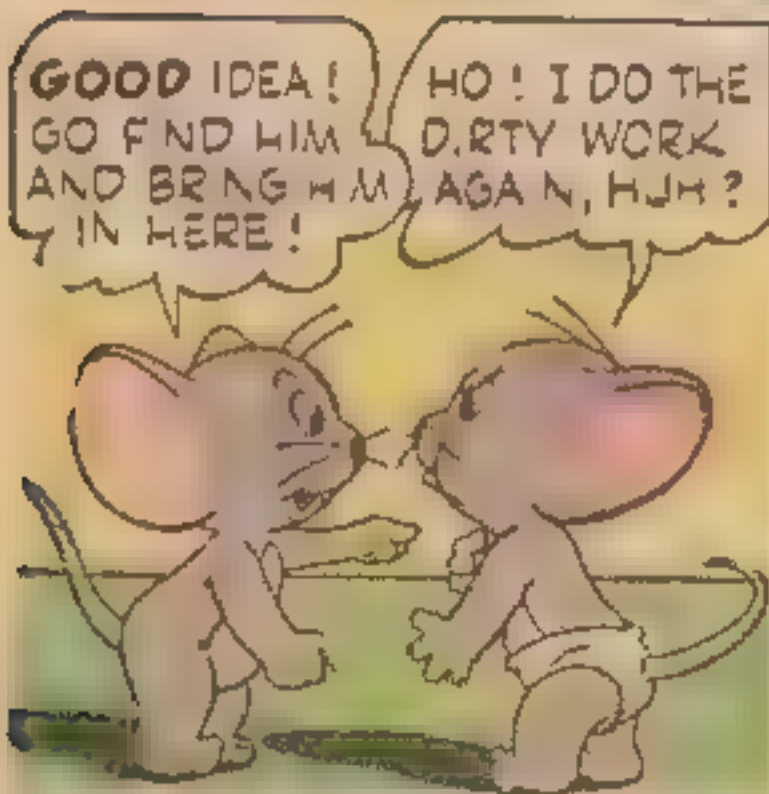
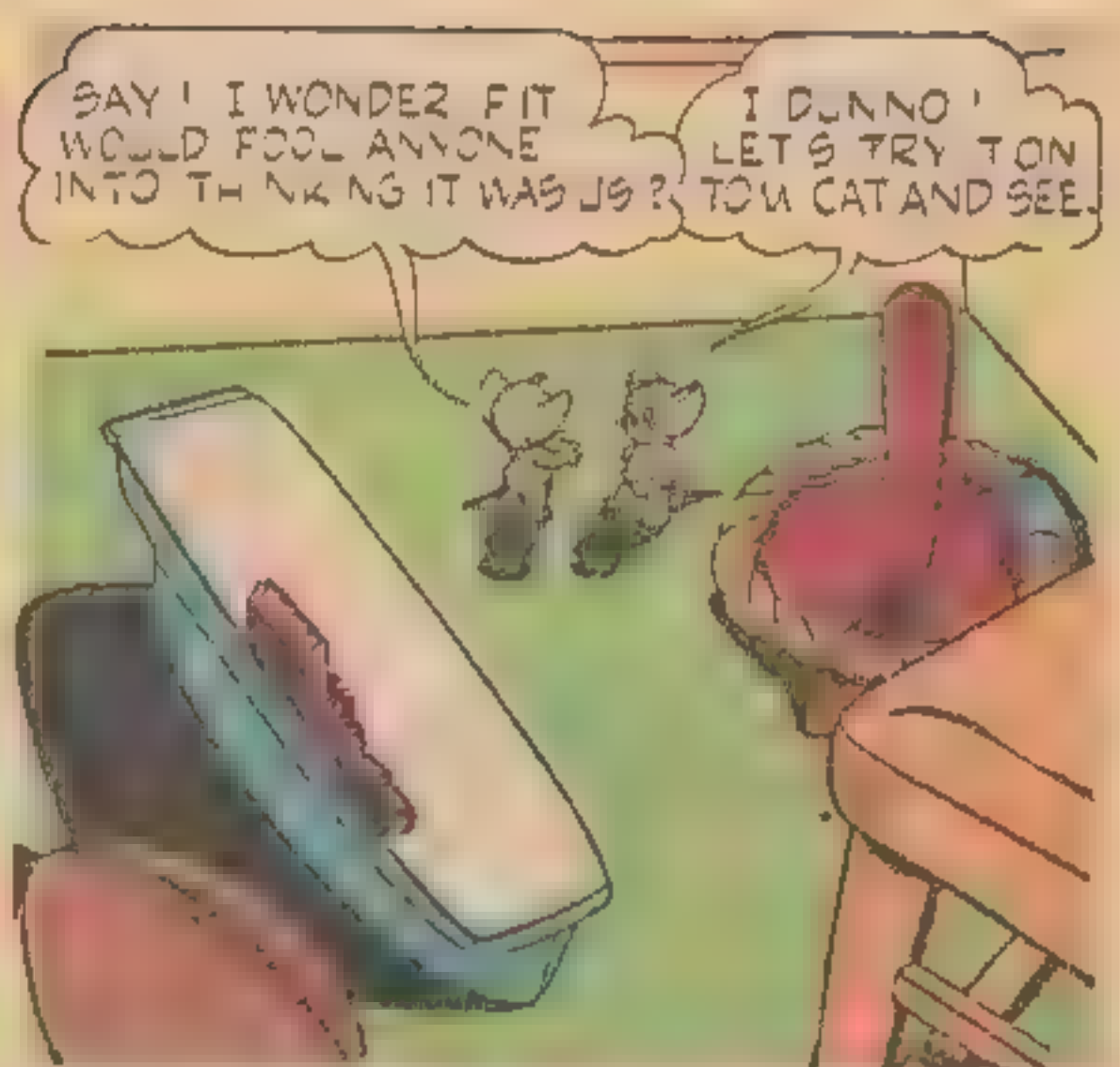
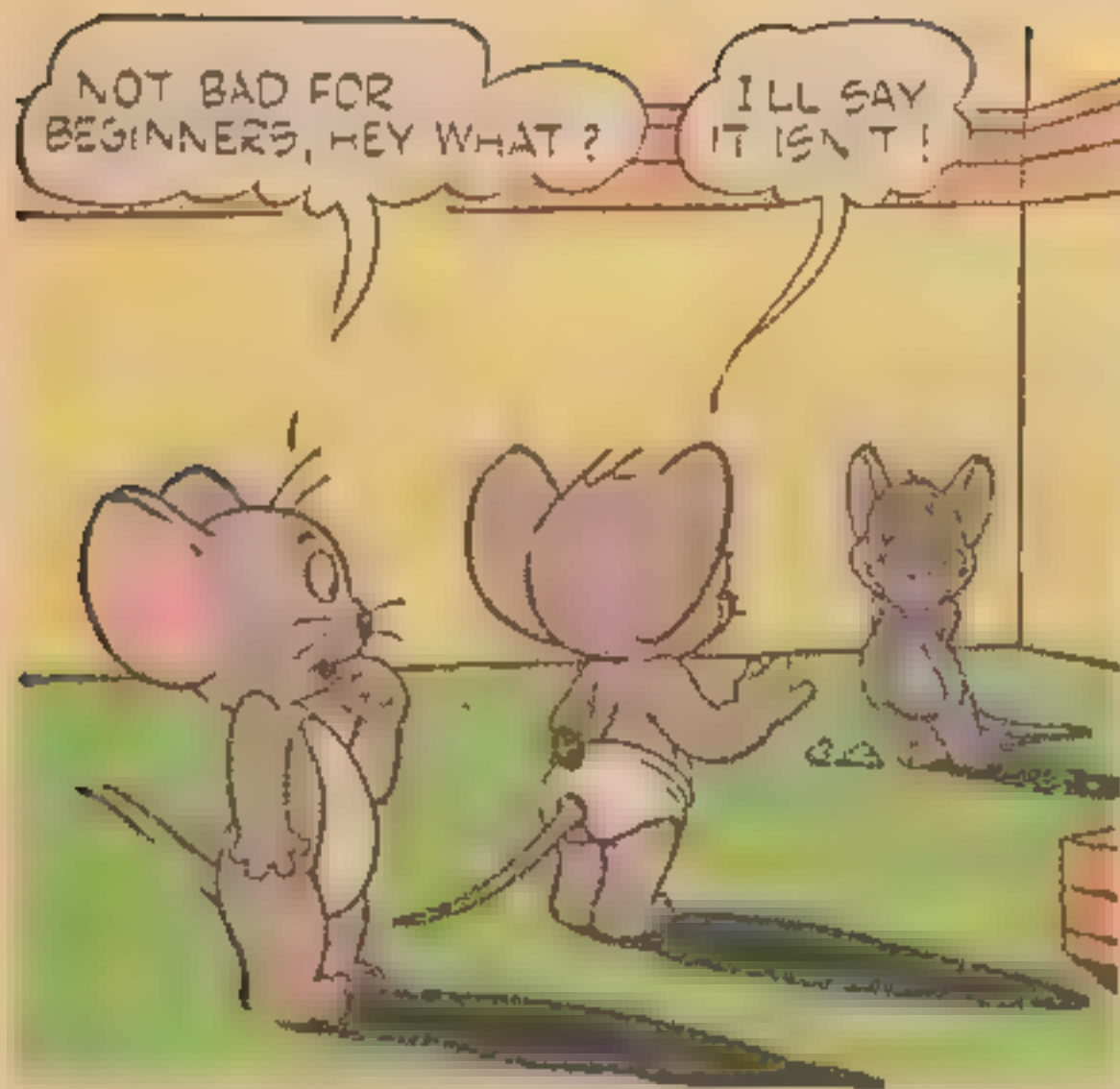
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

M.G.M PRESENTS

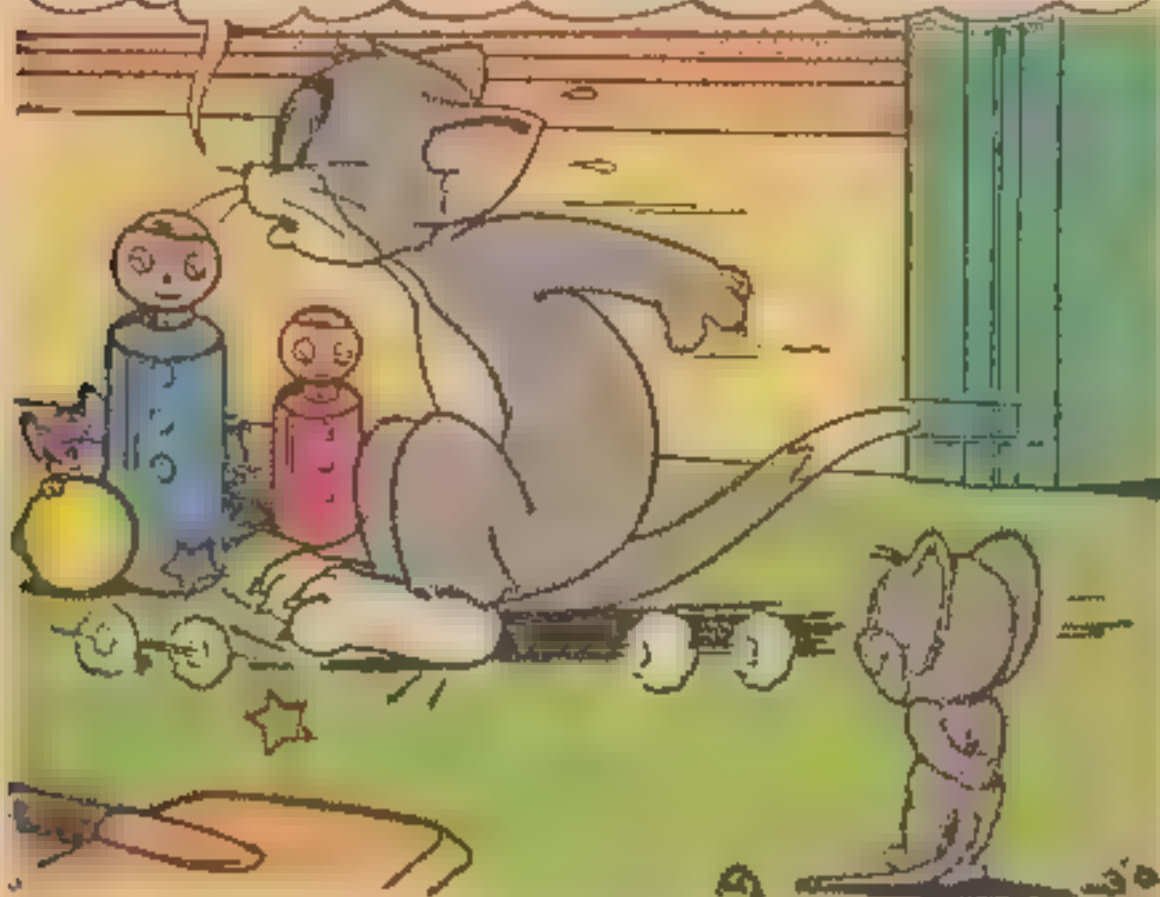
TOM and JERRY



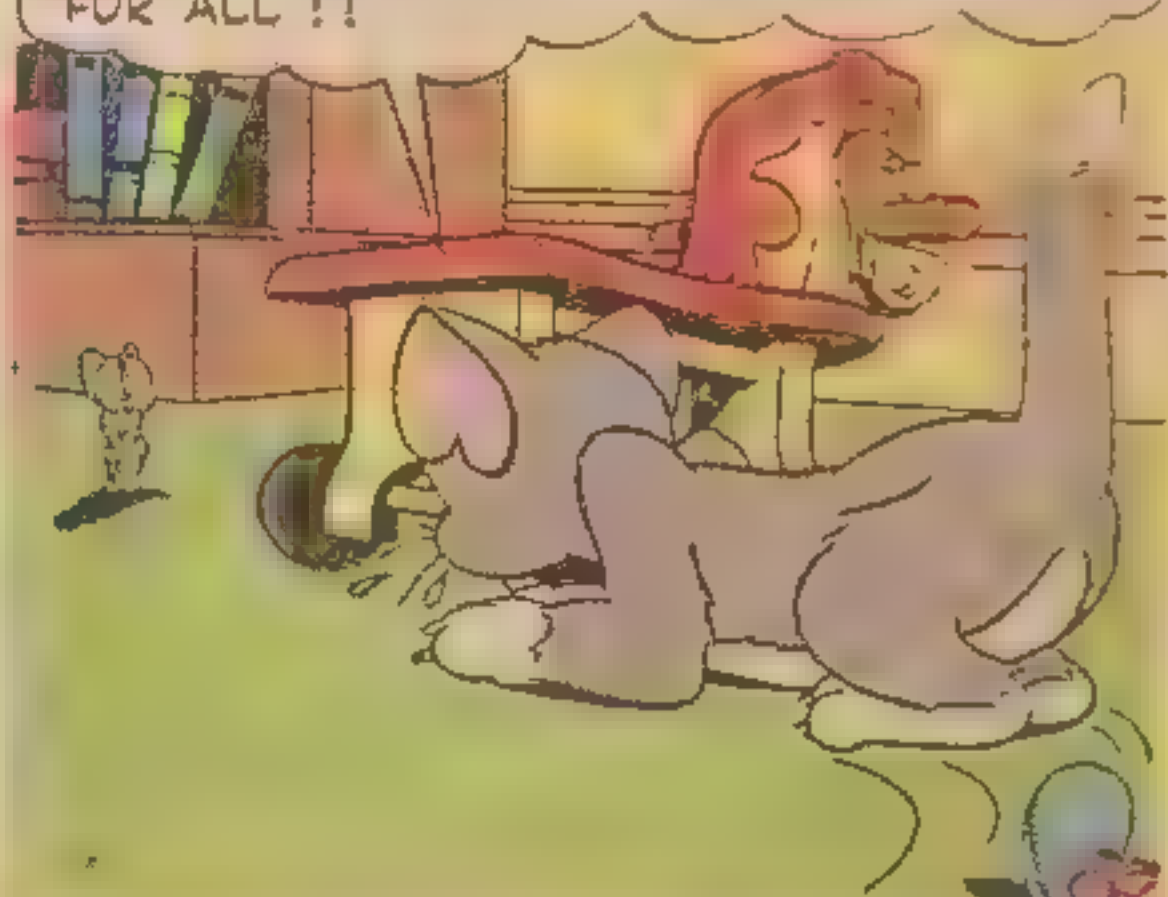




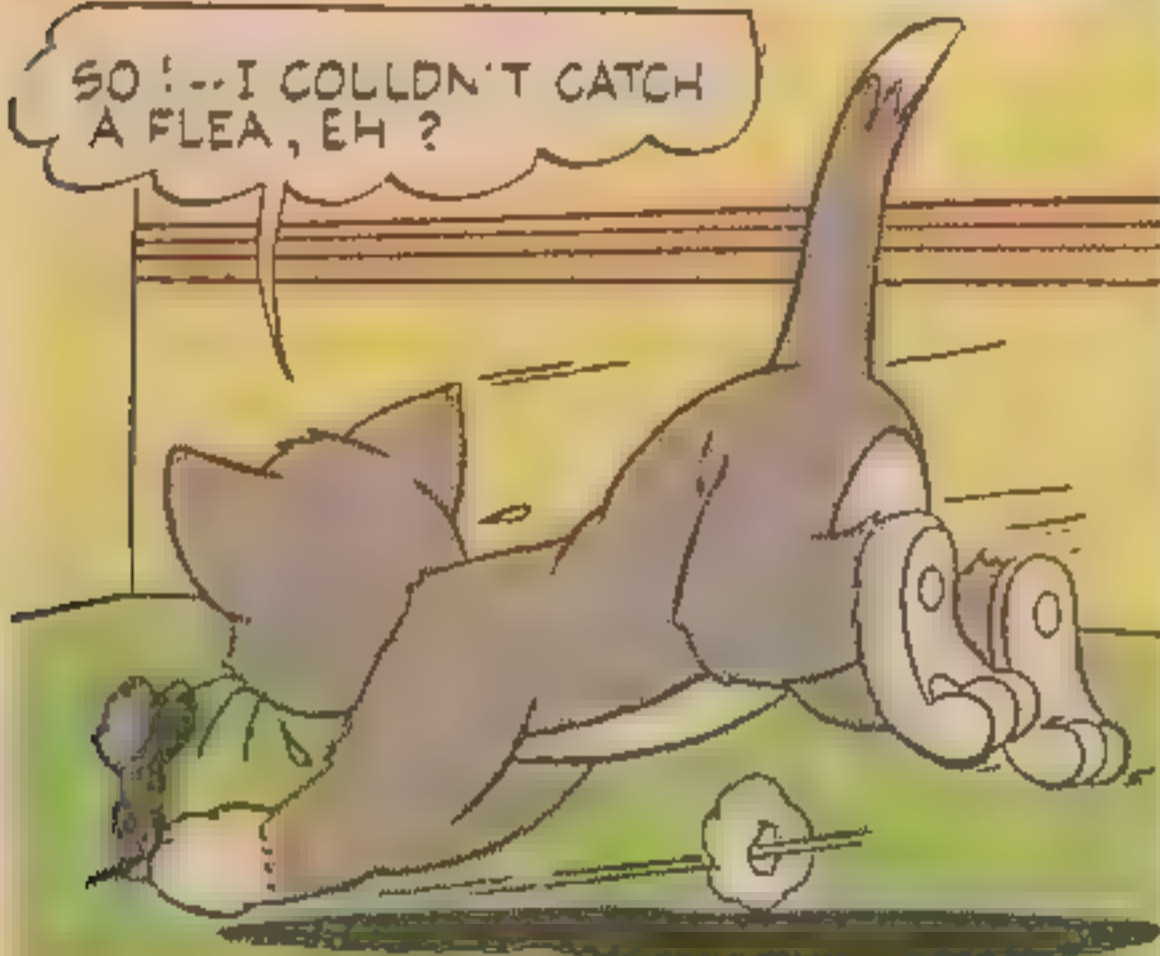
WHOA!--AH! THERE'S JERRY STANDING OVER THERE. WELL, I'M NOT CHOOSY! I'D JUST AS SOON HAVE HIM FOR SUPPER AS TUFFY!



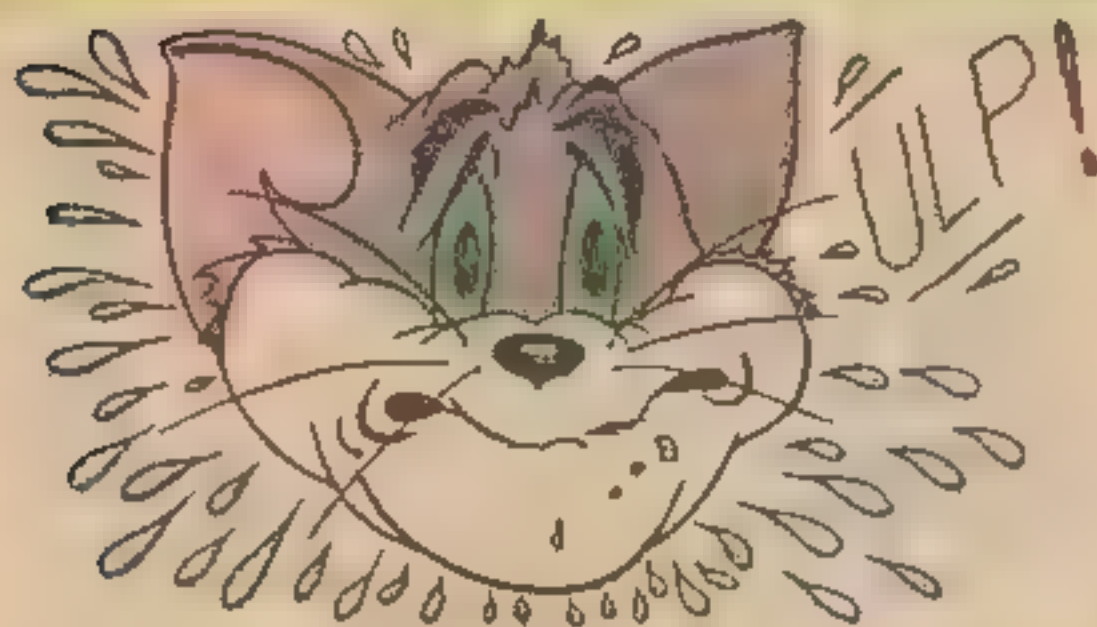
I'M SICK AND T RED OF BE NG ANNOYED BY THESE FRESH MICE! I'M GONG TO POUNCE ON HIM AND BITE HIS HEAD OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL!!



SO!--I COLLDN'T CATCH A FLEA, EH?

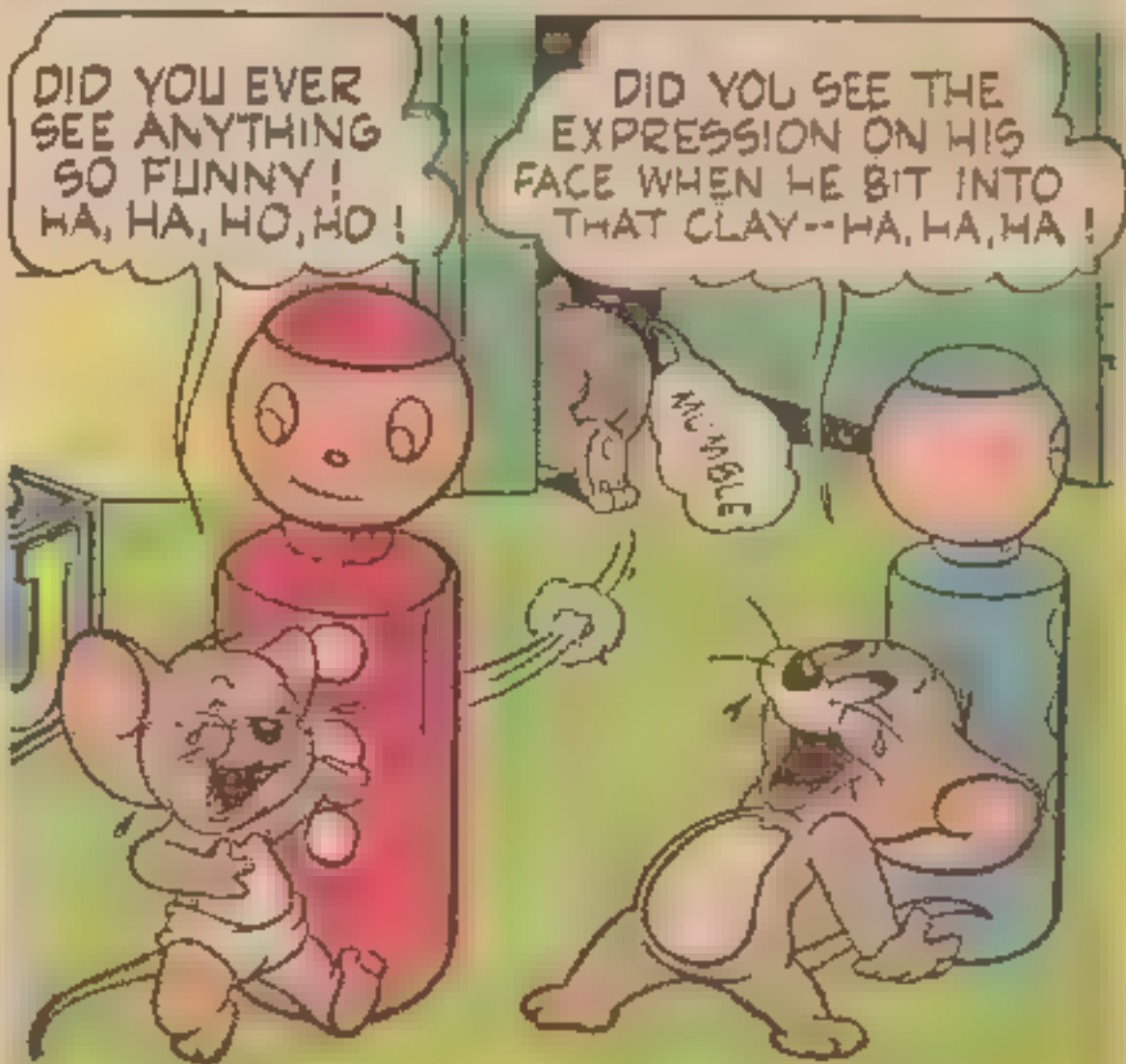


GRRRR!!



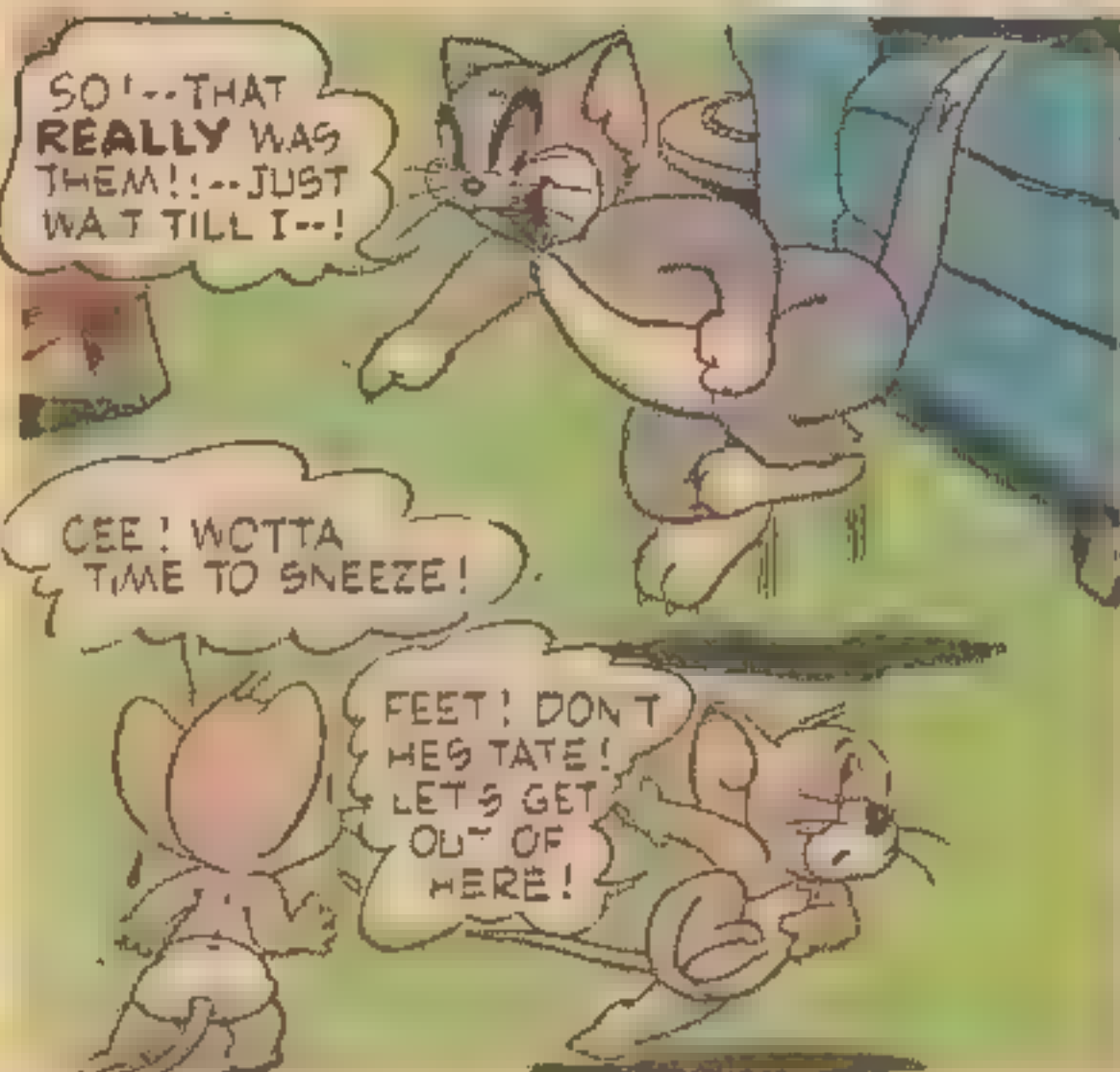
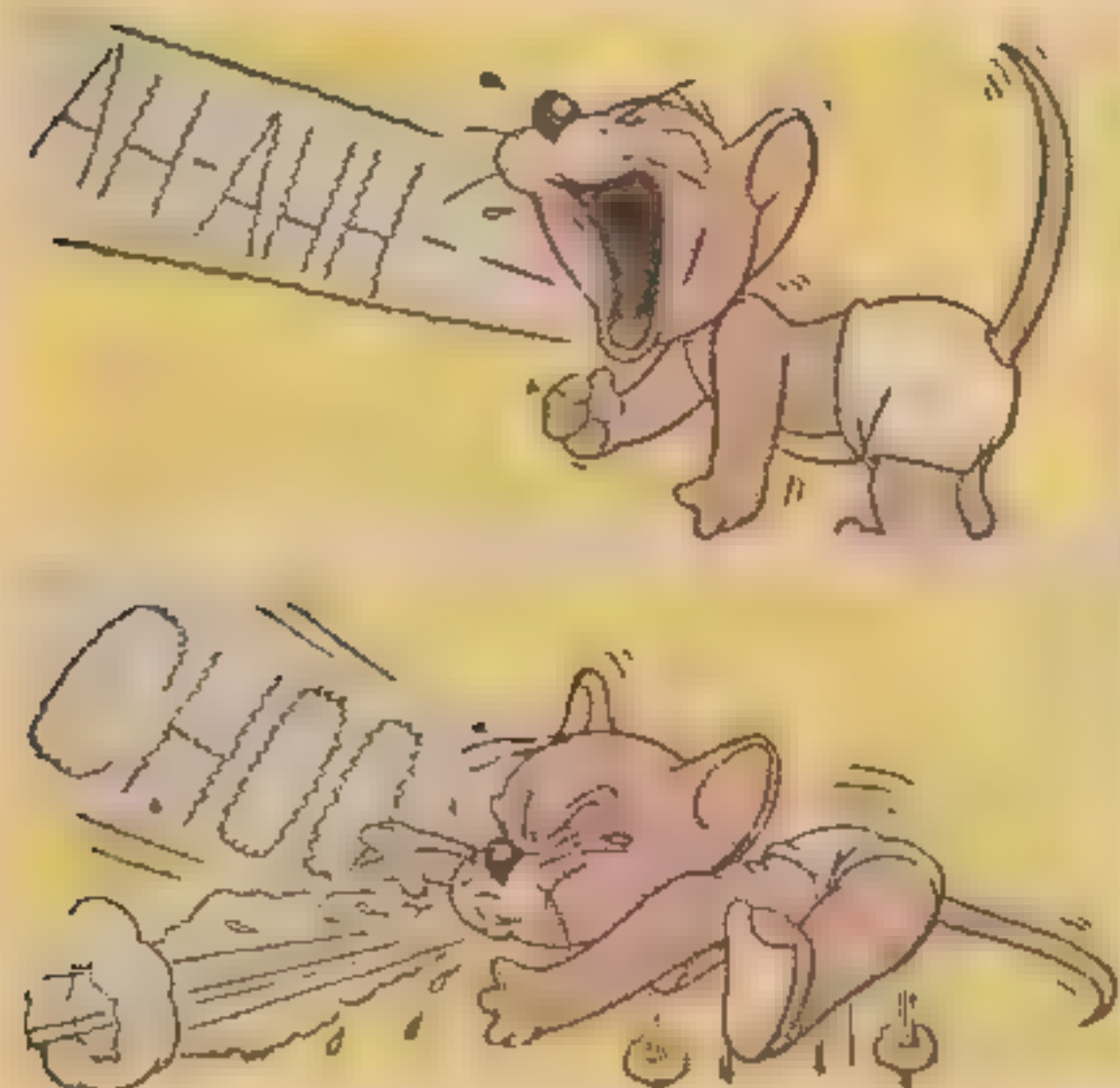
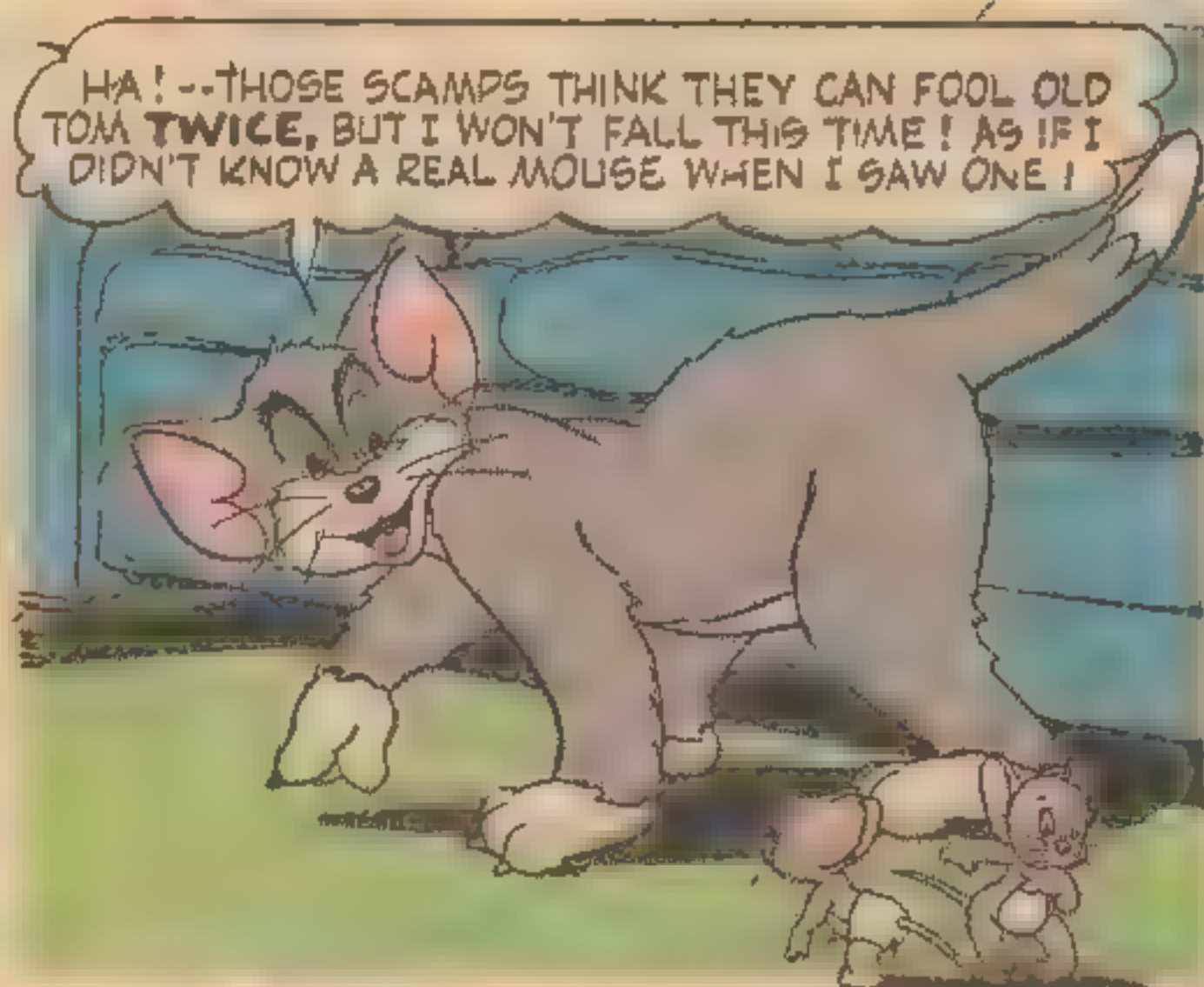
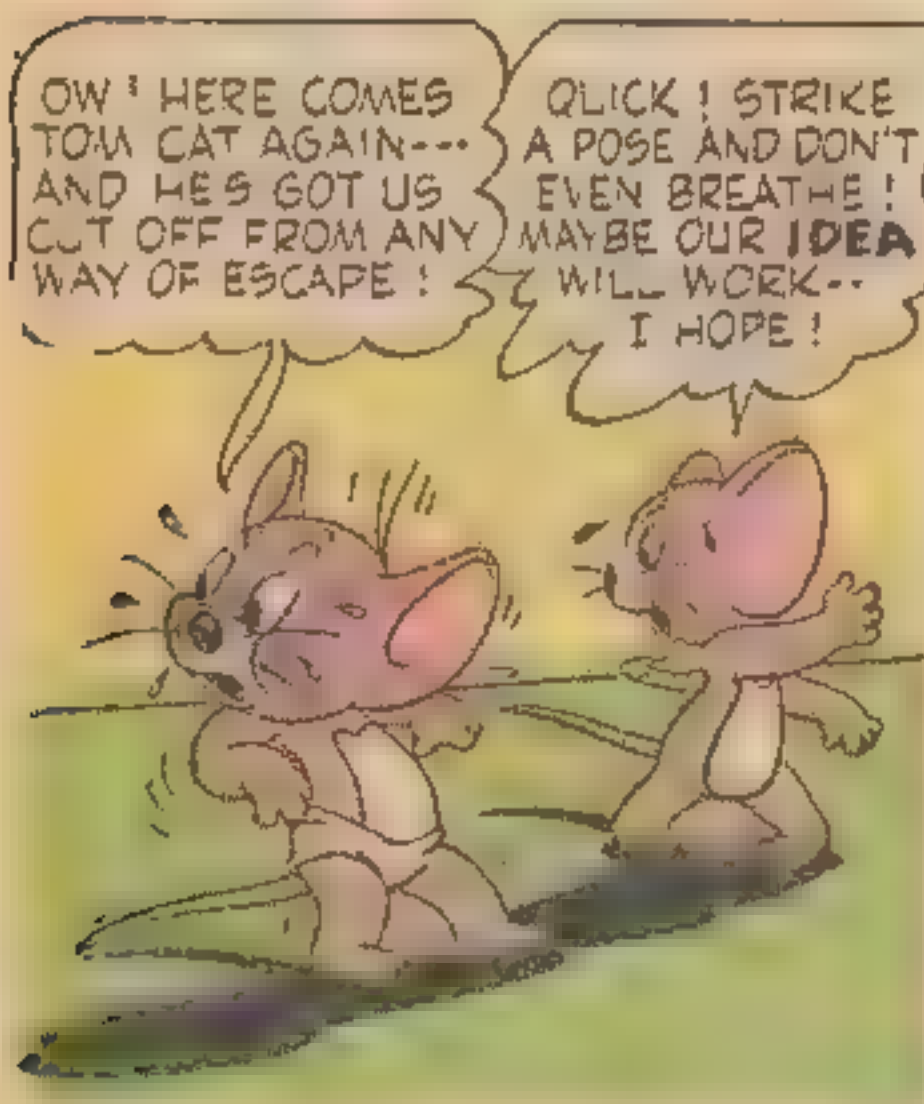
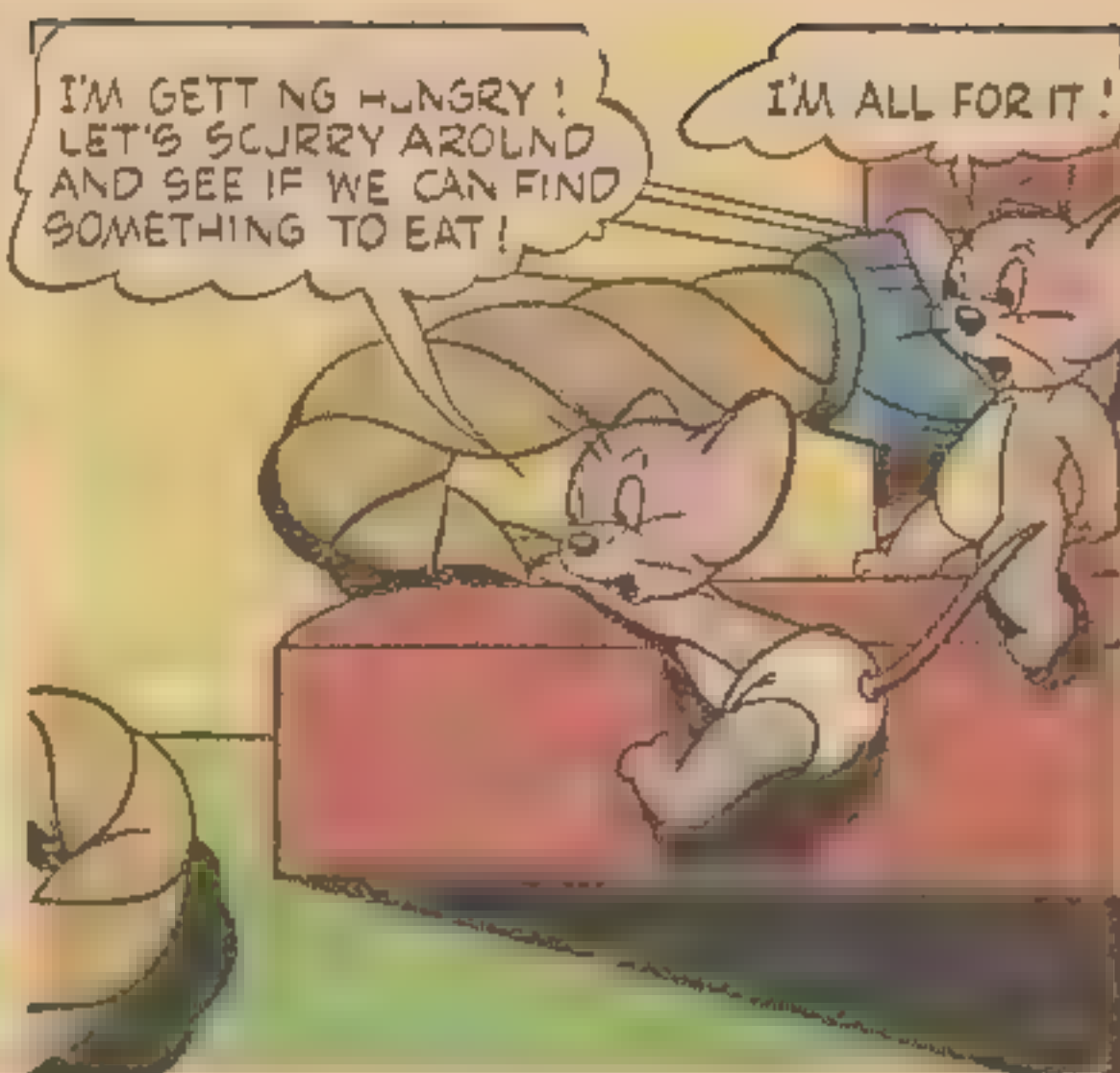
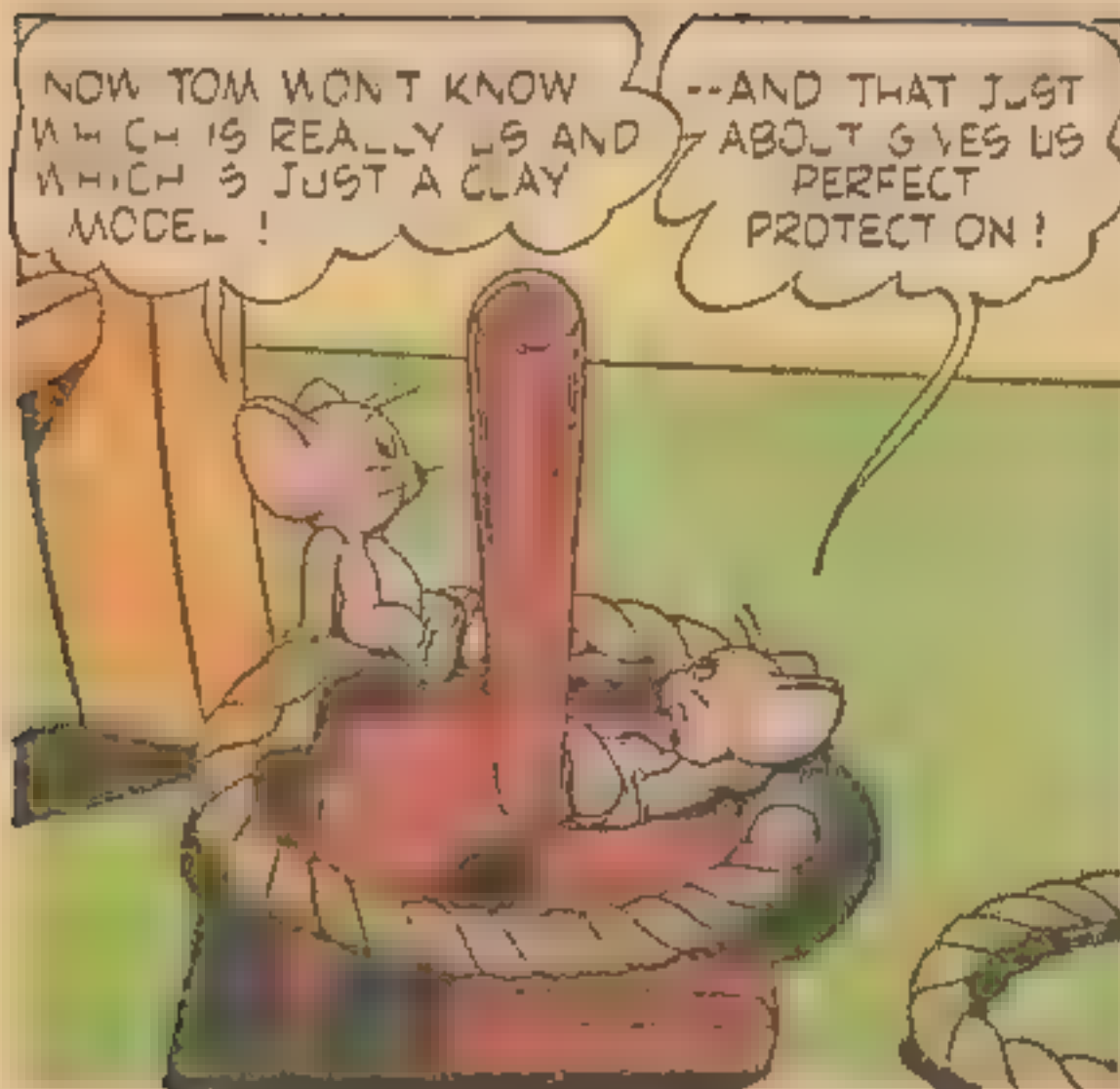
DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO FUNNY! HA, HA, HO, HO!

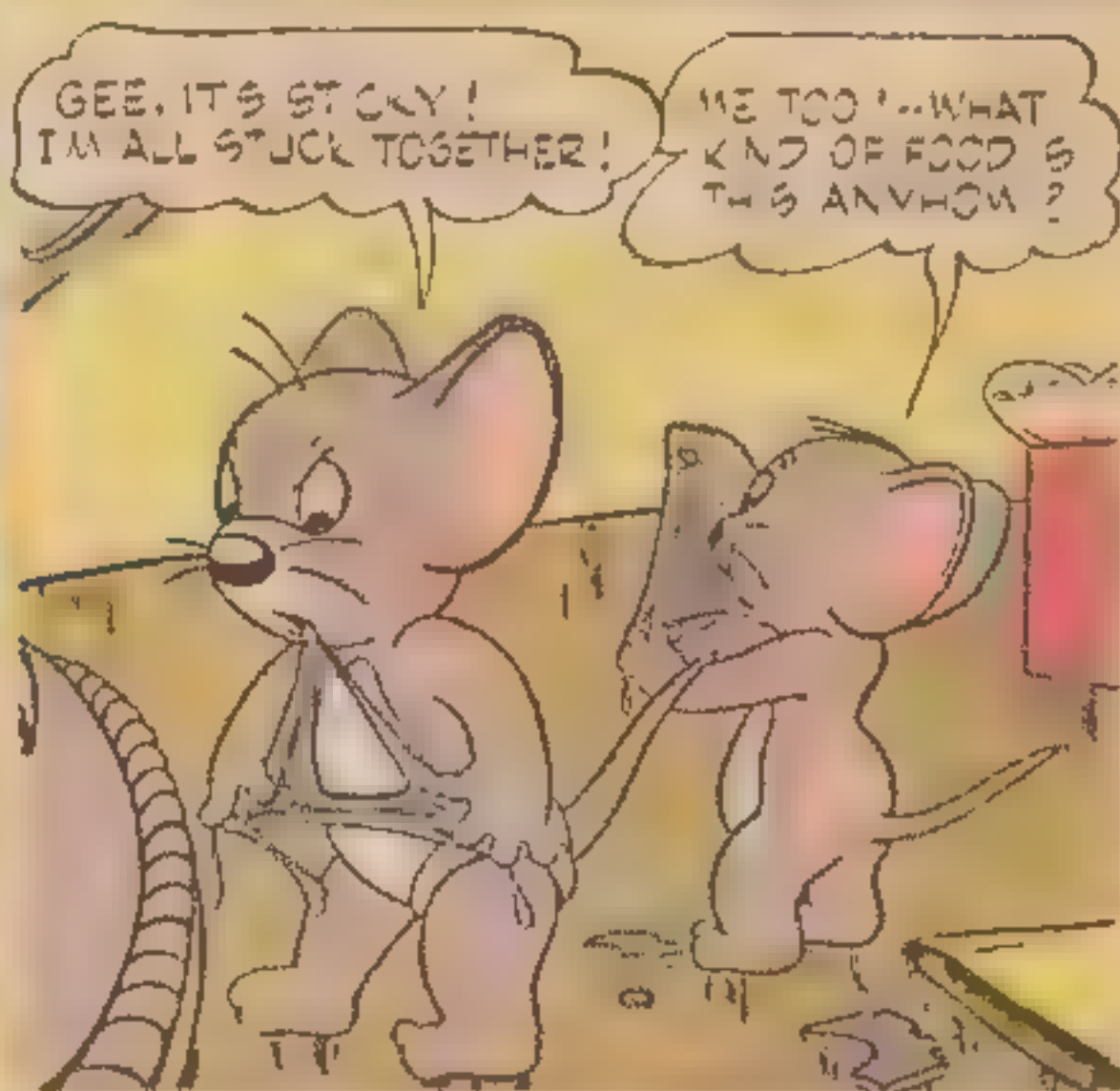
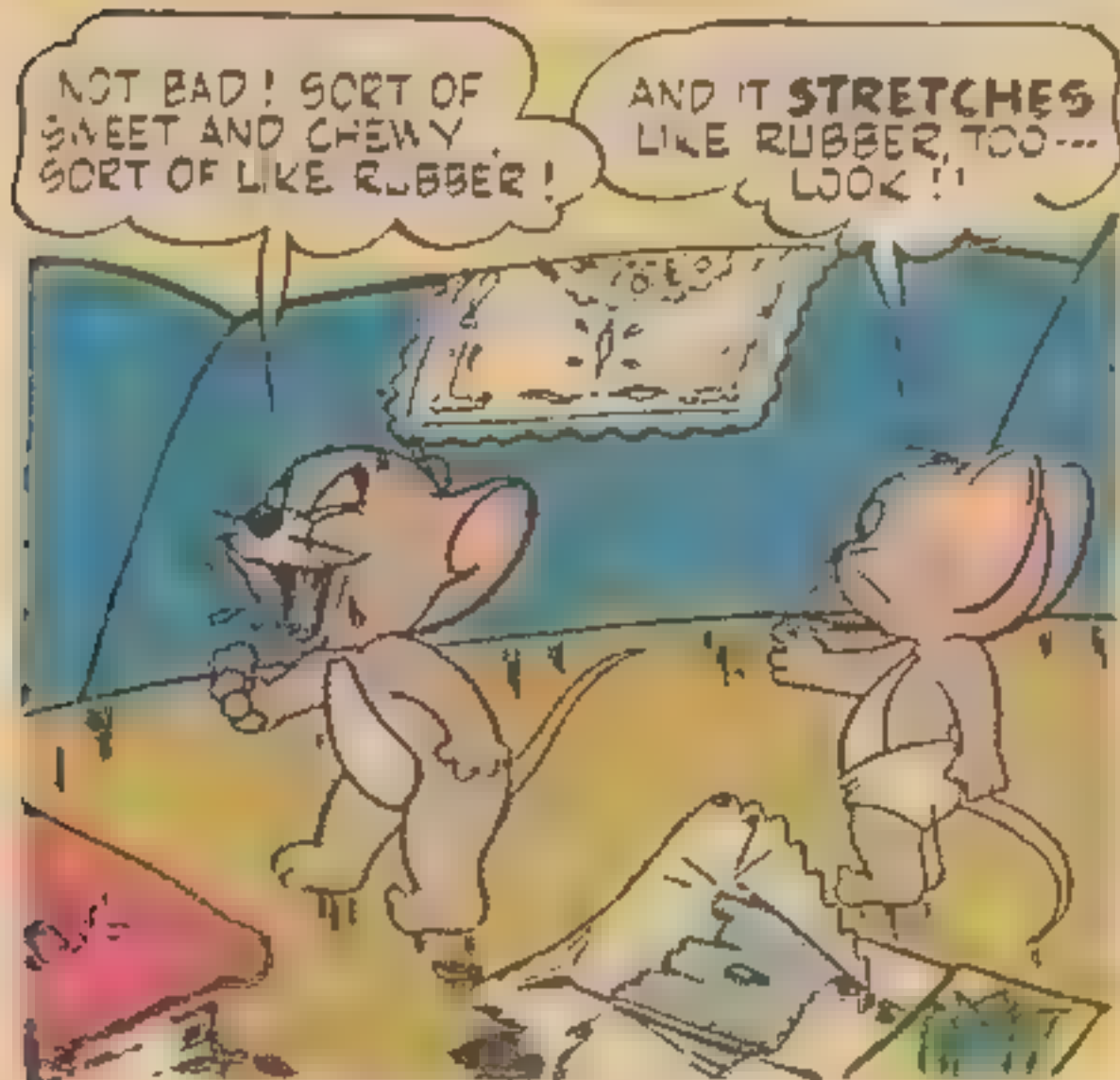
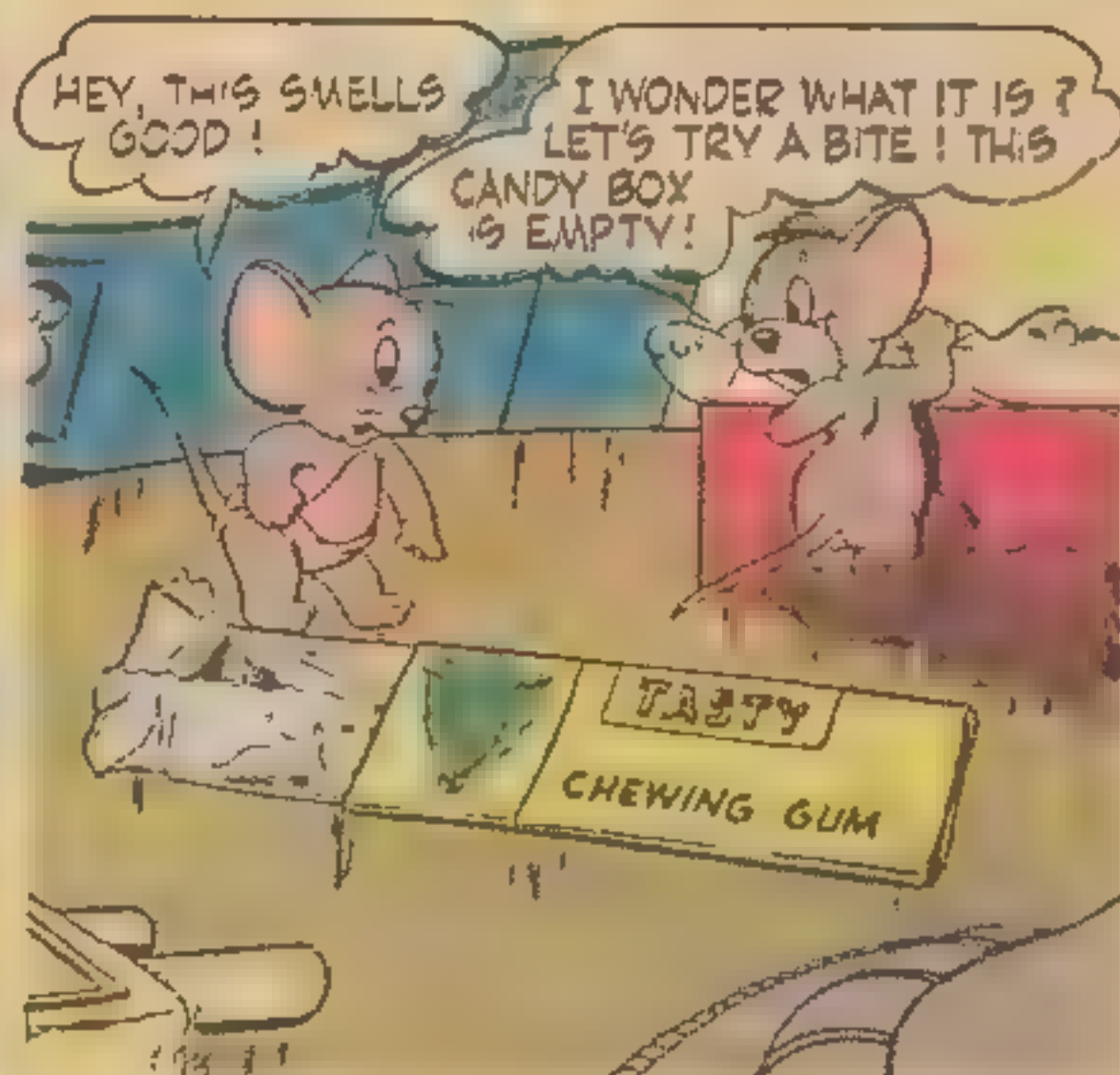
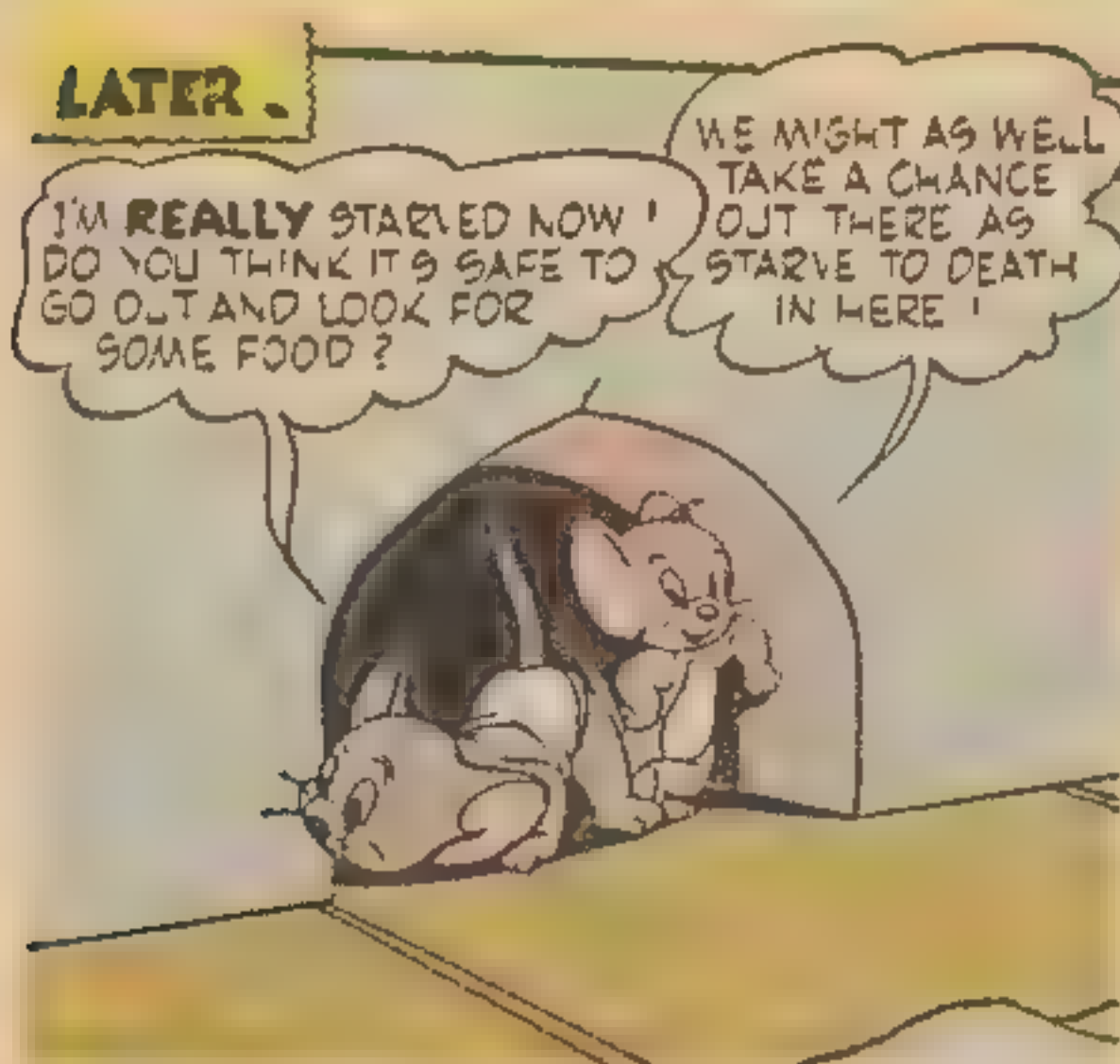
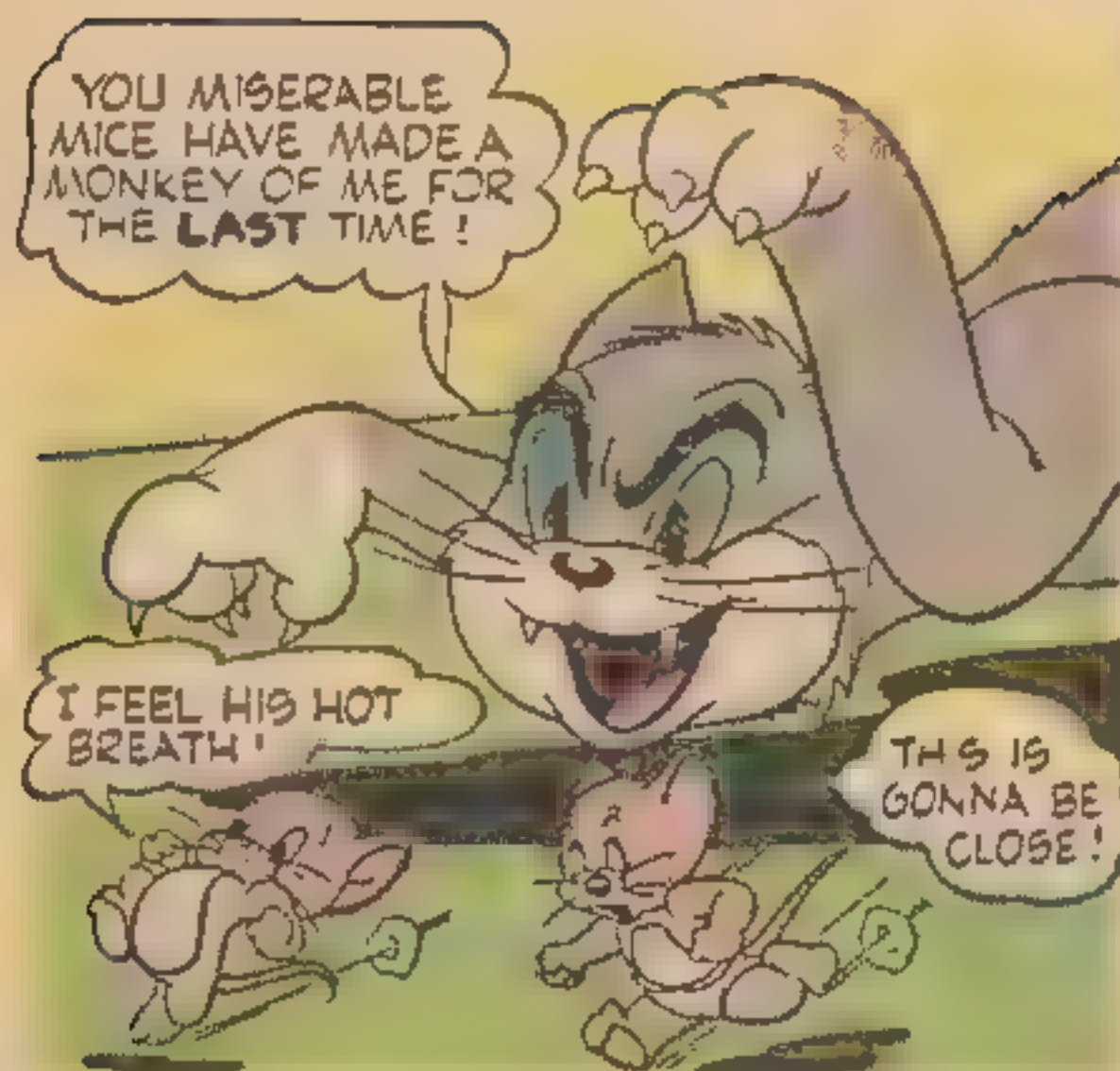
DID YOU SEE THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE WHEN HE BIT INTO THAT CLAY--HA, HA, HA!



WHEW!--WHAT A TASTE! WHY THIS THING ISN'T A REAL MOUSE!-- TUFFY AND JERRY HAVE PUT ONE OVER ON ME, AGA N!







LATER

GEE! THAT WAS SOME JOB. GETTING THAT MESS OFF OUR FINGERS!

I'D LIKE TO SEE TOM CAT GET HIMSELF TANGLED IN THAT!

WELL--THEN LET'S GET OLD TOM TANGLED UP IN IT--!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE AN IDEA--LET'S HEAR IT, GEN'L'S!

FIRST WE'LL COVER OUR PAWS WITH THIS FLOUR THE COOK LEFT HERE WHEN SHE WAS BAKING TODAY.

AND YOUR IDEA IS-- IF WE MAKE OUR PAWS GOOD AND DRY WITH THIS FLOUR, WE'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THAT STICKY STUFF!

NOW, WE'LL CHEW UP ENOUGH OF THIS STUFF TO MAKE A BIG PILE!

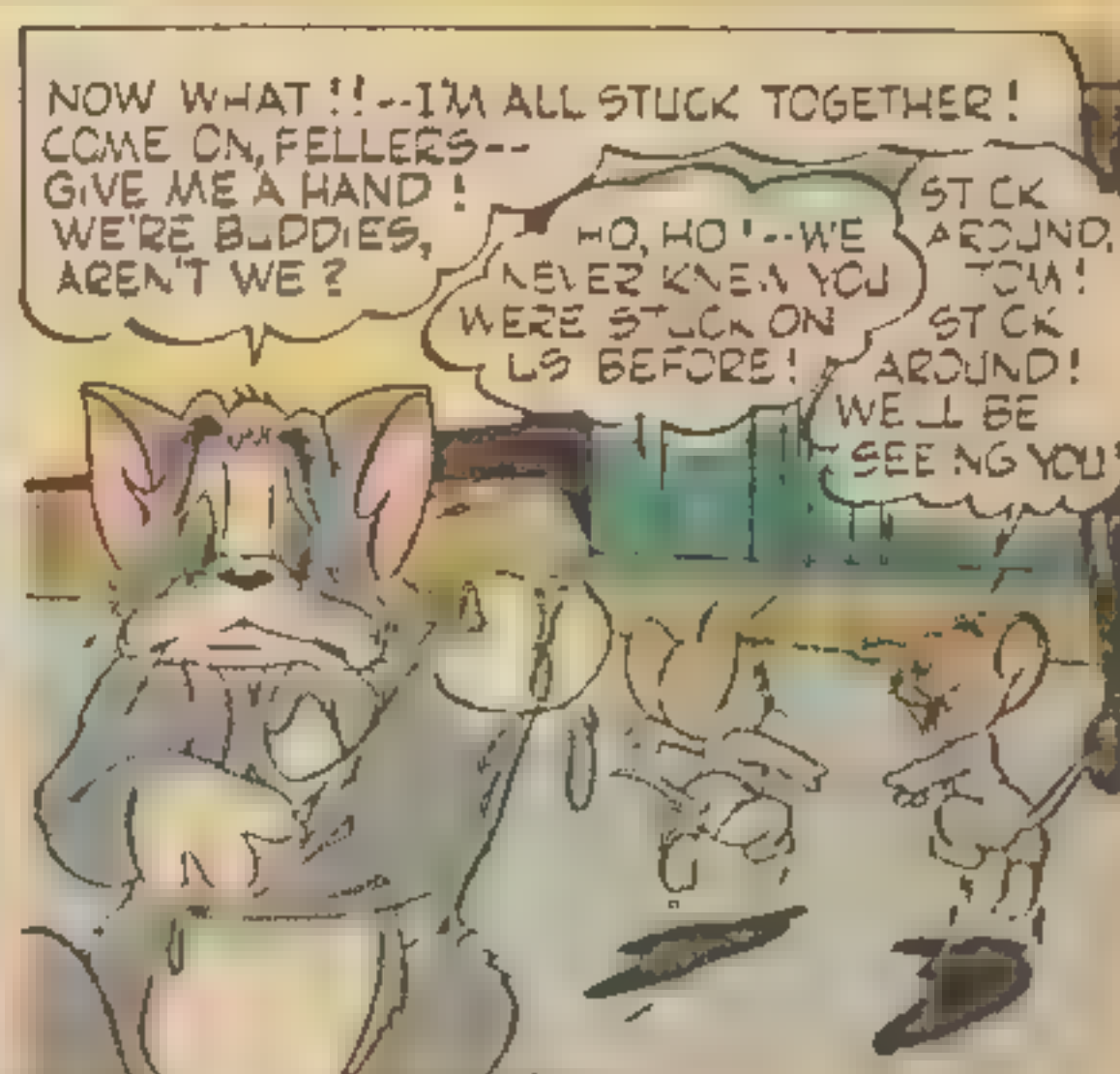
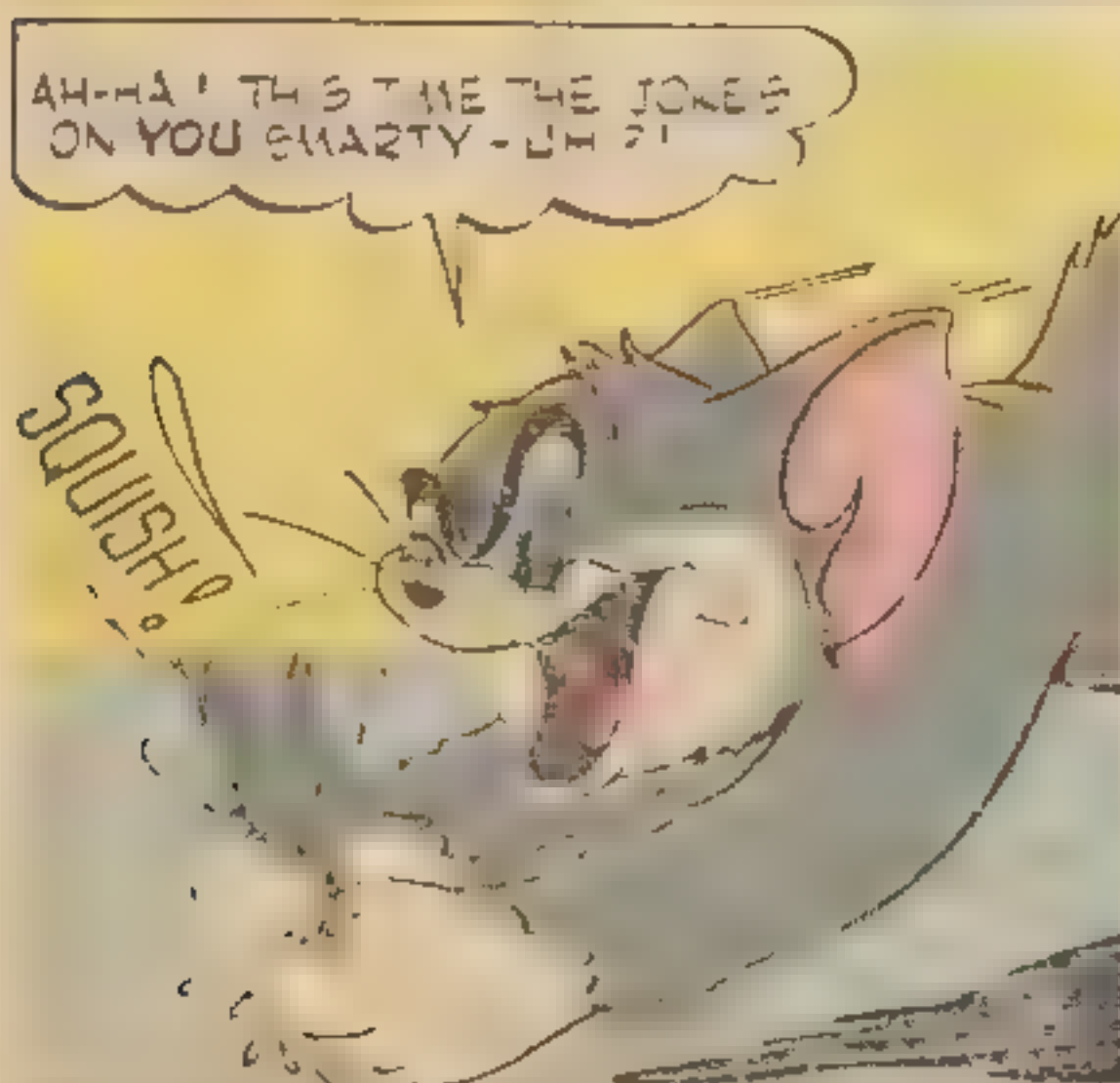
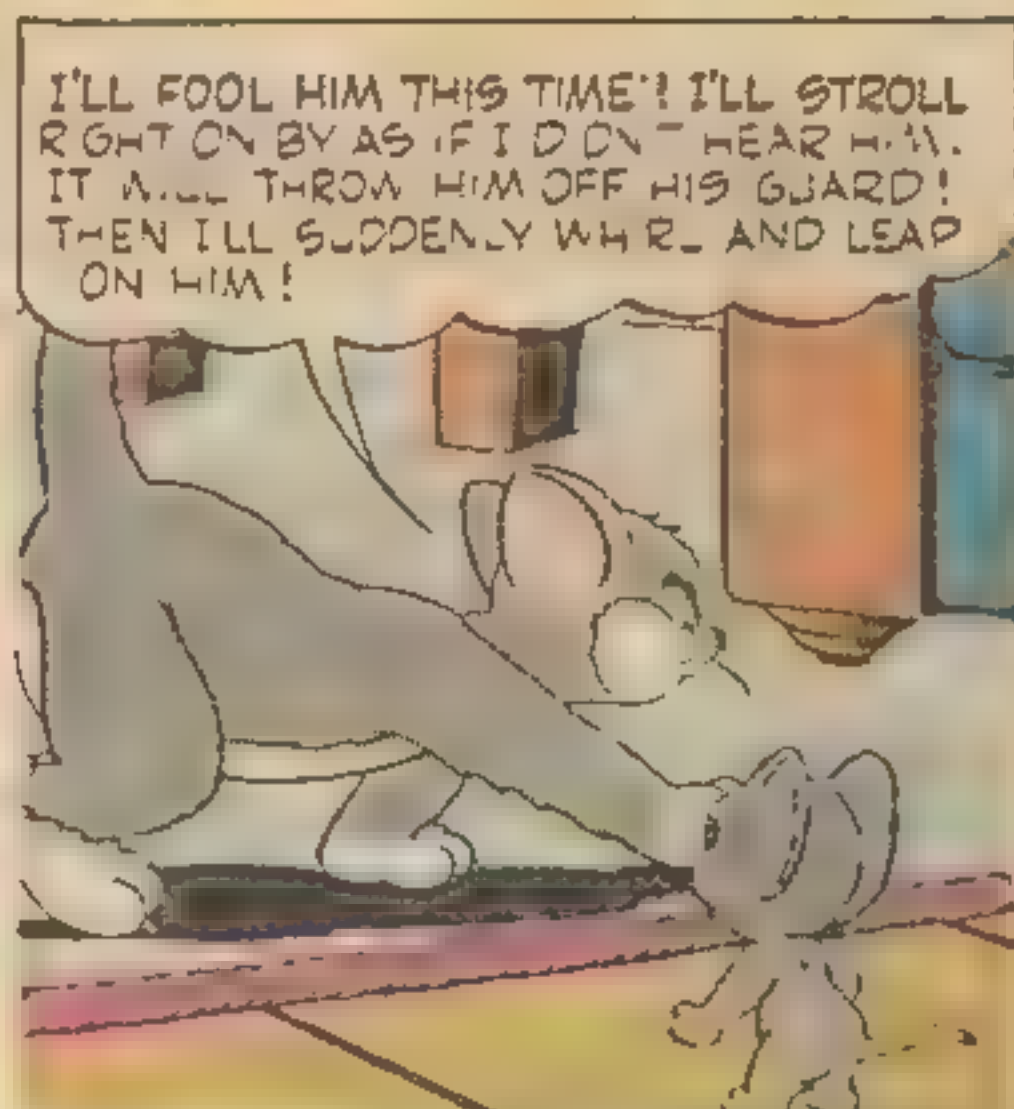
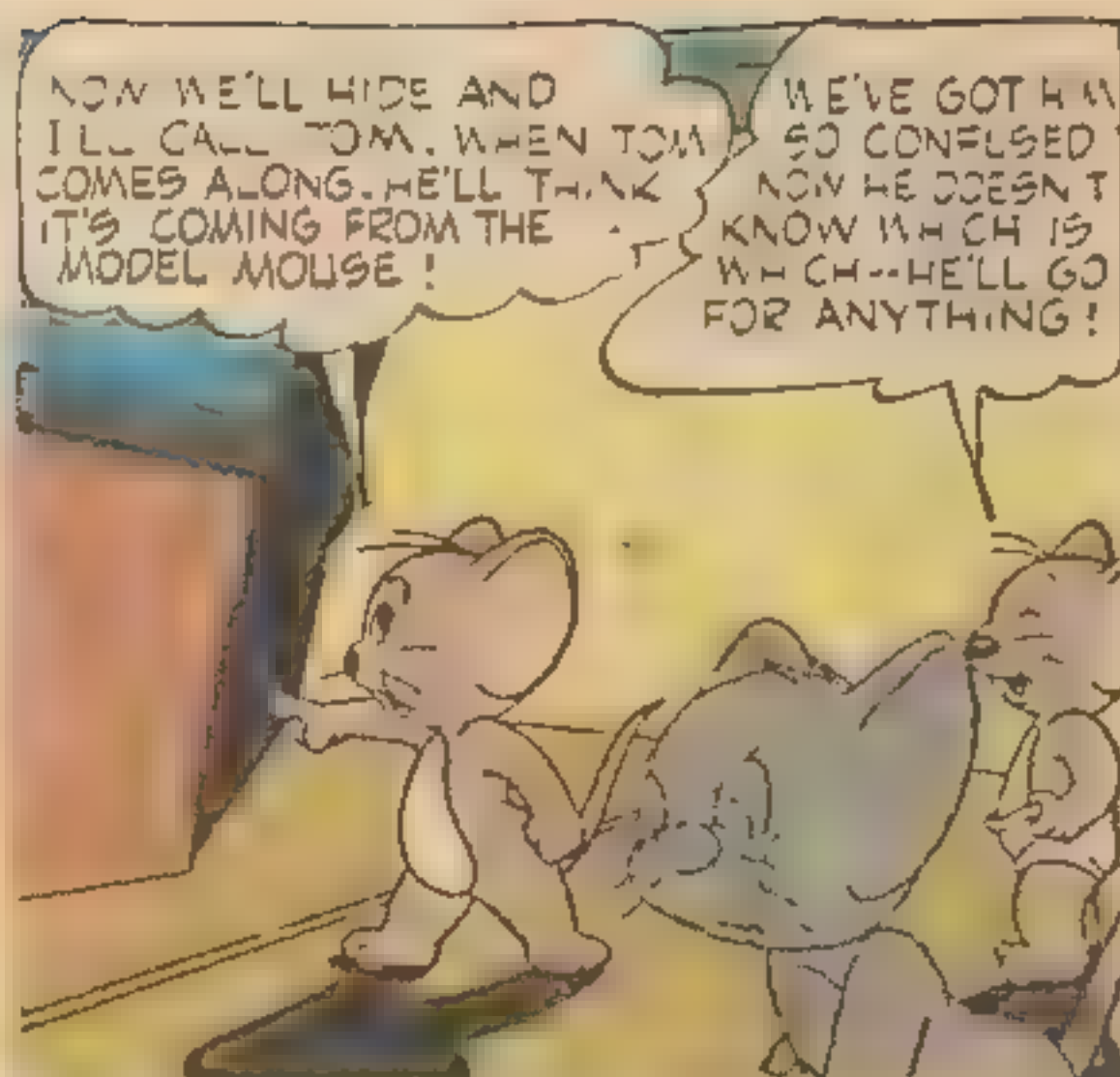
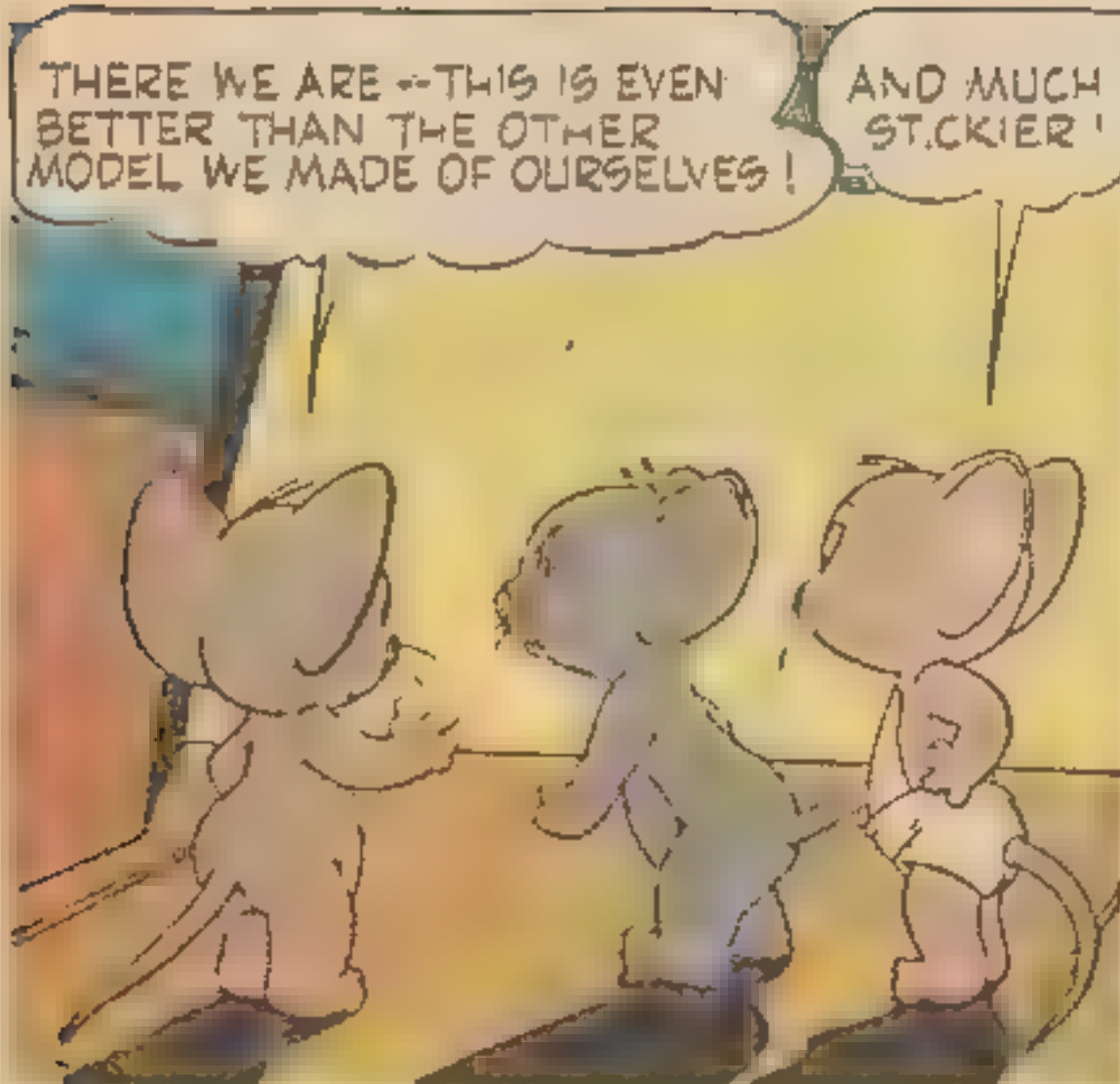
I'M A CHEW N!

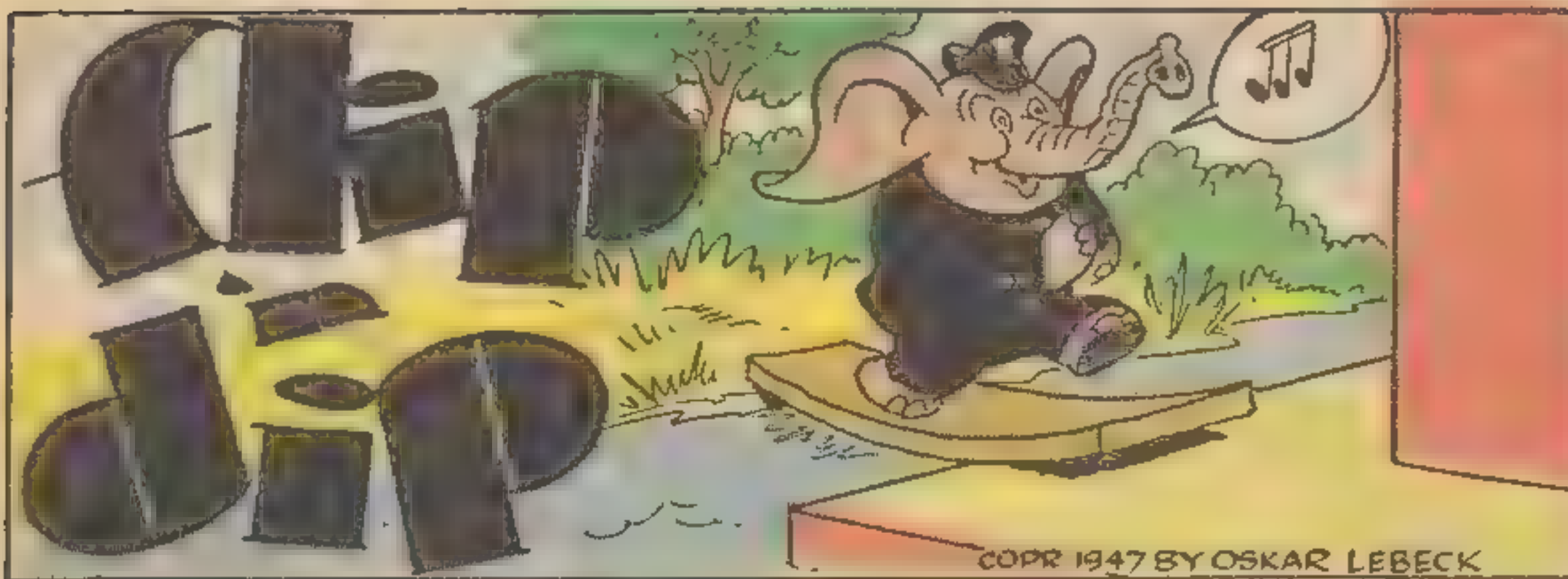
HERE'S THE LAST PIECE! CATCH!! THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH!

OKAY! LET'S HAVE IT!

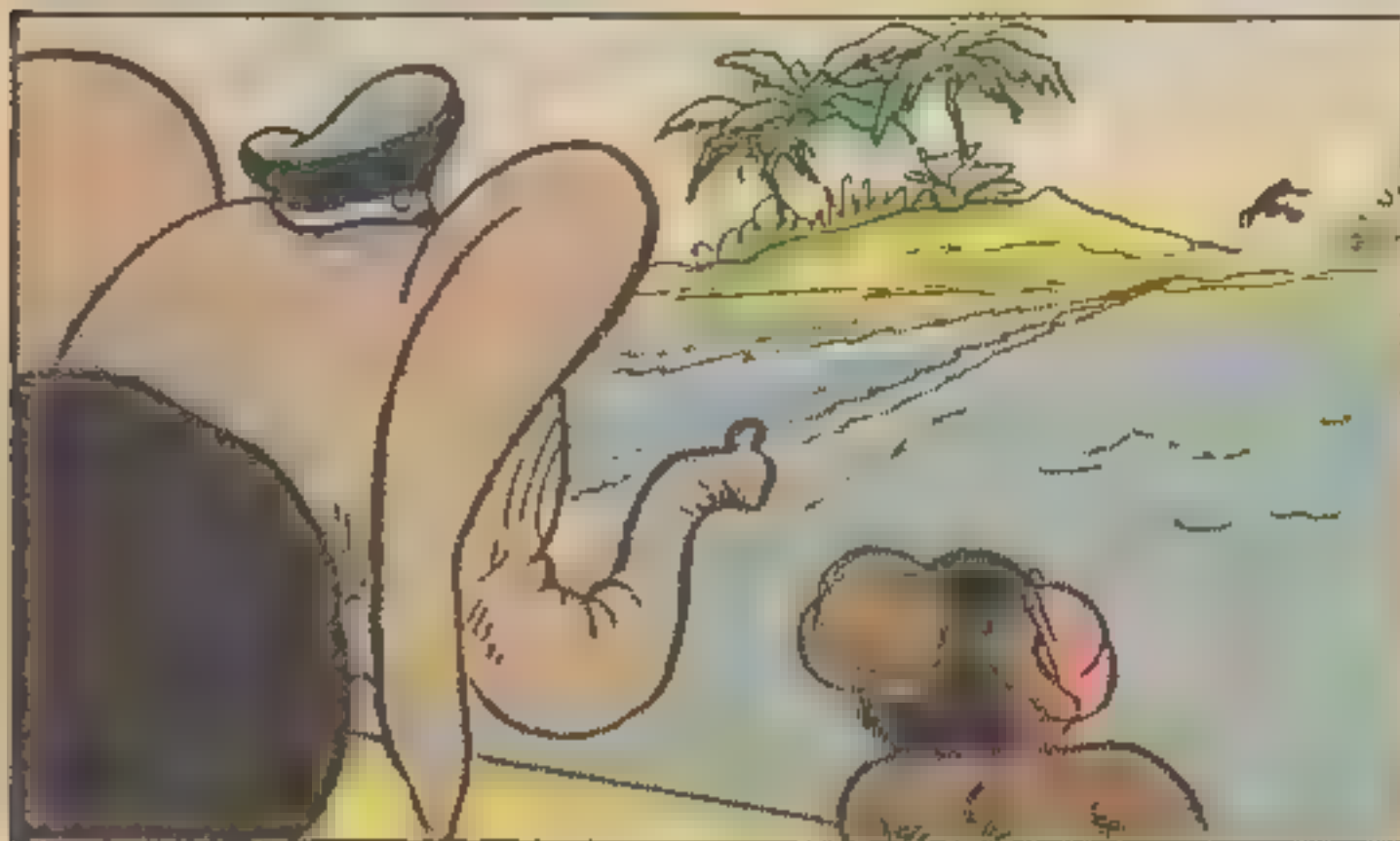
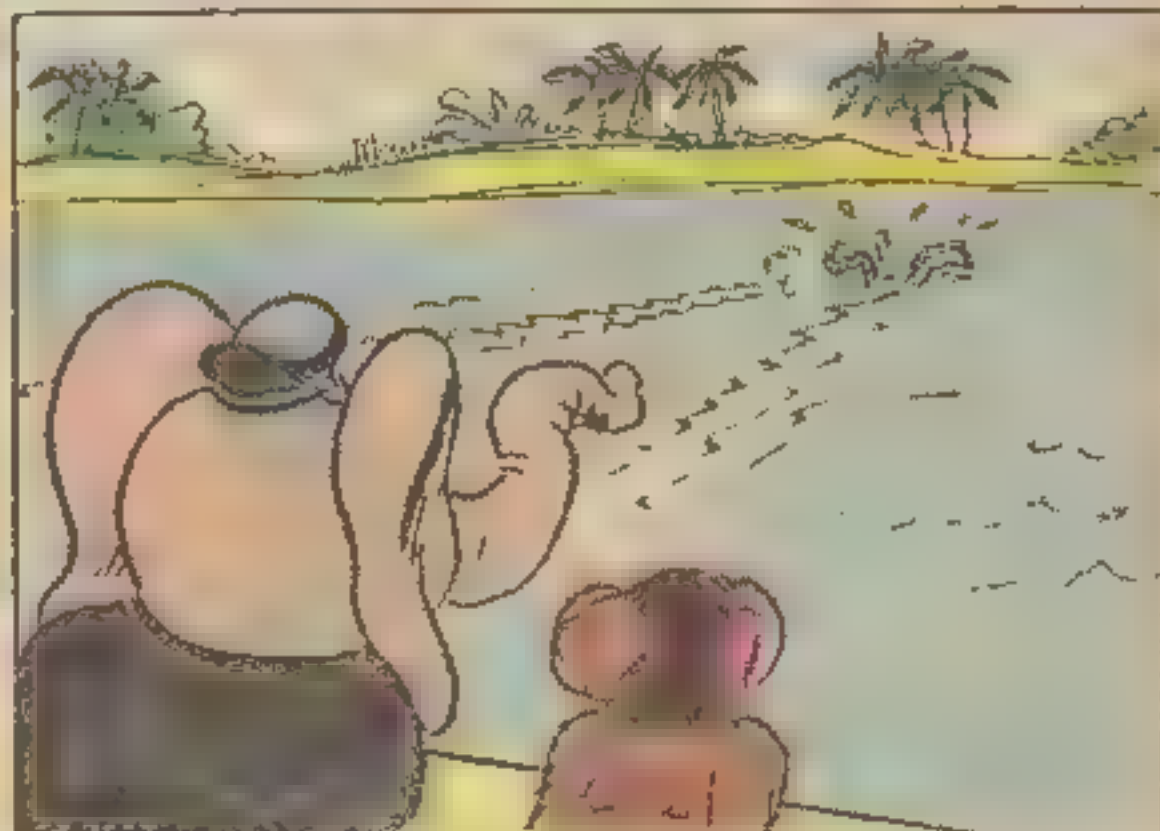
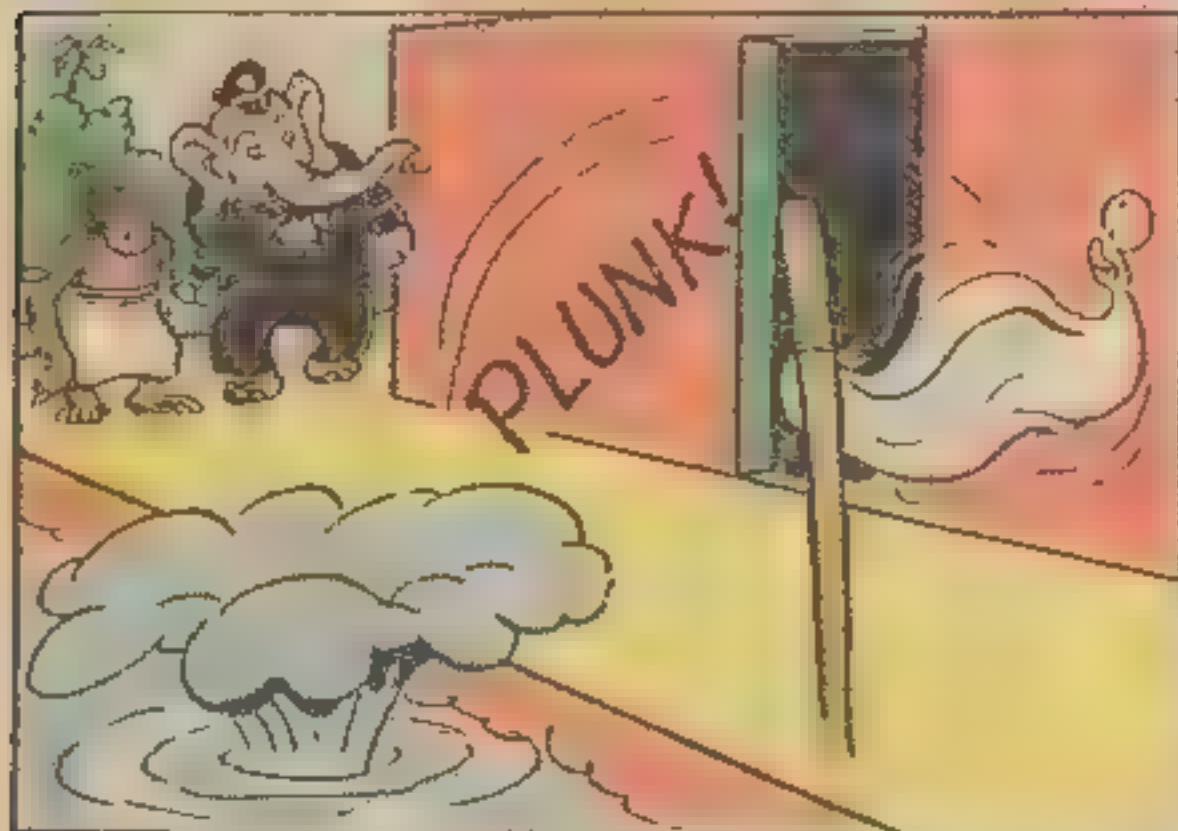
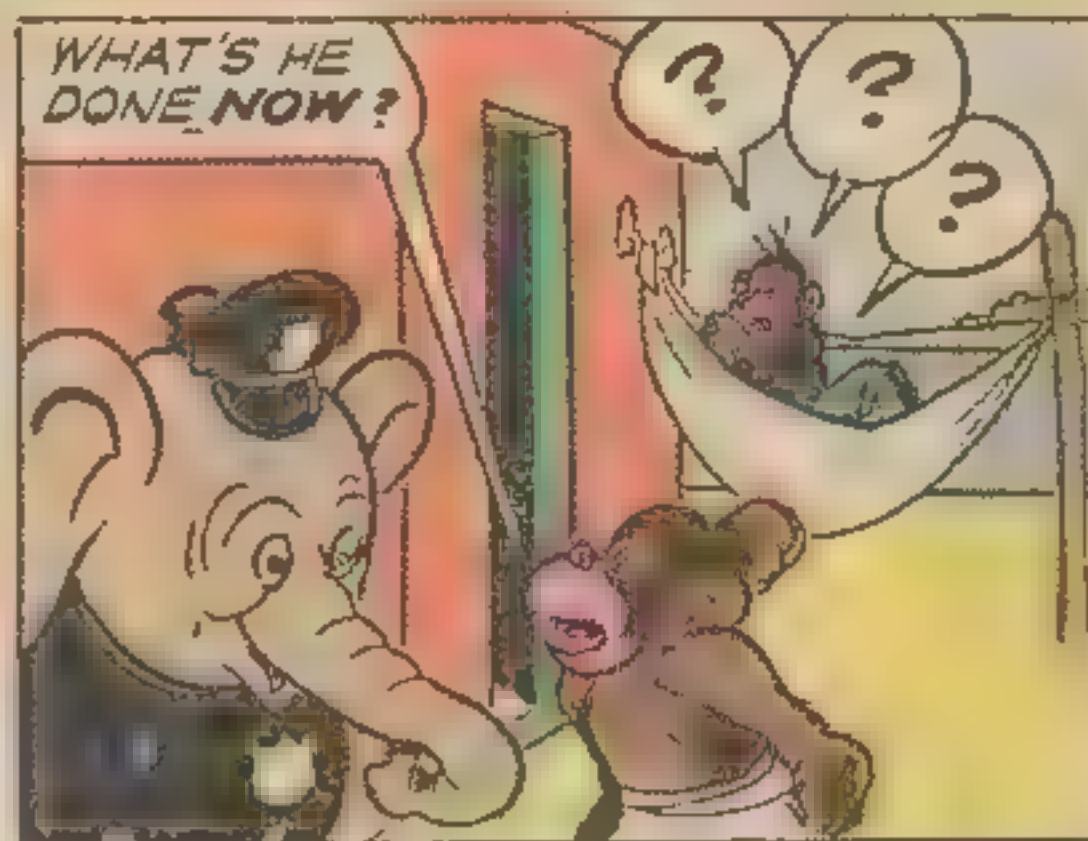
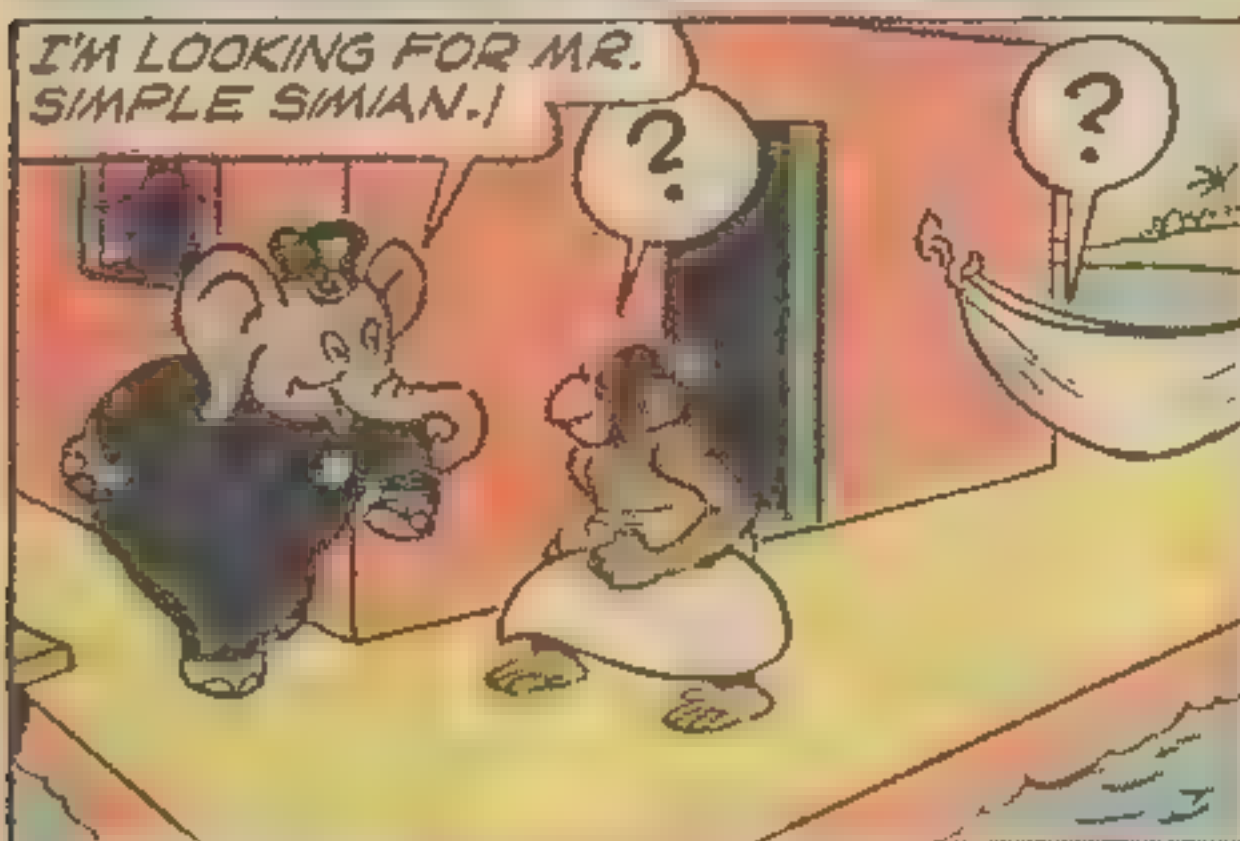
HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT ON YOUR SIDE, JERRY?

NOT BAD! THIS STUFF IS EASY TO MOLD!



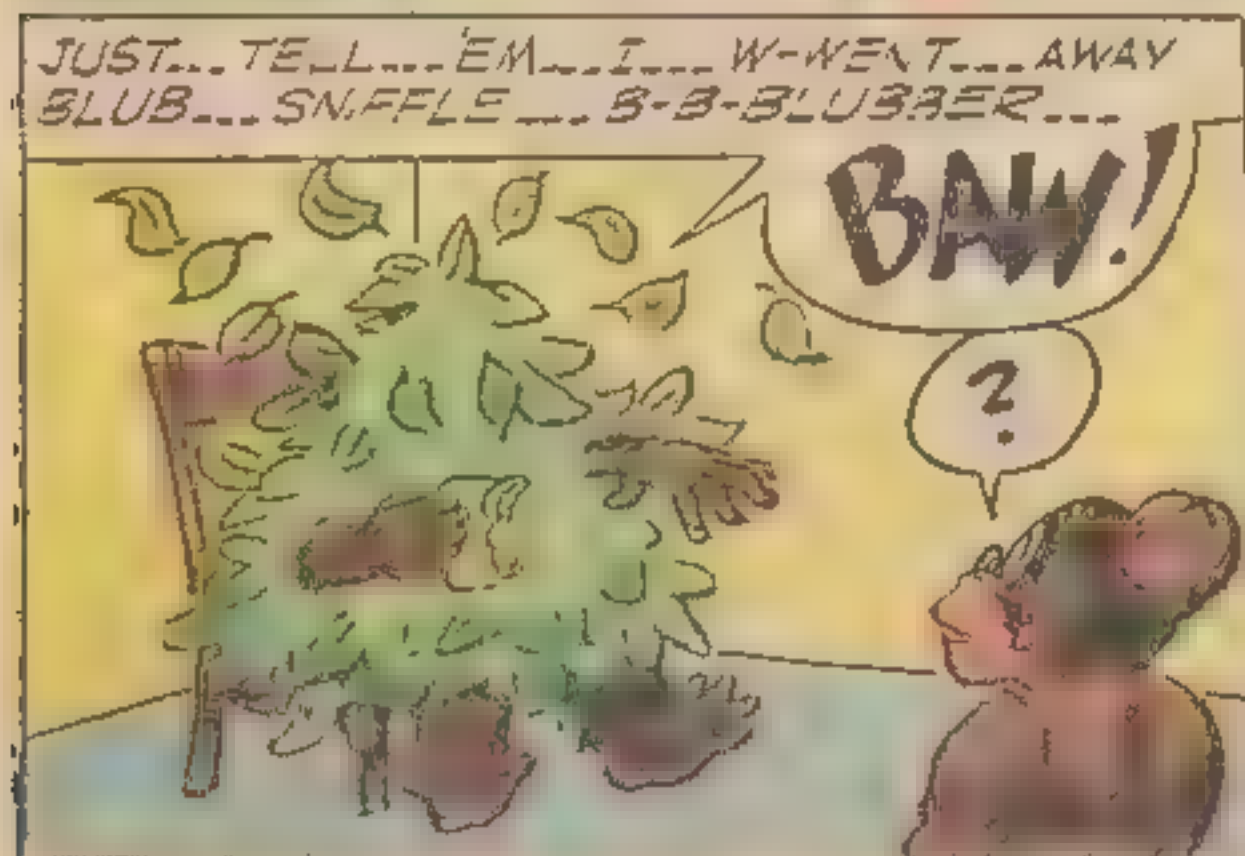
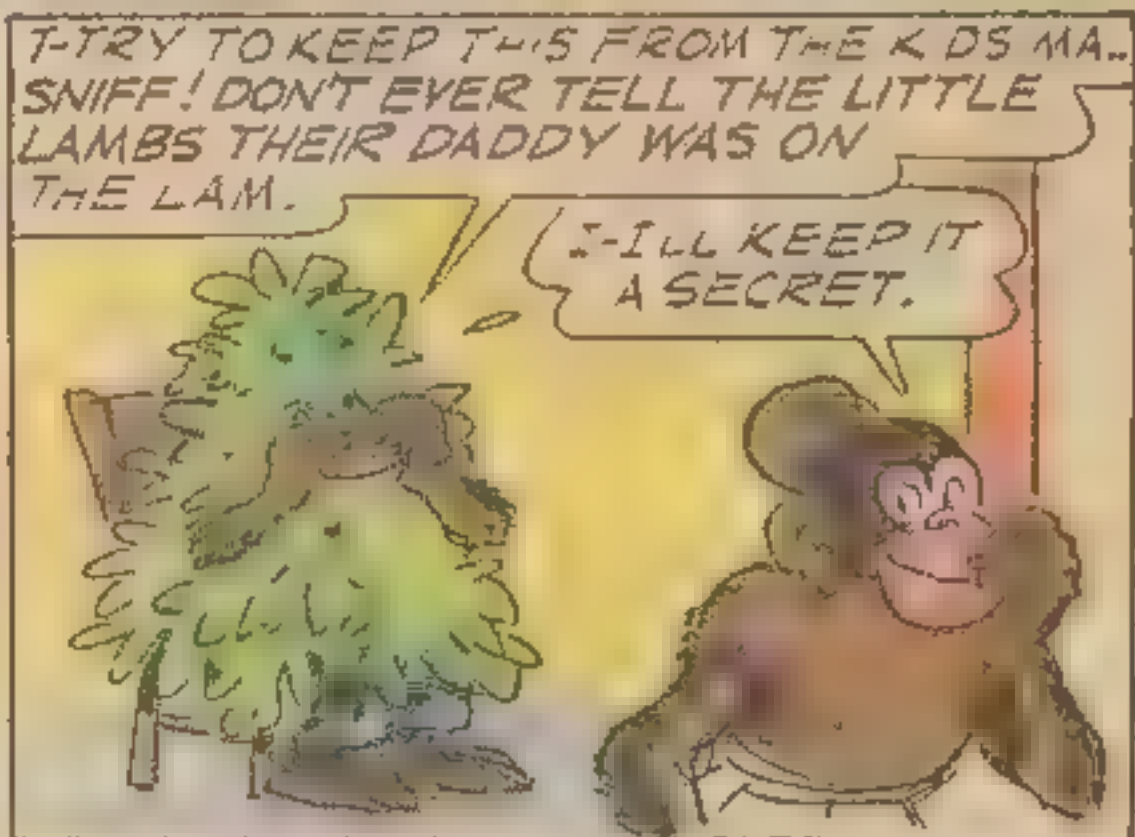
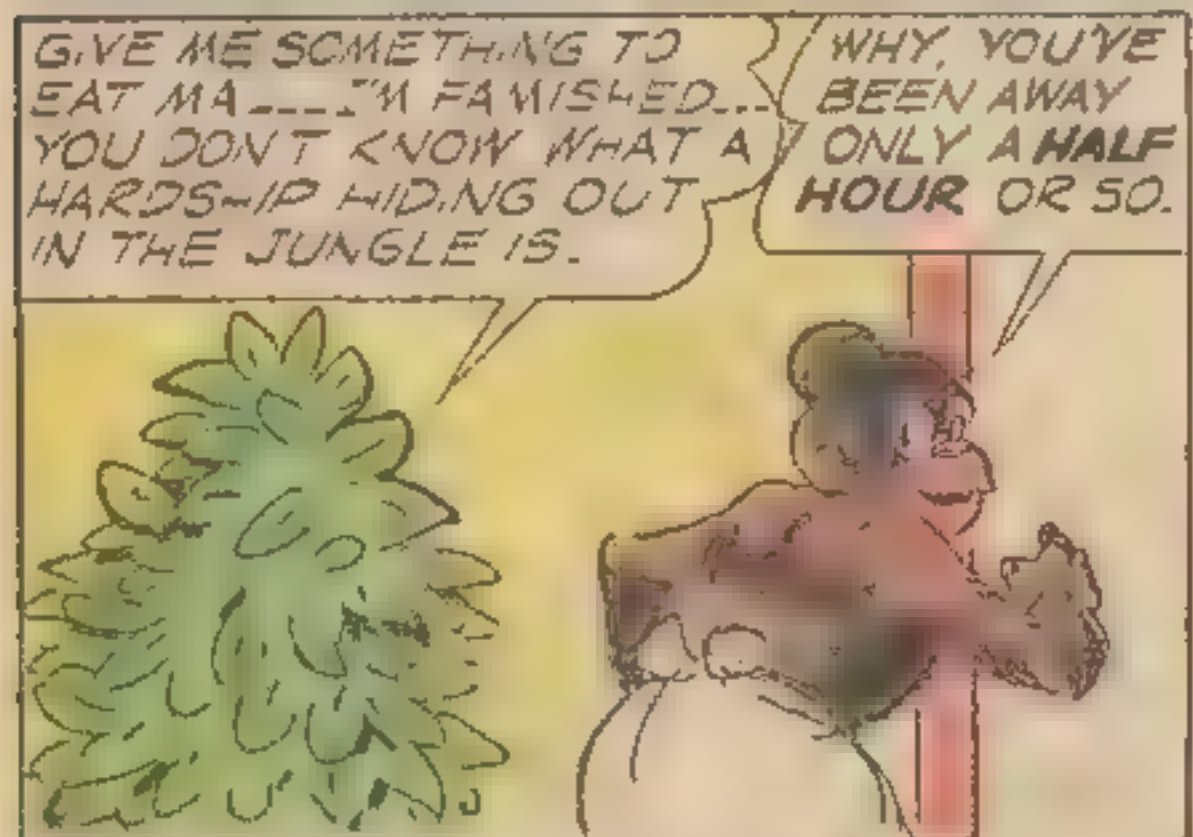
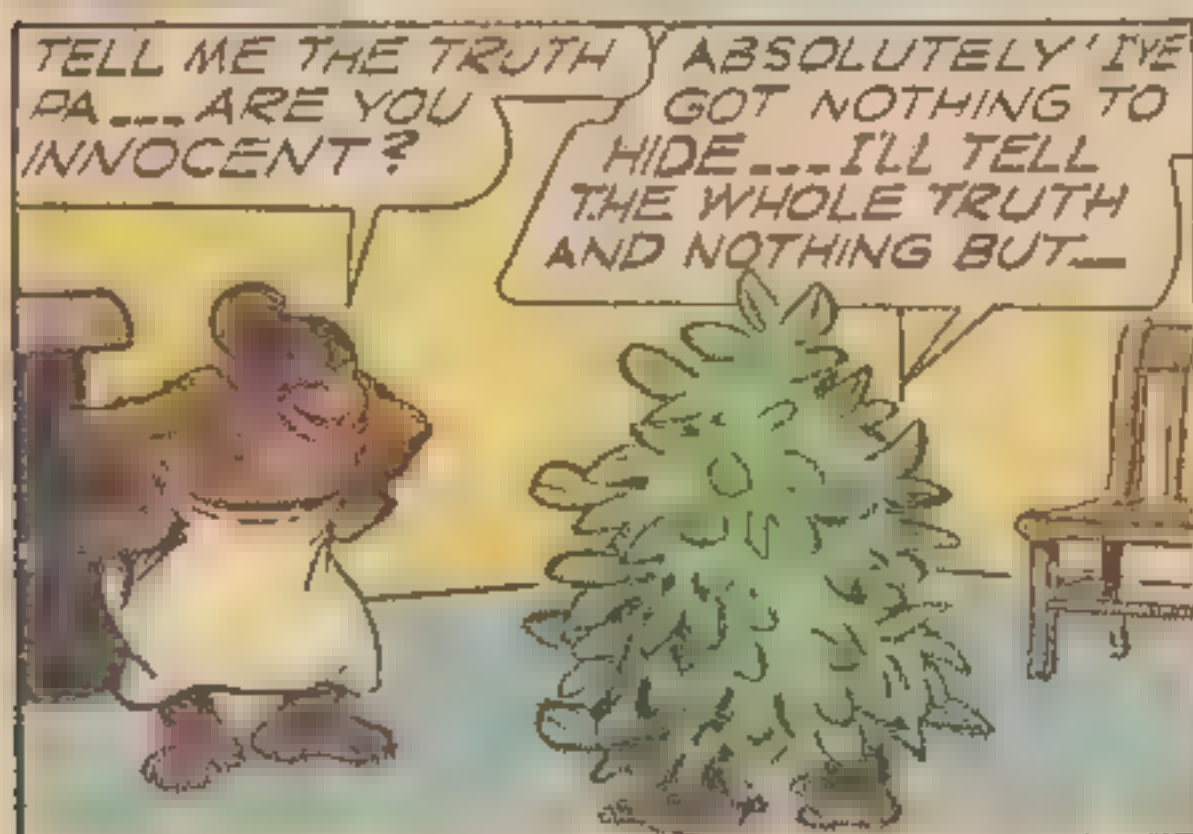
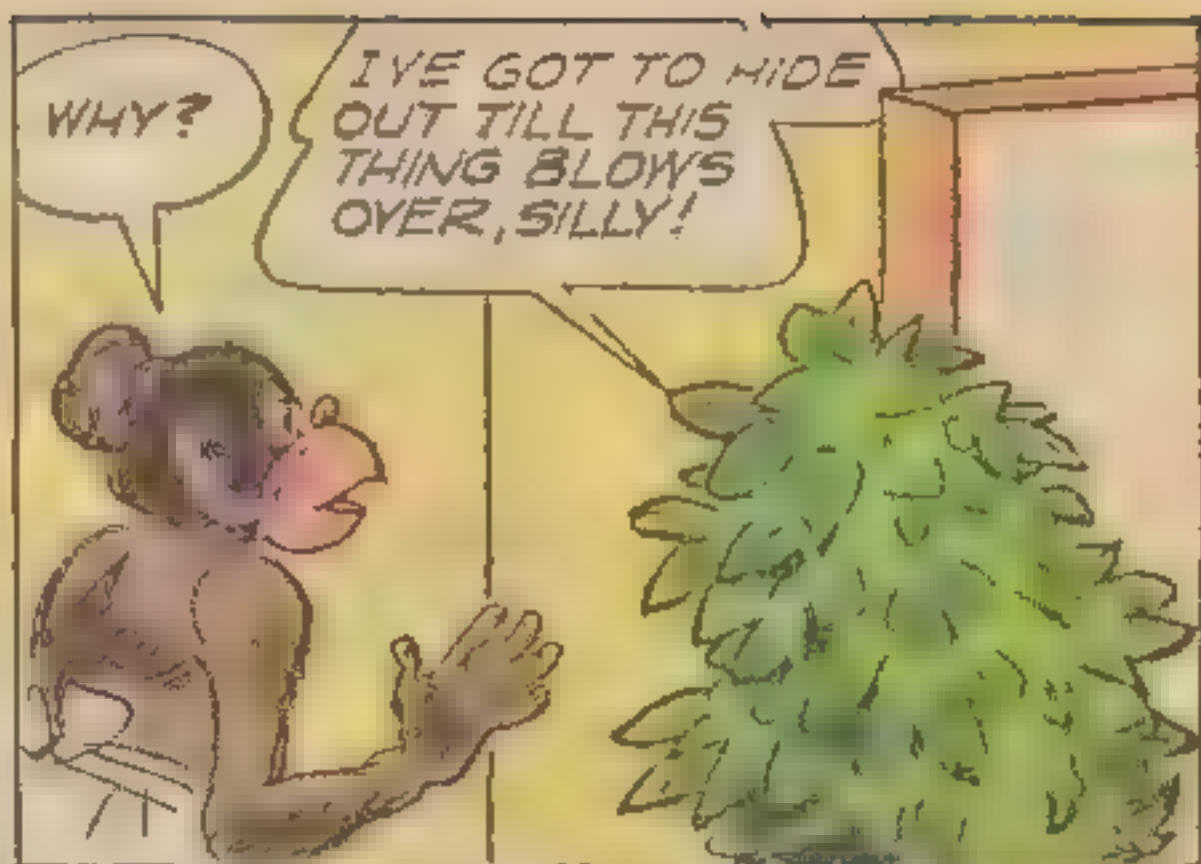


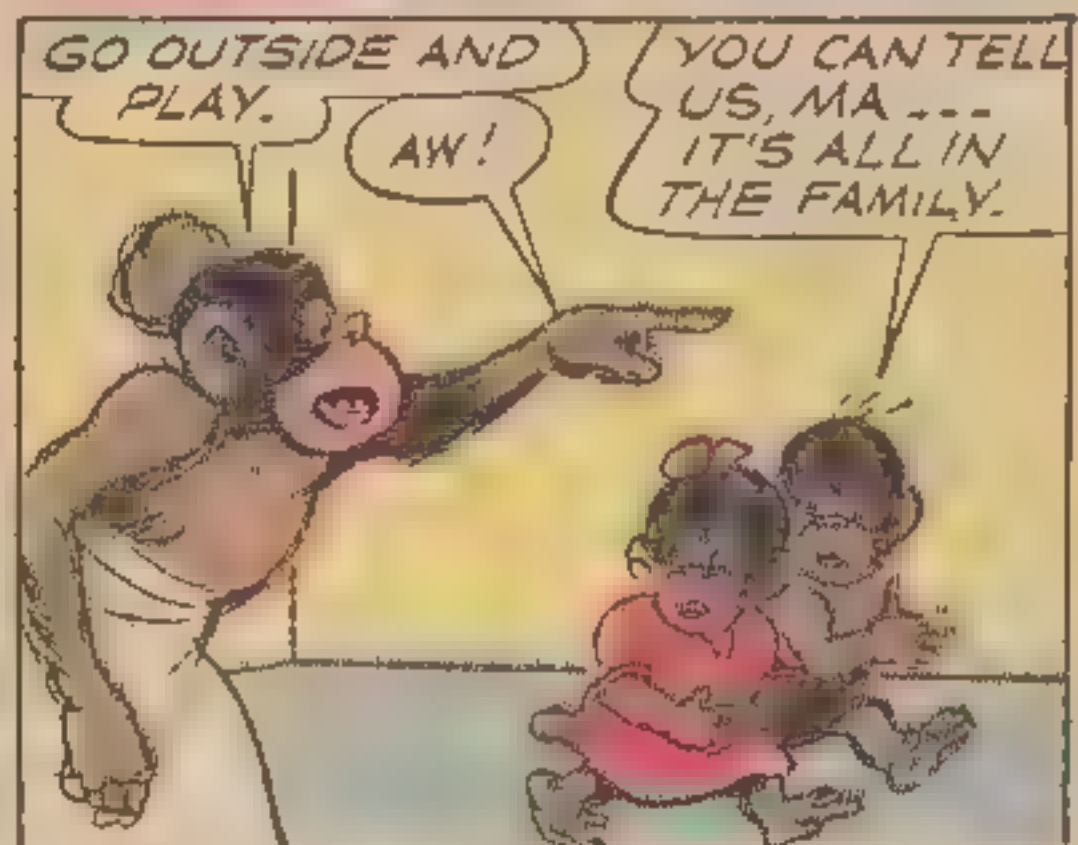
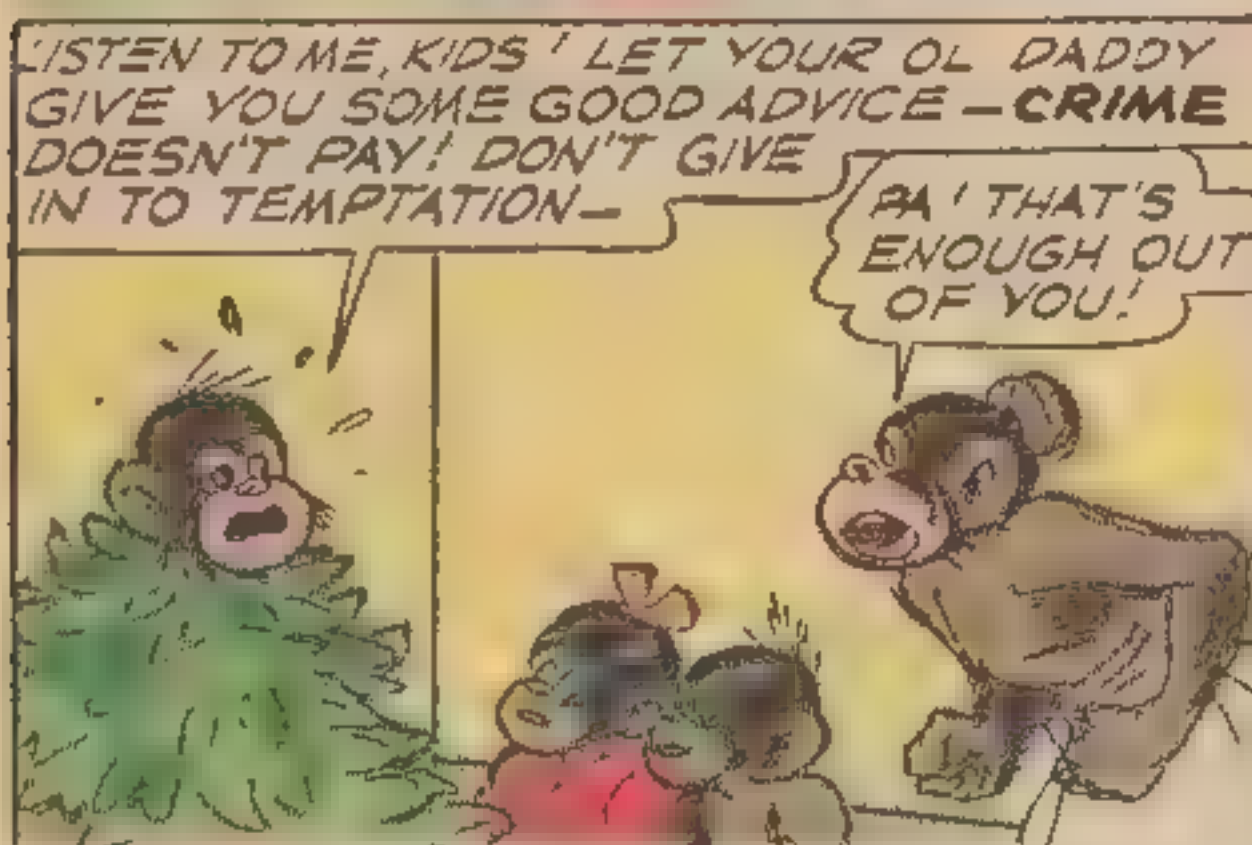
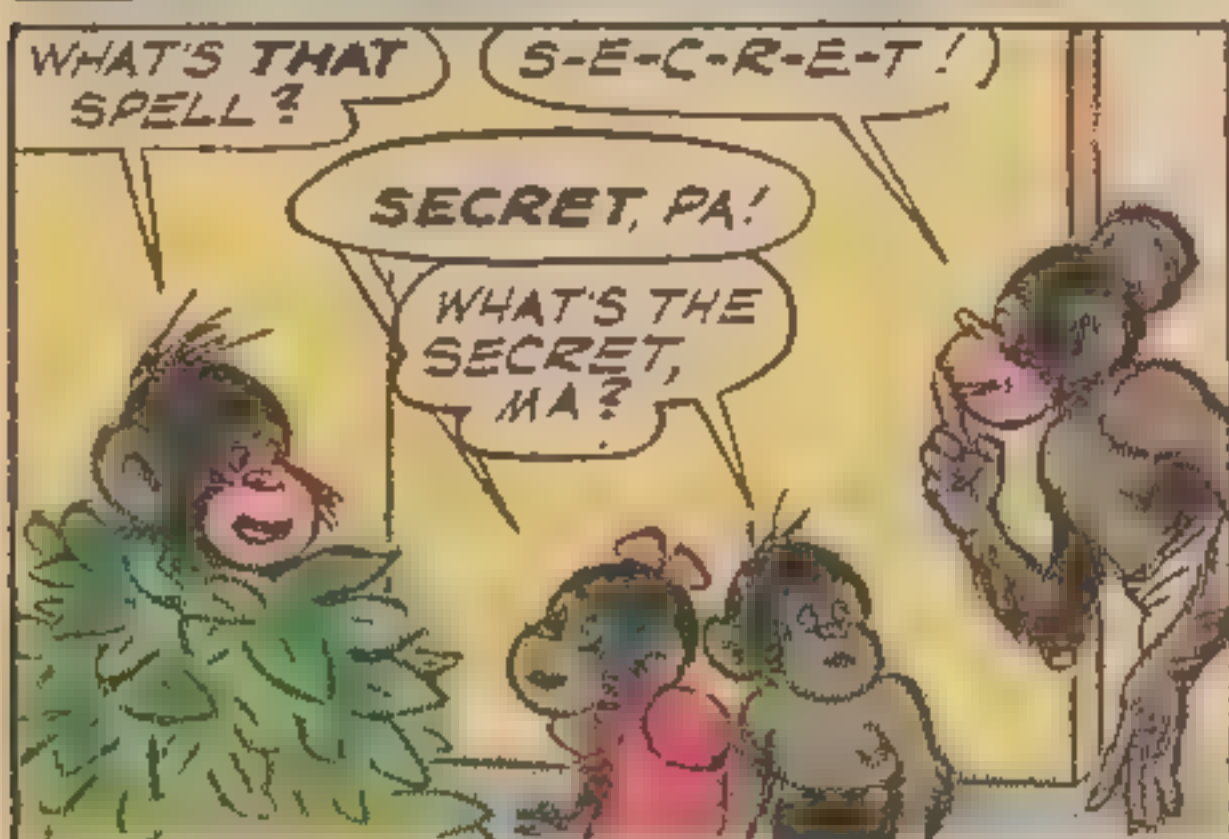
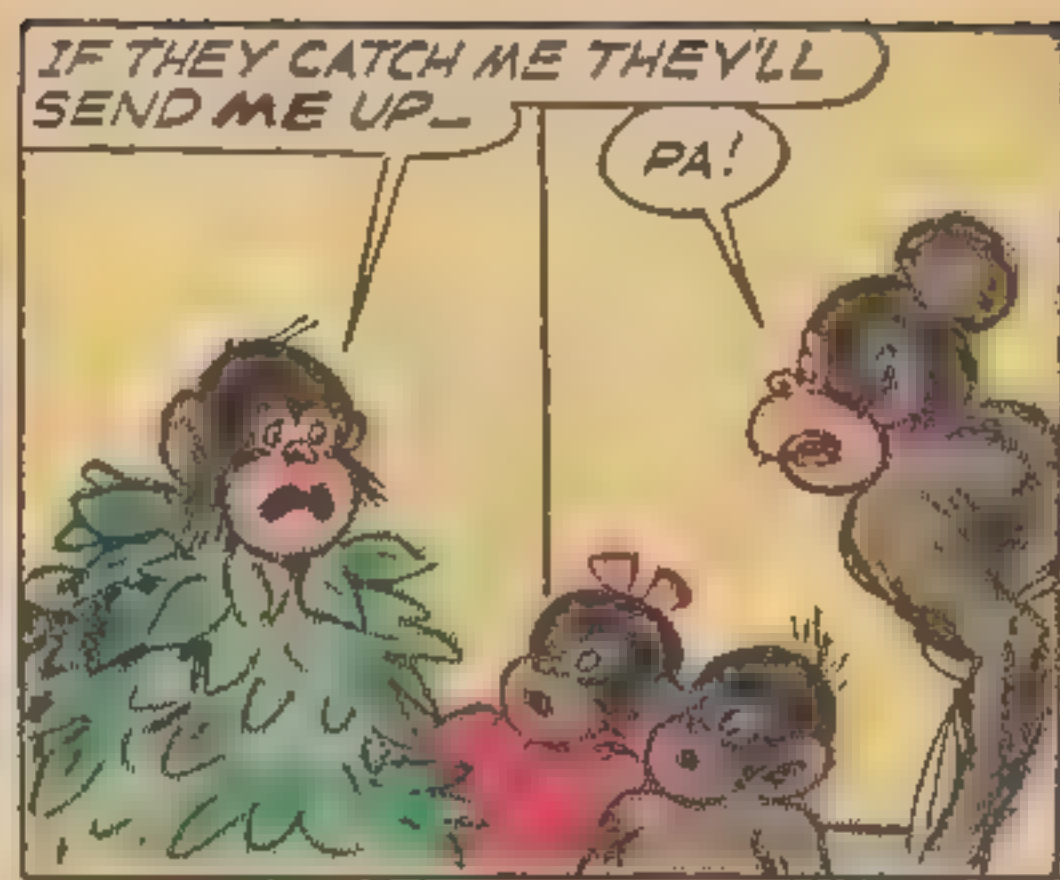
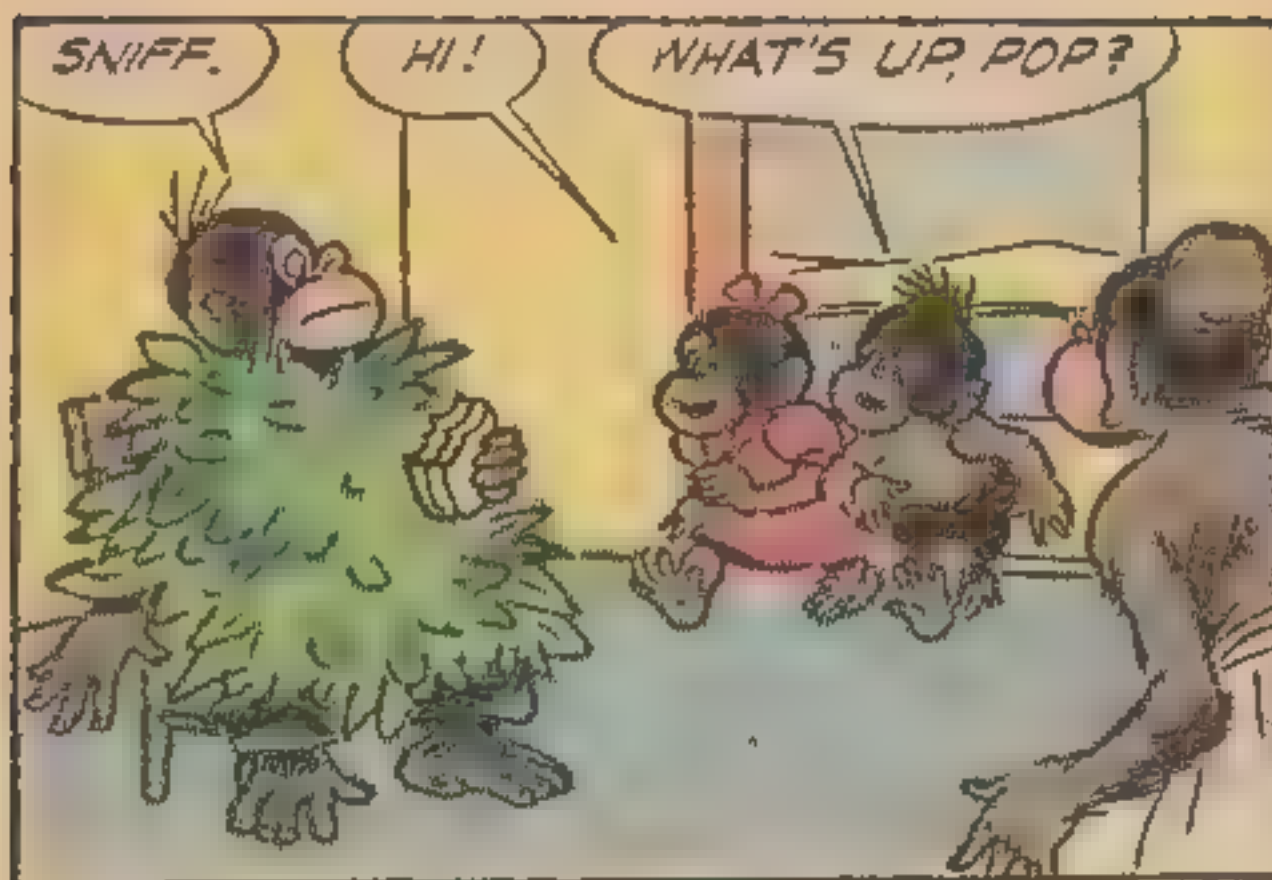
COPR 1947 BY OSKAR LEBECK



NOTHING LADY---I THOUGHT HE MIGHT LIKE TO BUY A COUPLE OF TICKETS TO THE POLICEMAN'S MASKED COSTUME BALL TONIGHT.







THE POLICE AREN'T LOOKING FOR HIM, BUT HE **DOES** FEEL GUILTY ABOUT **SOMETHING**... I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.



I'M DYING TO KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT I'LL LET HIM STEW AWHILE... HE'LL BREAK DOWN AND TELL ME.



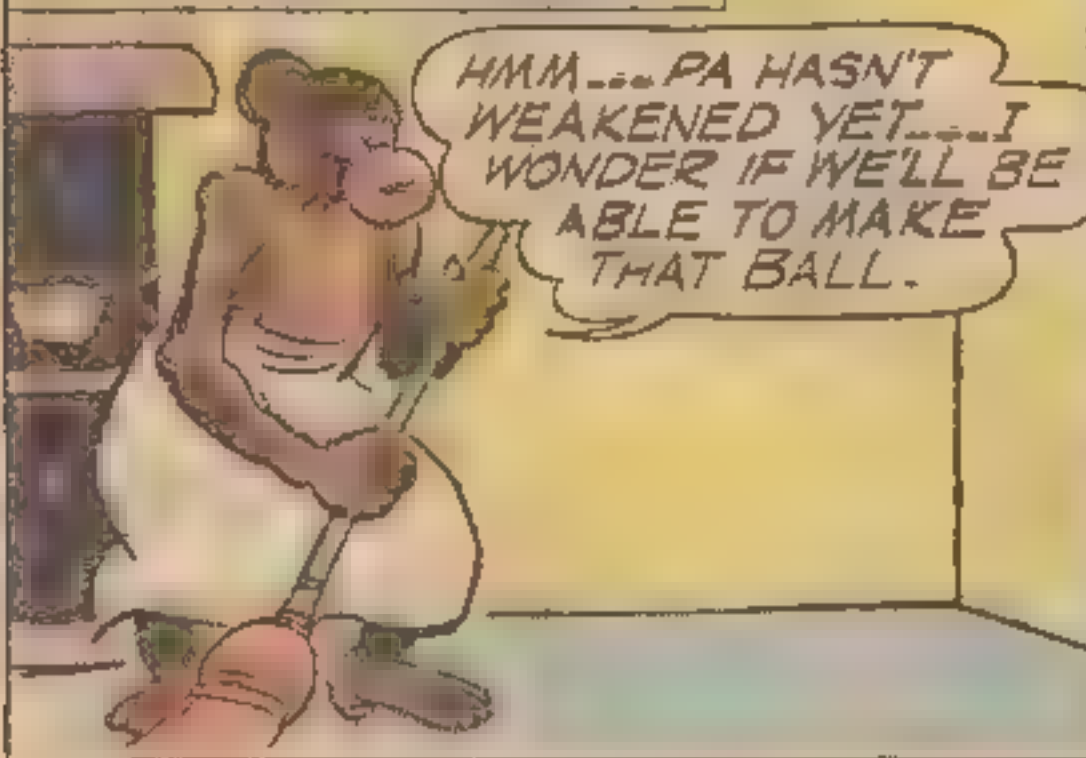
SOMETHIN' FUNNY'S GOIN' ON--- WE TAILED POP THROUGH THE WOODS AND SAW HIM GO INTO AN OL' CAVE --



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, CHILDREN... PA HAS SOME **THINKING** TO DO AND HE FEELS HE CAN DO IT BEST IN A NICE, DARK, QUIET PLACE.



LATE THAT AFTERNOON



I'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES... I'LL GET READY NOW.



A LITTLE LATER



MA! YOU LOOK **AWFUL**. AN' WHY THE MASK? CHILDREN, I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME WHERE YOUR FATHER IS.



ALL RIGHT, MA, BUT
YOU WALK UP AHEAD
OF US, WILL YA?

WHY?

FRANKLY, MA, WE DON'T WANT TO
BE SEEN WITH YOU.

PSSST! HEY, KIDS,
WHO'S TH' BABE?

HOW SHOULD
WE KNOW? WE
DON'T KNOW
EVERYBODY IN
THE JUNGLE.

THIS IS MORTIFYING! MY COSTUME
WHAT'S COME
OVER MA? IS A
SUCCESS.

THERE'S THE
PLACE, MA!

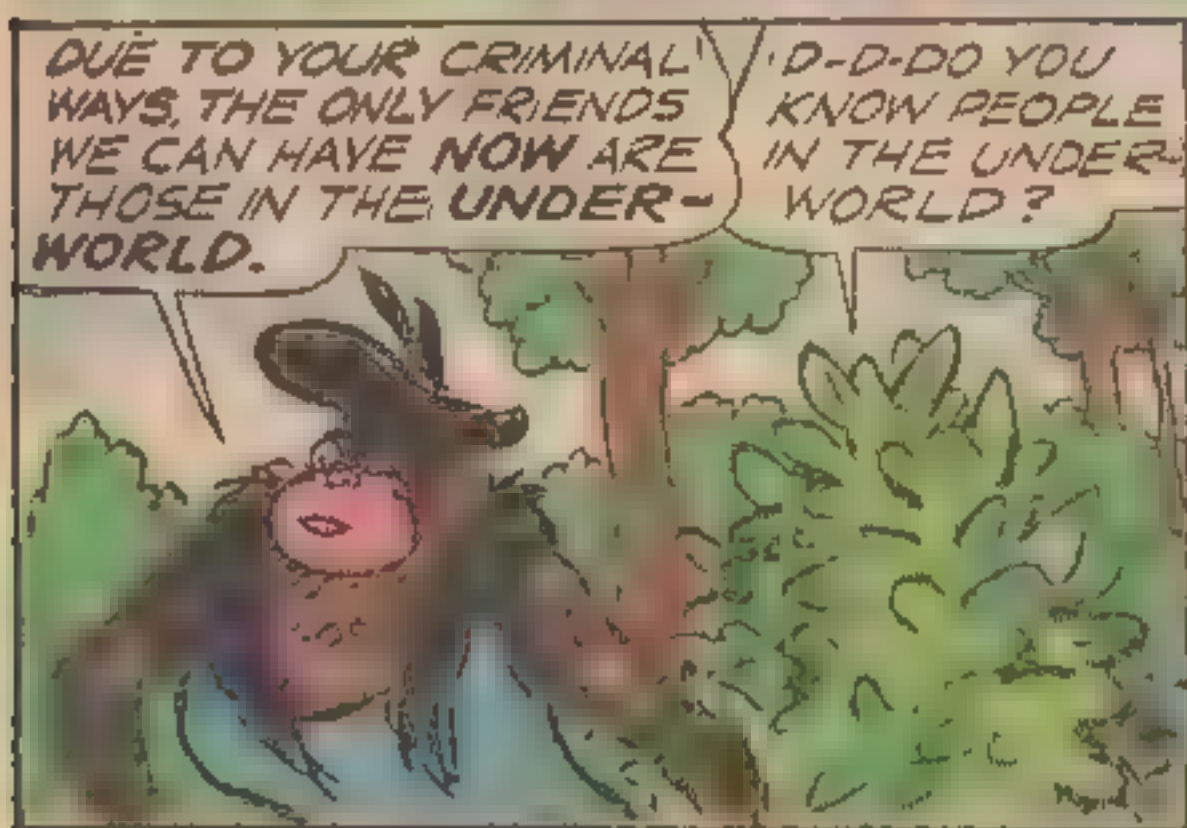
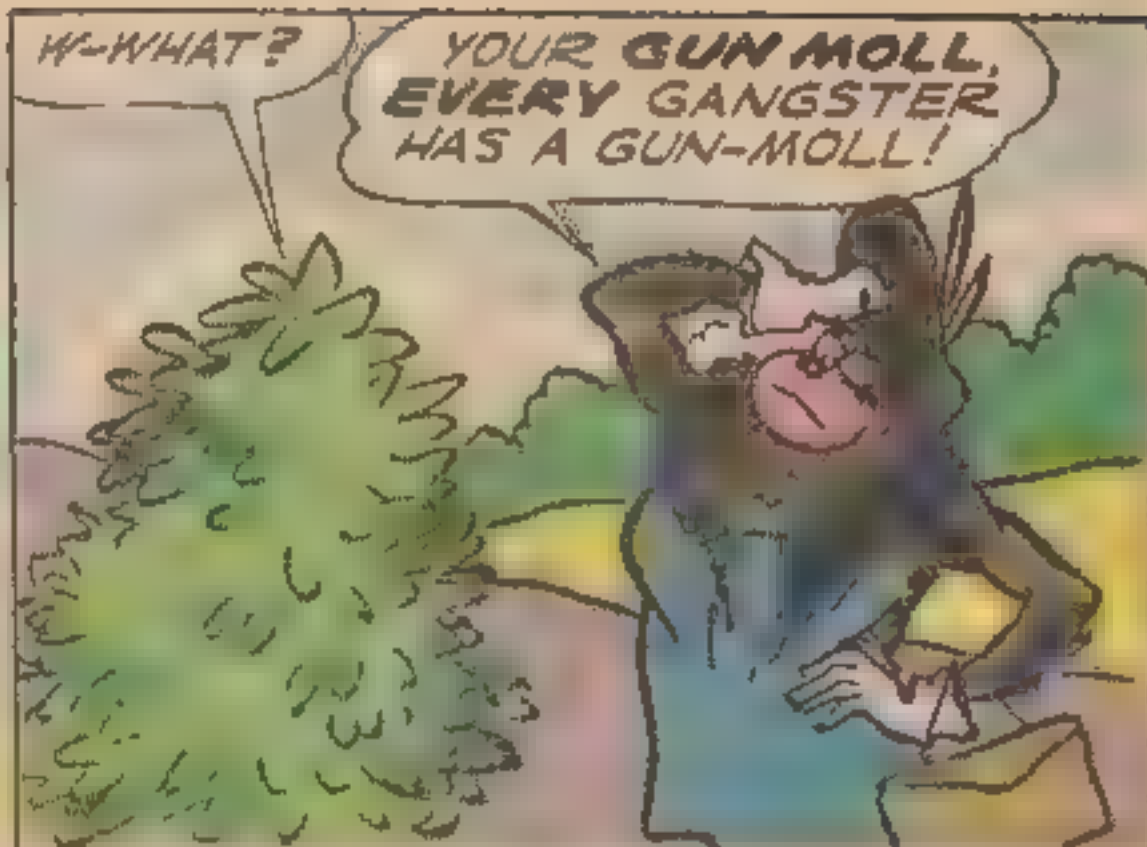
ALL RIGHT, CHILDREN... ER--
YOUR PA AND I WON'T BE
HOME TILL LATE, SO YOU
GET TO BED YOURSELVES.

OKAY, MA.

PSSSSST! THERE'S NOBODY IN HERE
OH, PA! BUT US
BATS!

COME OUT HERE THIS MINUTE, PA!

MA! IT'S YOU!



DARLING, YOU'D BETTER
TAKE THIS GUN--- JUST
TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

WH-WHAT
WOULD I
NEED A
GUN FOR?

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN
TROUBLE MAY START--- STAY
THERE - I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



PUNCH! MAYBE A
LITTLE OF IT
MIGHT DO ME
SOME GOOD.



SLURP
SLURP



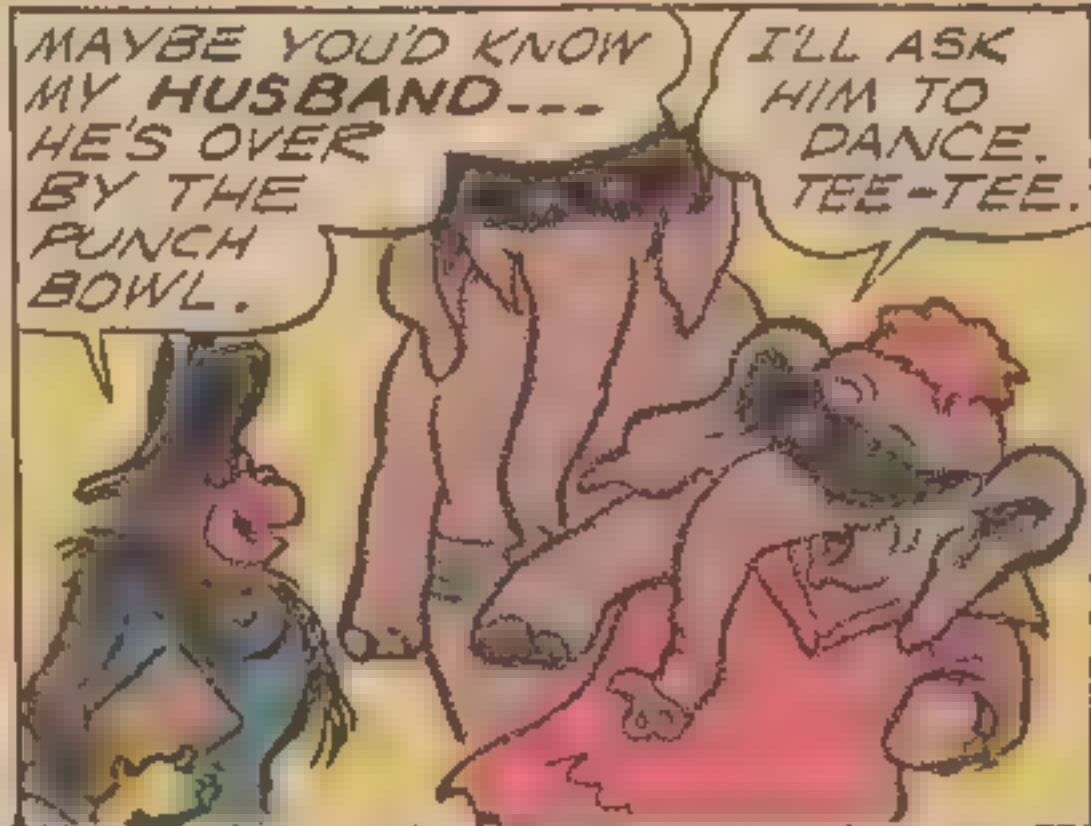
OH, YES, I
RECOGNIZED
YOU RIGHT
AWAY, MRS.
CHIEF.

I DON'T
RECOGNIZE
YOU,
DARLING -



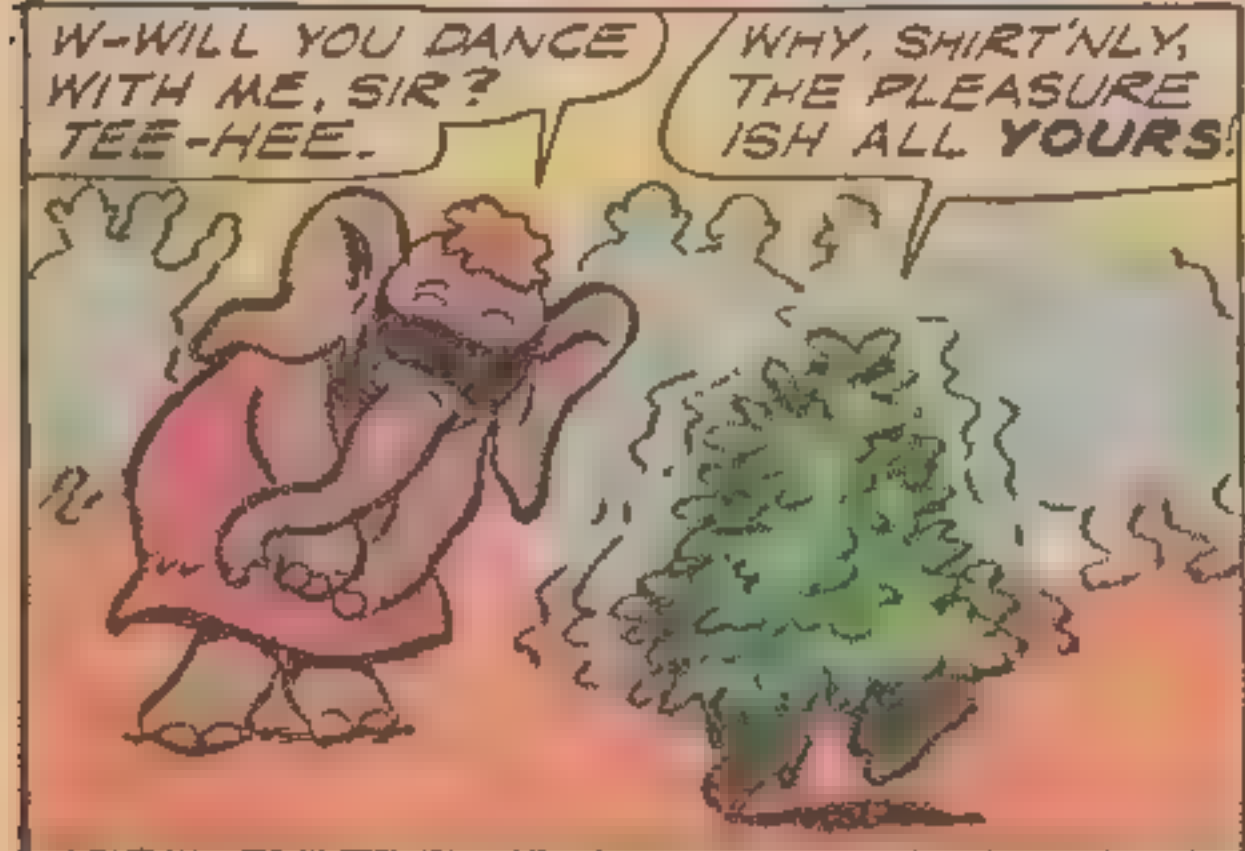
MAYBE YOU'D KNOW
MY HUSBAND---
HE'S OVER
BY THE
PUNCH
BOWL.

I'LL ASK
HIM TO
DANCE.
TEE-TEE.



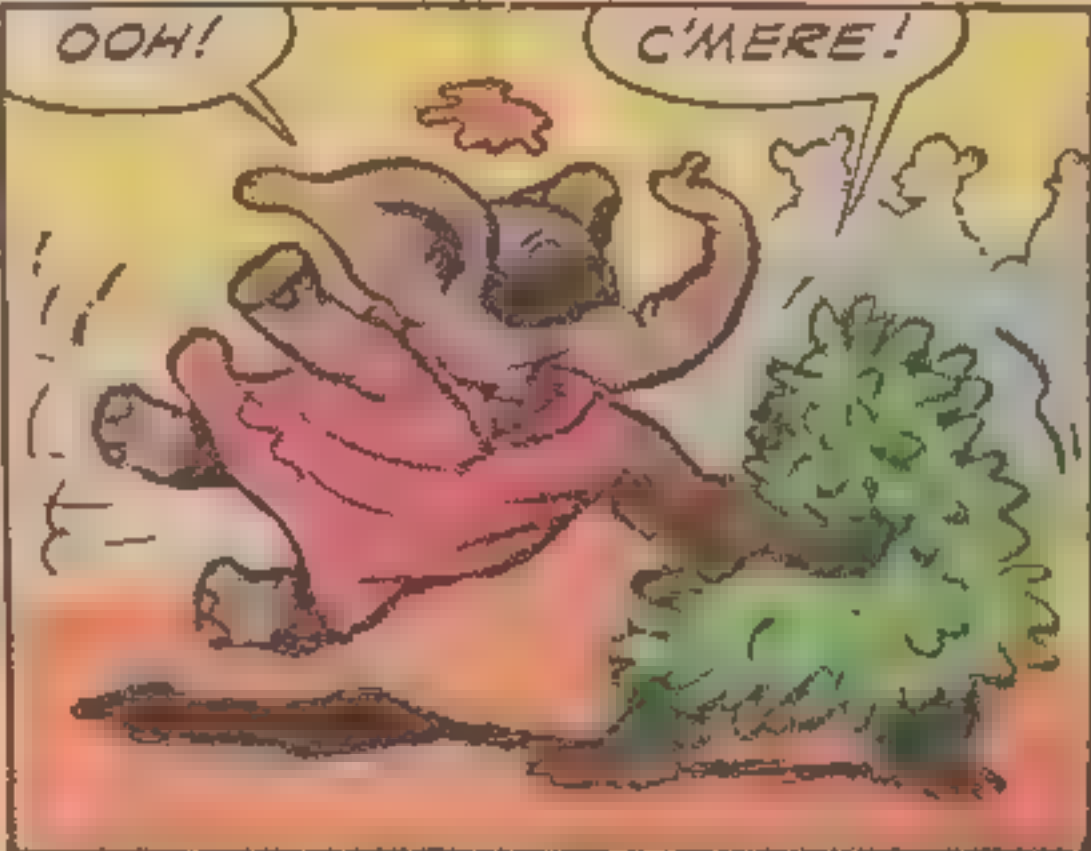
W-WILL YOU DANCE
WITH ME, SIR?
TEE-HEE.

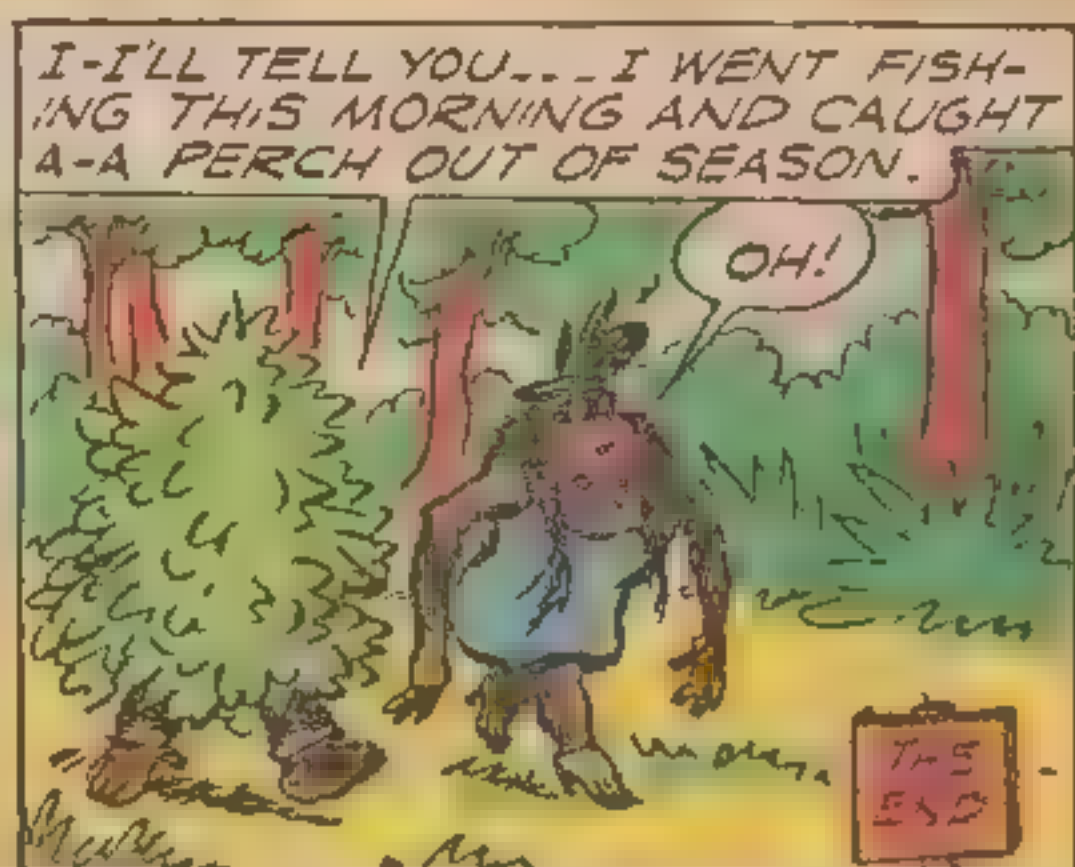
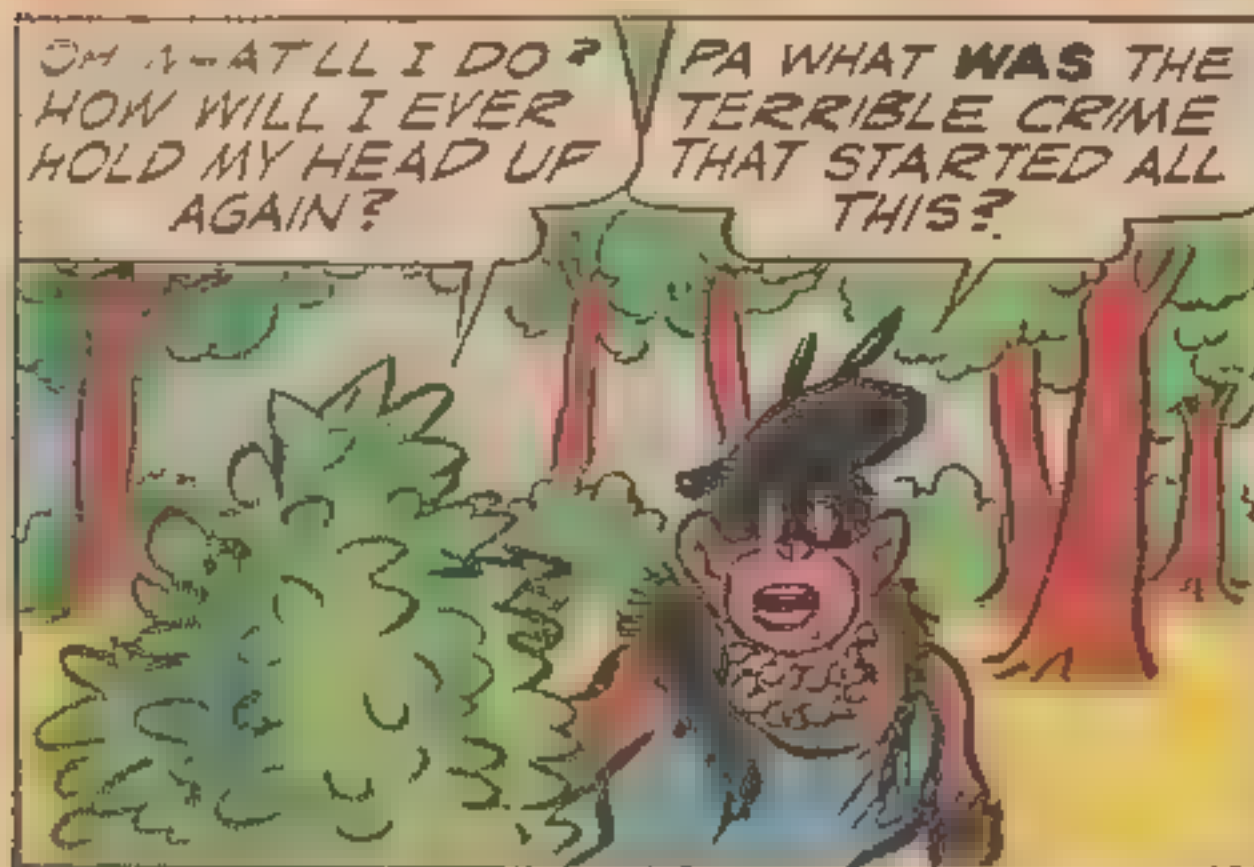
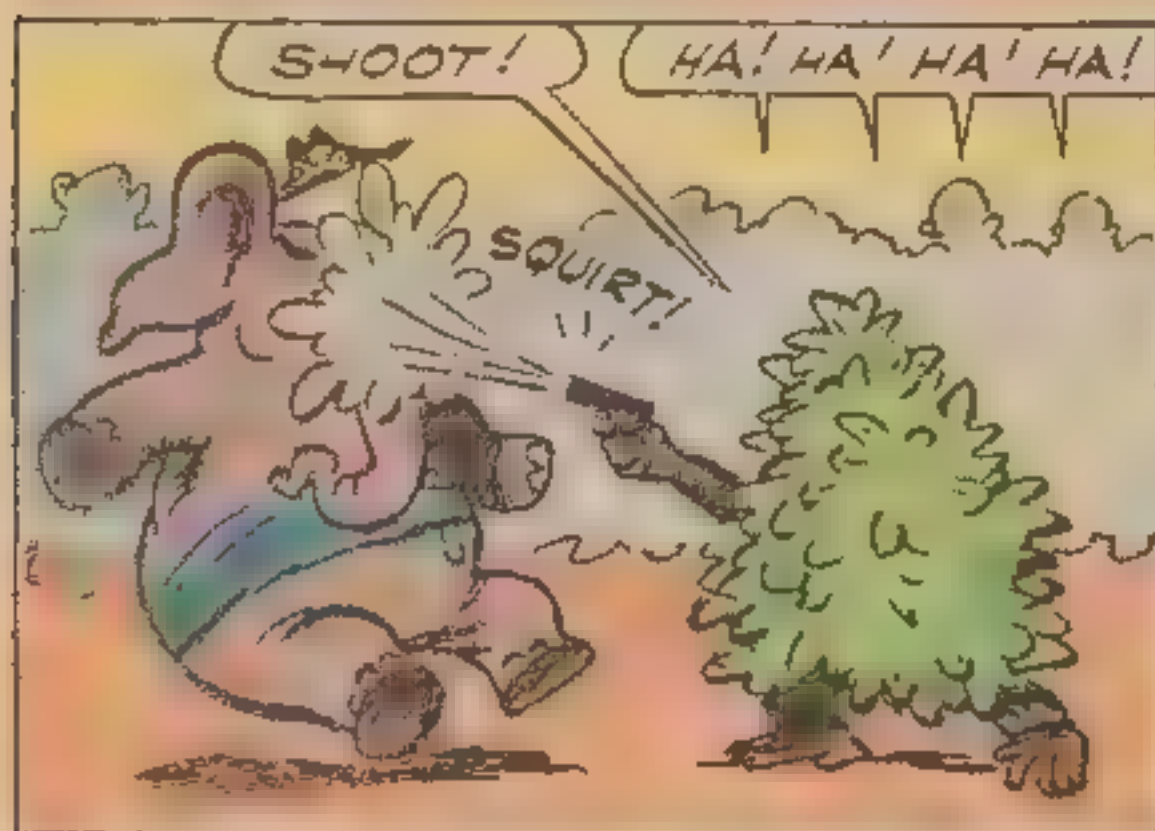
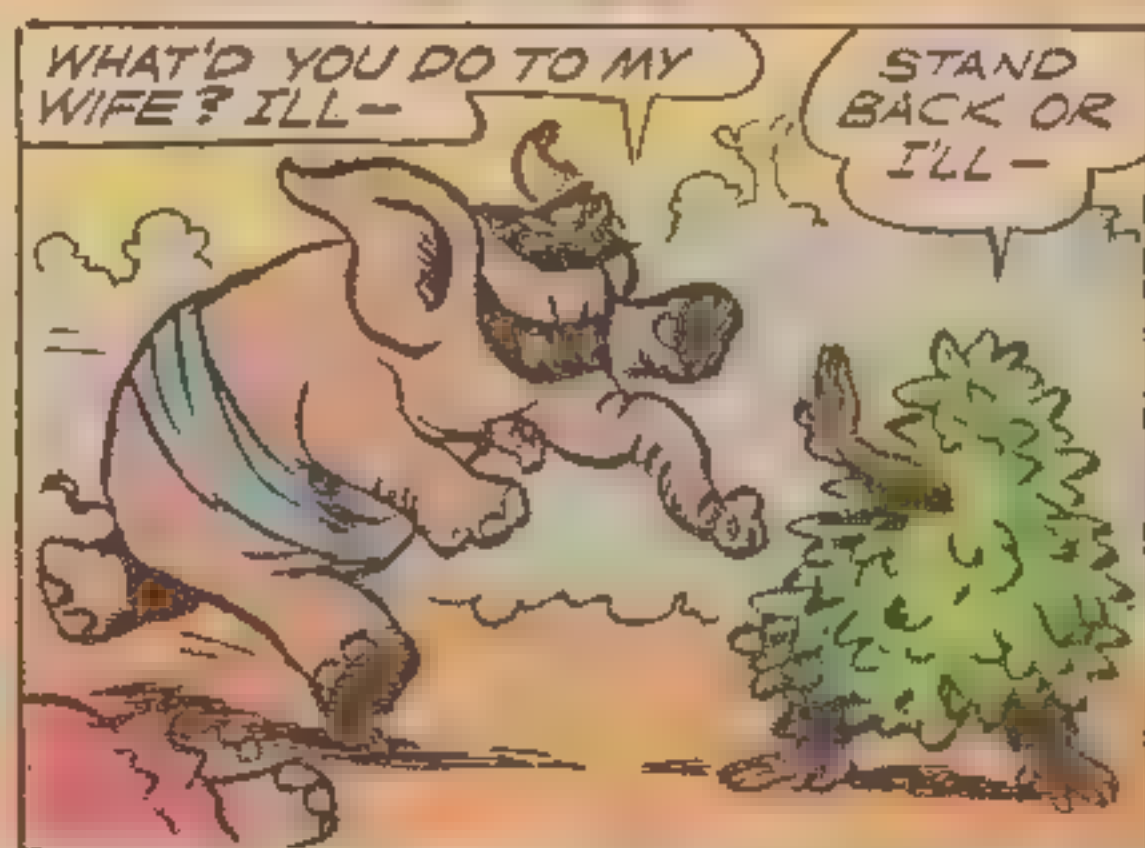
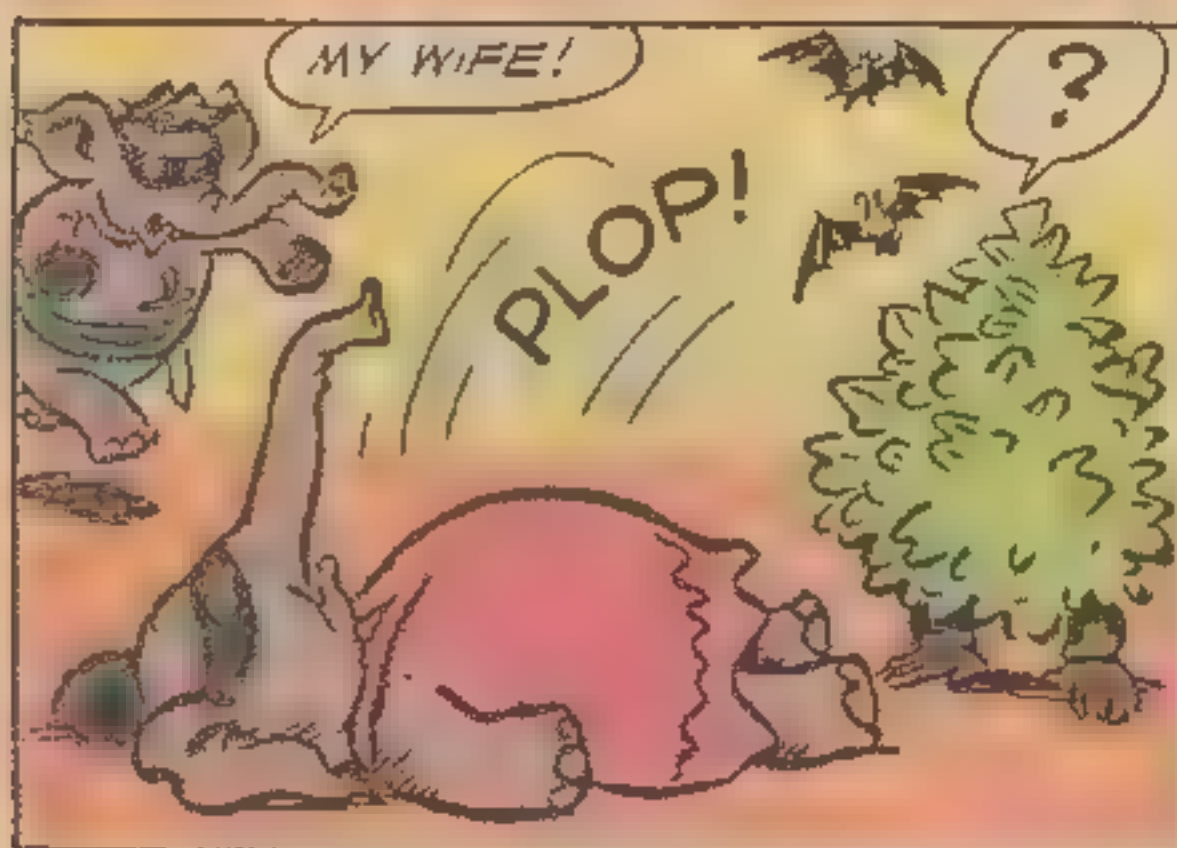
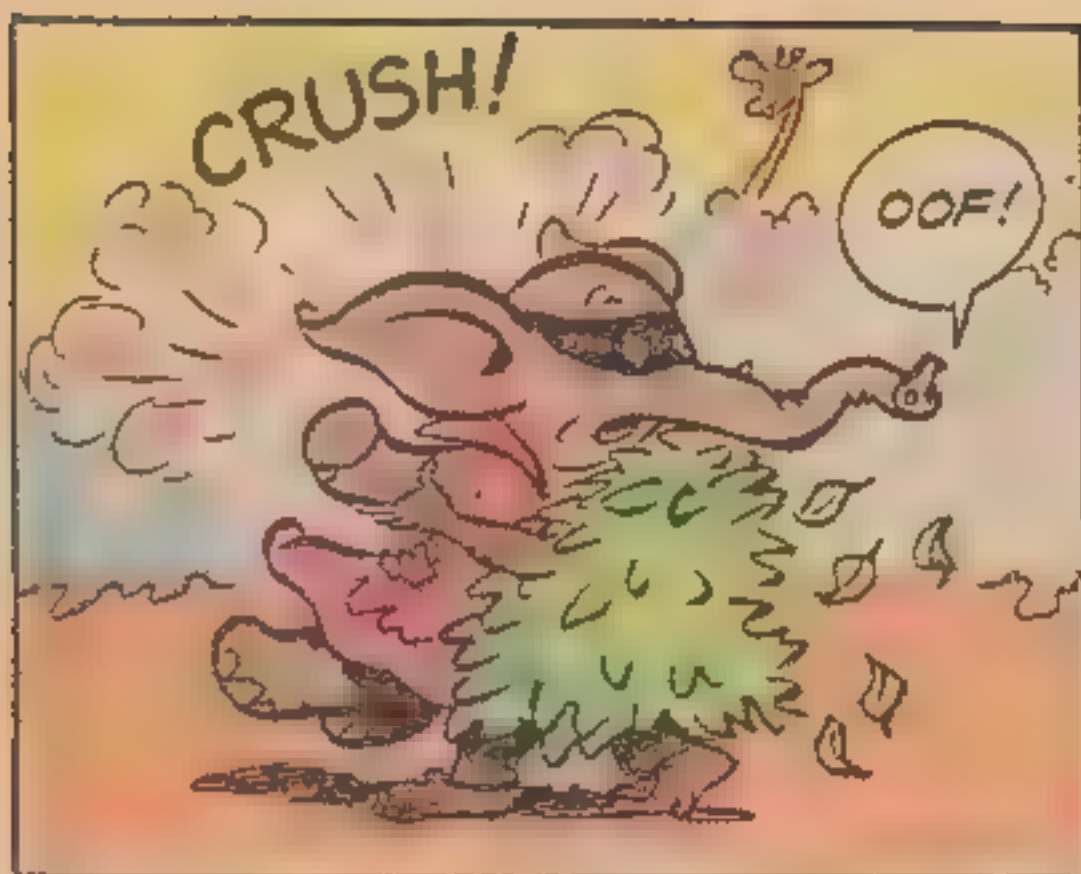
WHY, SHIRT'NLY,
THE PLEASURE
ISH ALL YOURS!



OOH!

C'MERE!





The HOMELESS



Once upon a time there lived a merry, little flea, who roamed all over the world, looking for a home. Whenever he found a nice place to live on the back of some dog, he was always scratched off, bag and baggage.

So the flea became a little "hobo", trudging from place to place hopefully hunting for a home.

He ran and hopped and hopped and ran, but he didn't see even one dog. Finally he stopped outside a gate and looked at the sign, hanging above him. "Beware of Dog". For a moment the little flea hesitated, torn between his weary eagerness to find a dog and the warning of the sign.

Finally his desire for a home conquered his fear and the little flea hopped swiftly up the walk toward the house beyond the gate. Cautiously he entered the house. He smiled when he heard the sound of distant snores. That meant that the dog was sleeping. This looked like a golden opportunity.

Quietly the little flea crept into the room from which the sound of snoring came. He smiled again, when he saw a fine, long-haired dog, peacefully asleep.

Walking lightly, the little flea examined the dog's paws, then ran swiftly up his leg. He peered into the dog's sleeping face, then ran down his other leg. Finally he hopped happily into the thick, long hair of the dog's back.

He found himself in a dense forest of strong, tall hairs. They towered above him like gigantic trees.

Briskly the little flea pushed his way through the wilderness. Up and down

the dog's back he zigzagged, hunting for a good homesite. At last he found just the place for which he was searching. It was a perfect setting for a home.

He put down his blanket roll, bundle and stick and pulled out a sharp, little axe. He set his hat firmly on his head, took a deep breath and swung the axe with all his strength against the hair-tree. The blade bit deeply into the tree, as the little flea swung again and again, chopping briskly.

The dog jerked and twitched as the axe chopped with quick rhythm in the hairs on his back. But he did not waken.

At last the flea had cleared his campsite and was ready to set up his home. He unpacked his belongings and fastened a hammock between two trees. As the finishing touch, he nailed a sign, reading, "Home Sweet Home" against a tree.

The dog jerked into wide-awakeness and blinked in startled surprise when he felt the nail being pounded into his hair. He quivered, looking around in wondering bewilderment.

The little flea gazed at his completed camp and sighed with happy contentment. He hopped up into the hammock, pulled a cigar from his pocket and jammed it into his mouth. He struck a match, lighted the cigar and tossed the still-burning match into the fireplace. Then he settled comfortably

In the hammock for a quiet rest and smoke.

The burning match lighted a blazing, crackling fire in the fireplace. Smoke drifted upward, but the happy, little flea paid no attention to it.

The dog had dozed off again after his startled awakening. Now smoke burned his nostrils and he opened his eyes, sniffing. Suddenly he leaped wildly into the air, yelping with pain. The fire in the flea's fireplace was burning his skin.

Barking with the sharp pain of the burn, the dog scrambled frantically around the room, circling, jumping, lunging up and down. His movements shook the flea's camp like a raging hurricane. The trees swayed wildly with the rush of the dog's flight. The hammock lurched perilously as the little flea tried desperately to cling to it. Smoke from the fire drifted through the forest, choking and blinding the flea.

Finally the dog came to a crashing stop. He leaped onto a table and sat down quickly in a big fishbowl on the top. The water splashed and closed over his burning body with a hissing sputter and he sighed with relief, wriggling ecstatically.

The dog's relief from pain brought catastrophe to the flea's camp. A rushing flood poured through the forest. Gasping and struggling, the little flea was caught in a whirlpool of swirling water. The flea, his hammock, his "Home Sweet Home" sign, his cooking pans, everything in the camp, rushed round and round on the crest of the surging waters.

At last the flea escaped from the flood and lurched through the forest. On and on he staggered. Finally he lost his balance, slid down the dog's nose and fell off into space. He landed with a thud. After a moment he raised his dripping, dazed head and gazed around him. Then he jumped to his feet, hopped up on the dog's foot and ran up the dog's leg. He was determined not to lose this new home, in spite of fires and floods.

The dog felt the flea's moving, tick-



ling feet and tried to grab him with his sharp claws.

Then the flea made one big hop and landed on the dog's back. The maddened dog slapped and pawed at him. But he couldn't reach him. At last the dog twisted his head and bit into the hair where the flea was hiding.

A moment later, grinning triumphantly, the dog lifted his head. The captured flea was dangling between his teeth.

The dog trotted toward the door, holding the struggling flea firmly in his strong teeth. Then he drew back his head and tossed the flea far, far away.

The little flea landed in the dust with a "plop", while his hat, blanket roll, bundle and stick sailed through the air and plumped down beside him. Disdainfully the dog scraped a shower of dust over the sputtering flea. Then he turned and marched into the house.

Once again the little flea was homeless.

But the dog's troubles weren't ended. As he settled back to his disturbed sleep, he suddenly sniffed. Smoke! The fire in the flea's camp was burning again. There was no rest for a weary dog.



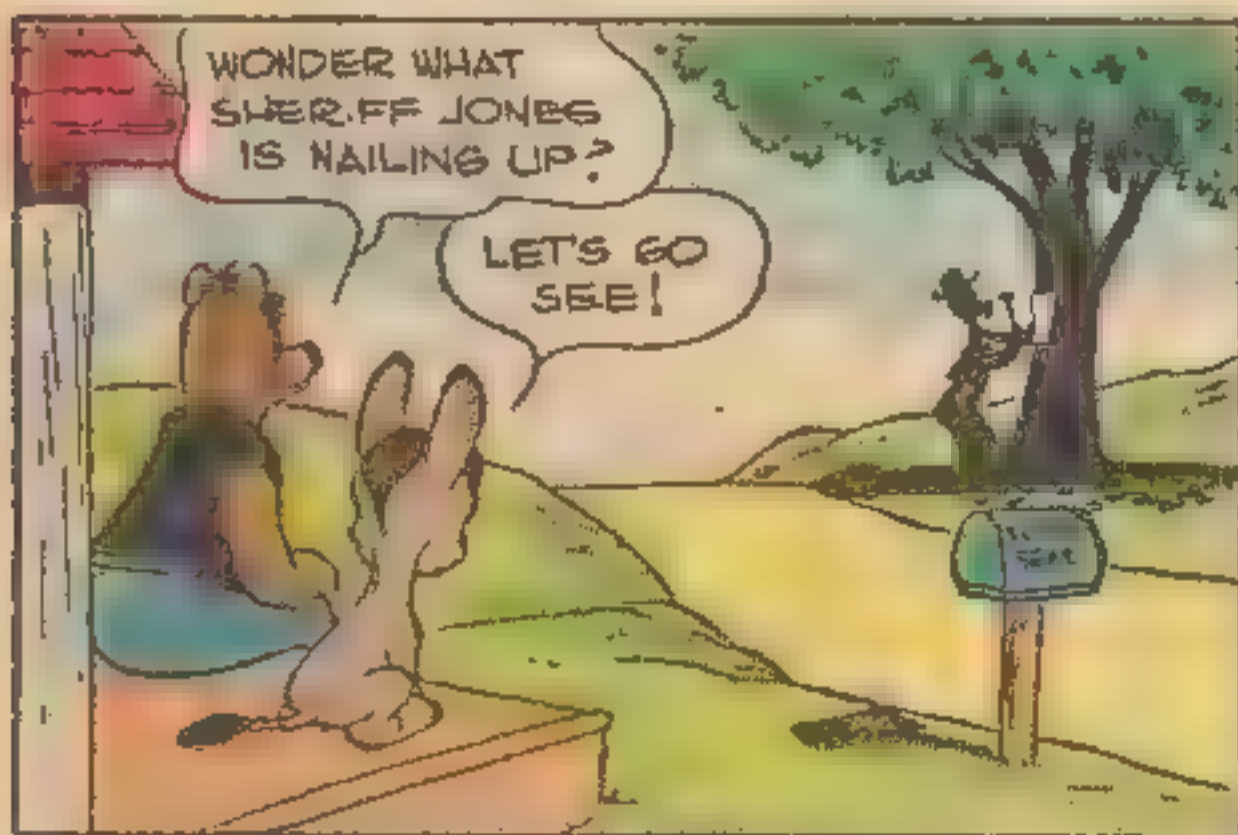
M-G-M Cartoons

present

BARNEY BEAR

and

BENNY BURRO



WONDER WHAT
SHERIFF JONES
IS NAILING UP?

LET'S GO
SEE!



HELLO, BOYS! TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS REWARD
NOTICE!

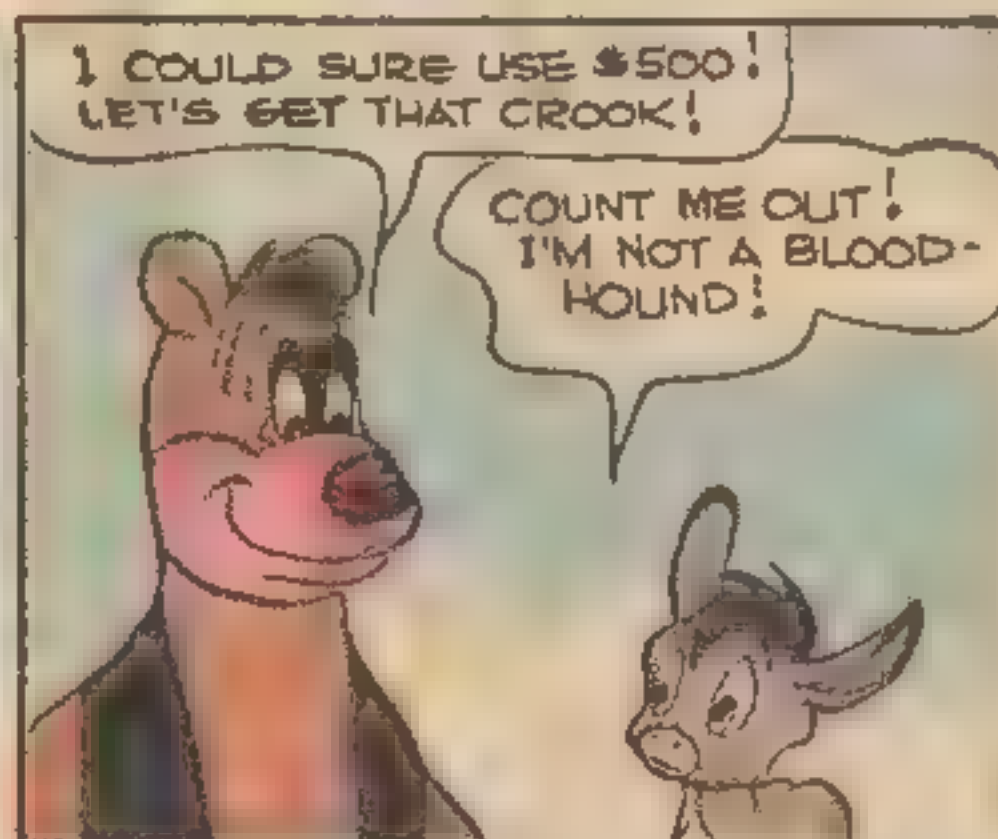
REWARD!



IF YOU SEE THIS BIRD,
CALL ME IMMEDIATELY!
HE'S THE WORST THIEF
IN THE COUNTRY!

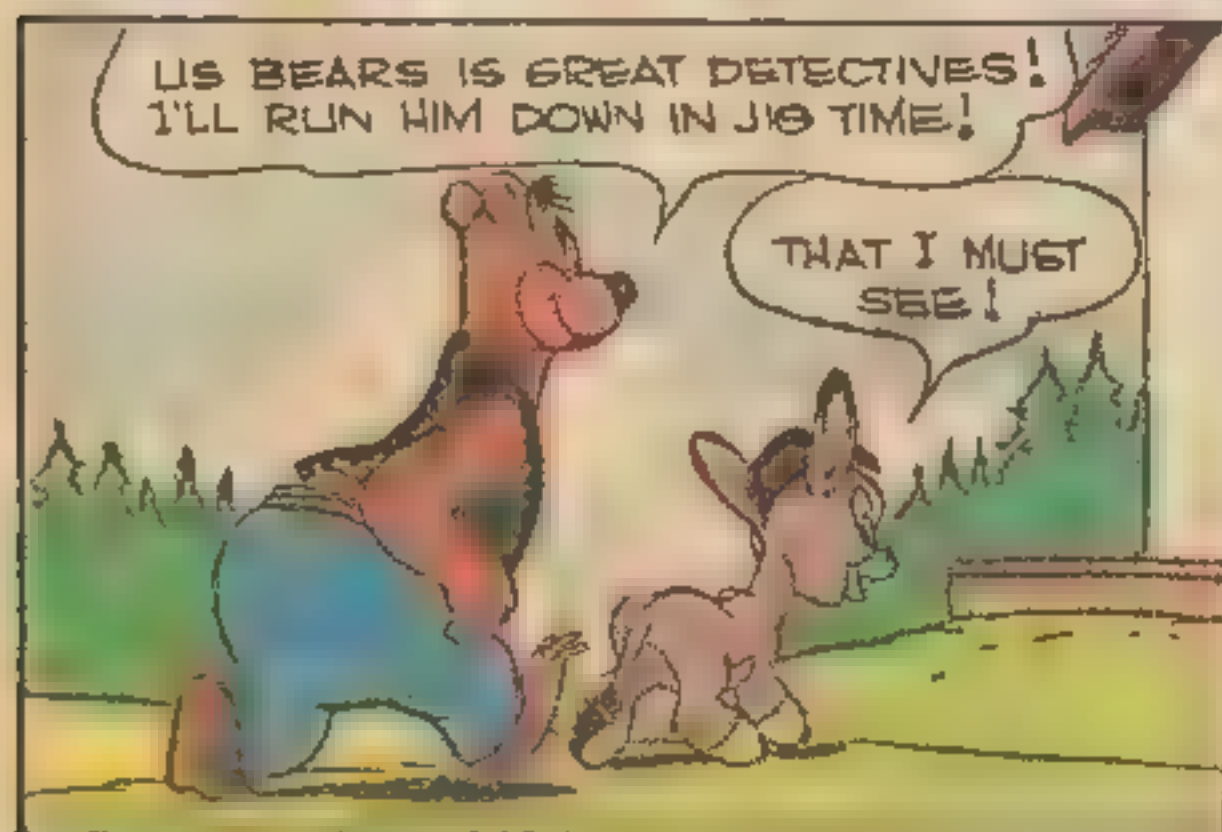
REWARD

\$500 FOR ARREST
OF KLEPTO KLIPPO,
THE WORST YEGG
OUT OF THE COOP!



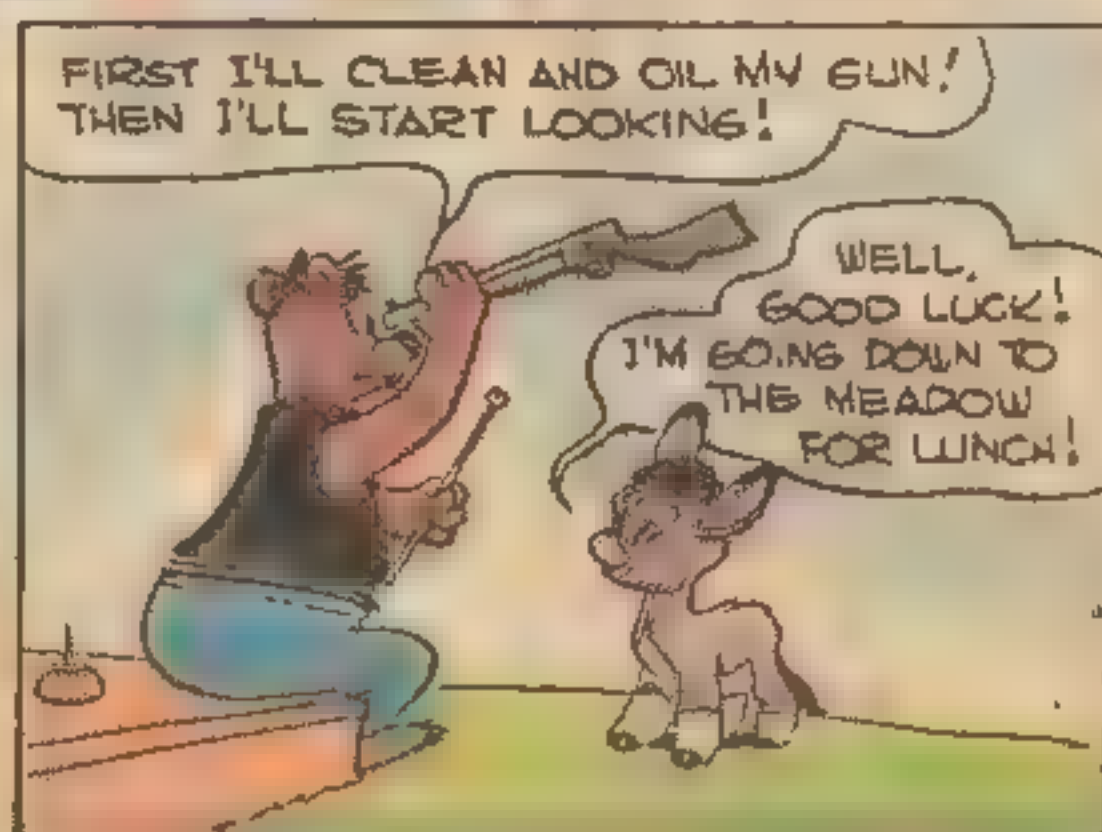
I COULD SURE USE \$500!
LET'S GET THAT CROOK!

COUNT ME OUT!
I'M NOT A BLOOD-
HOUND!



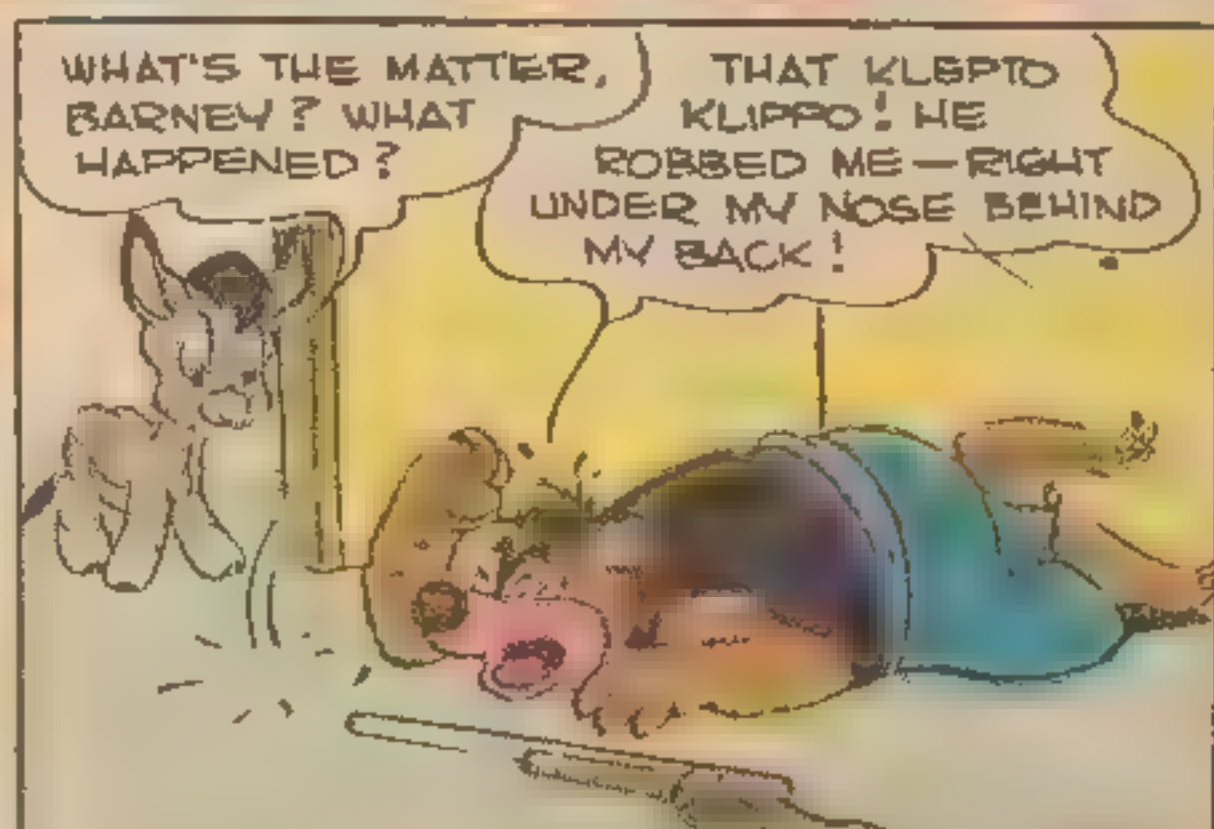
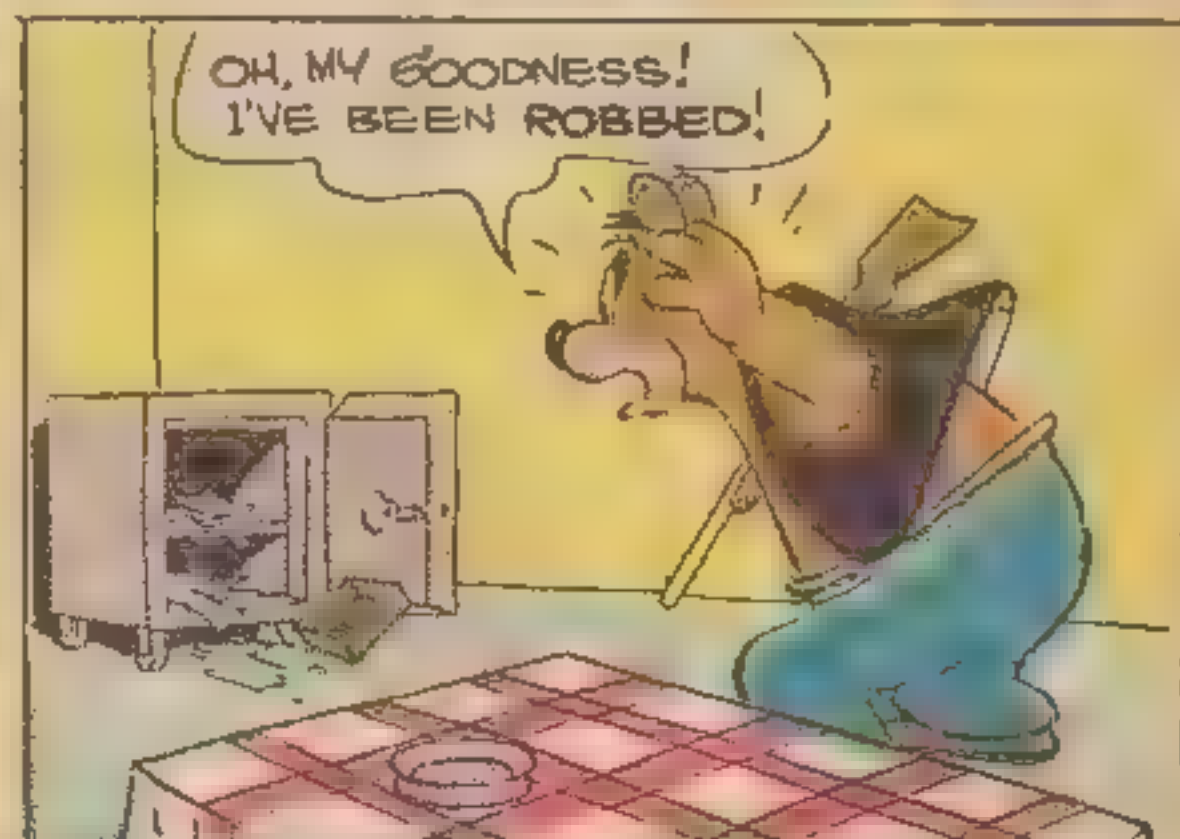
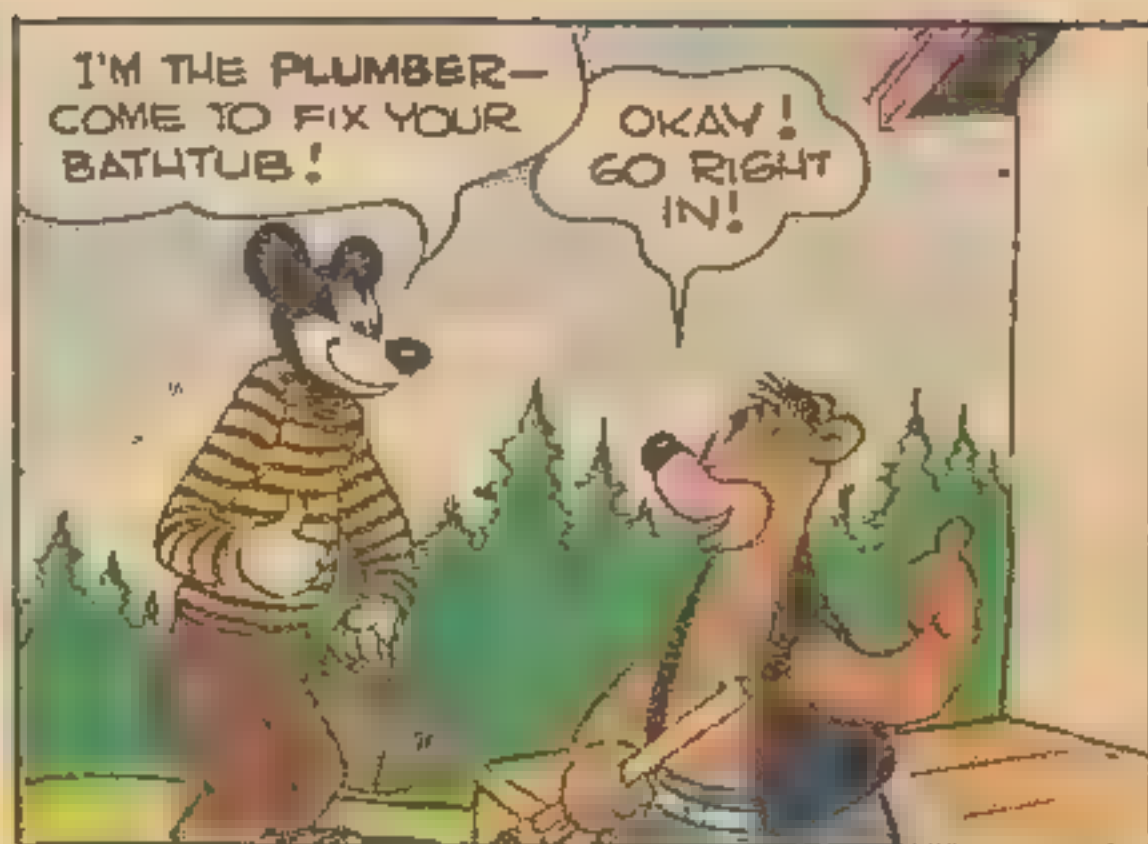
US BEARS IS GREAT DETECTIVES!
I'LL RUN HIM DOWN IN JIG TIME!

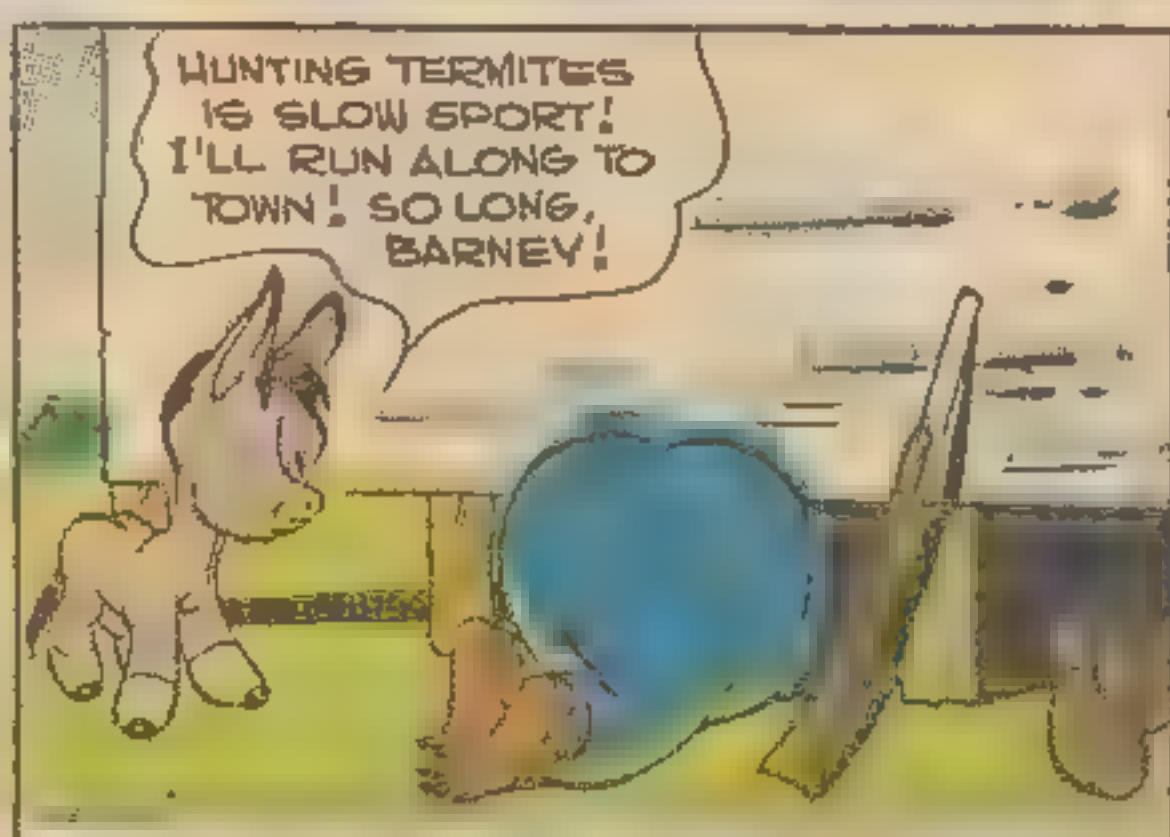
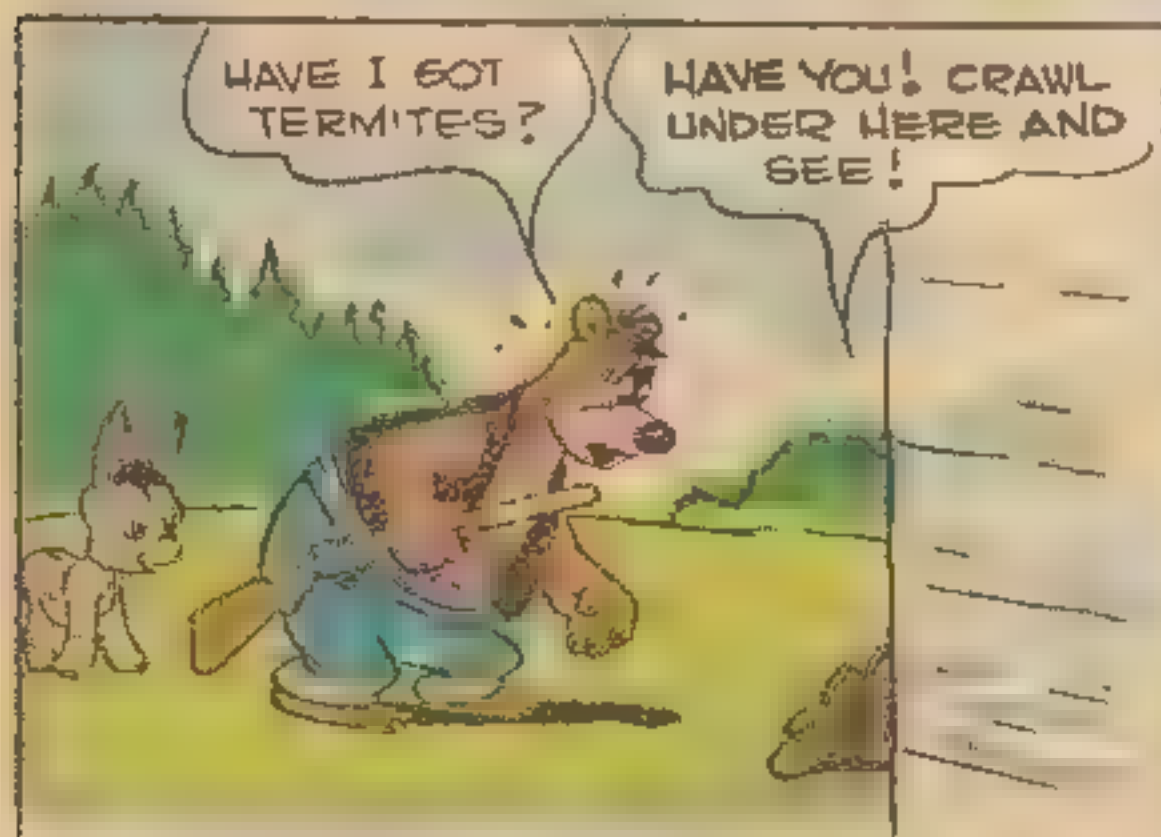
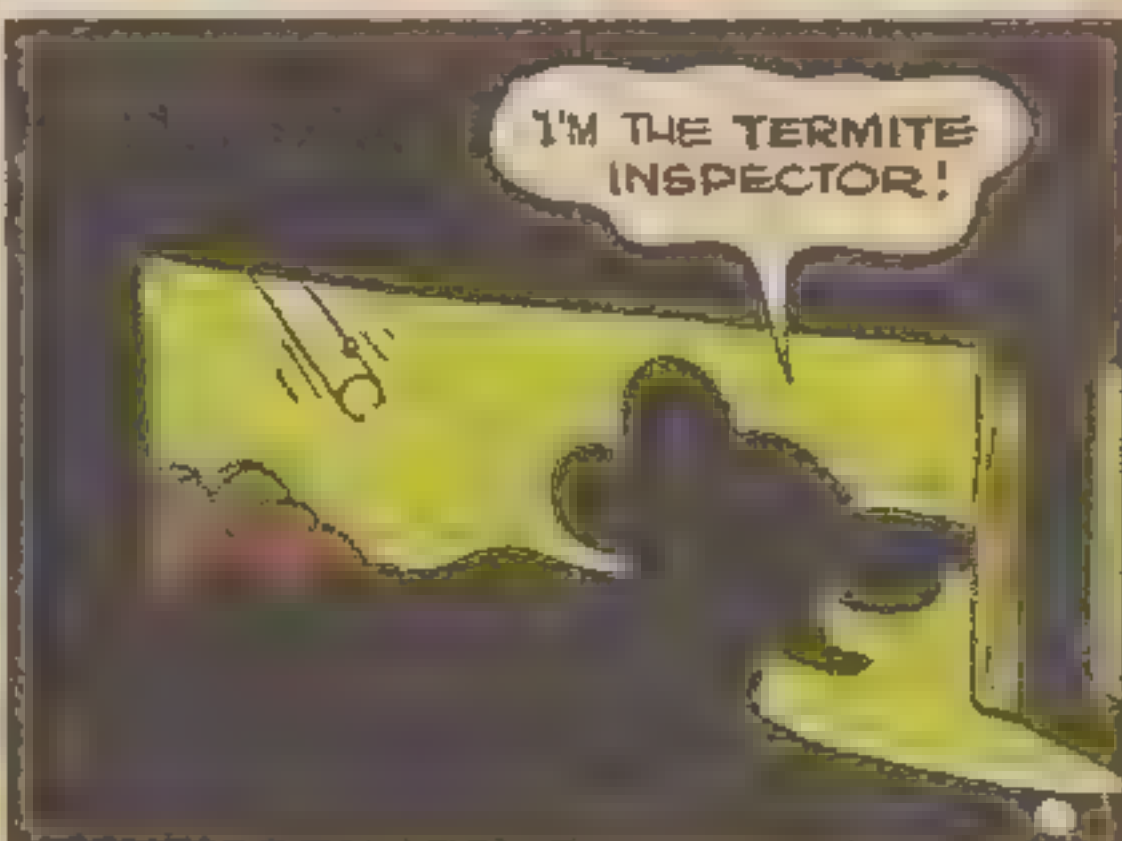
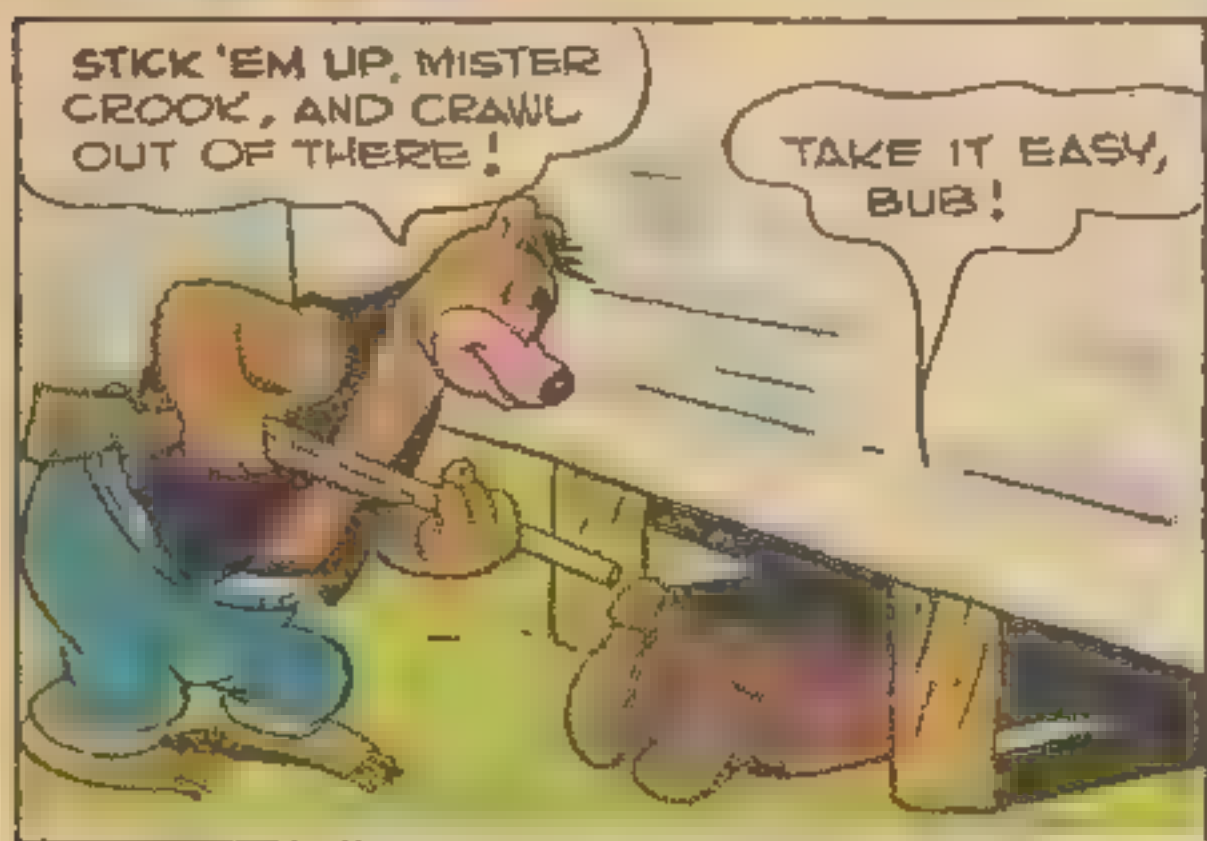
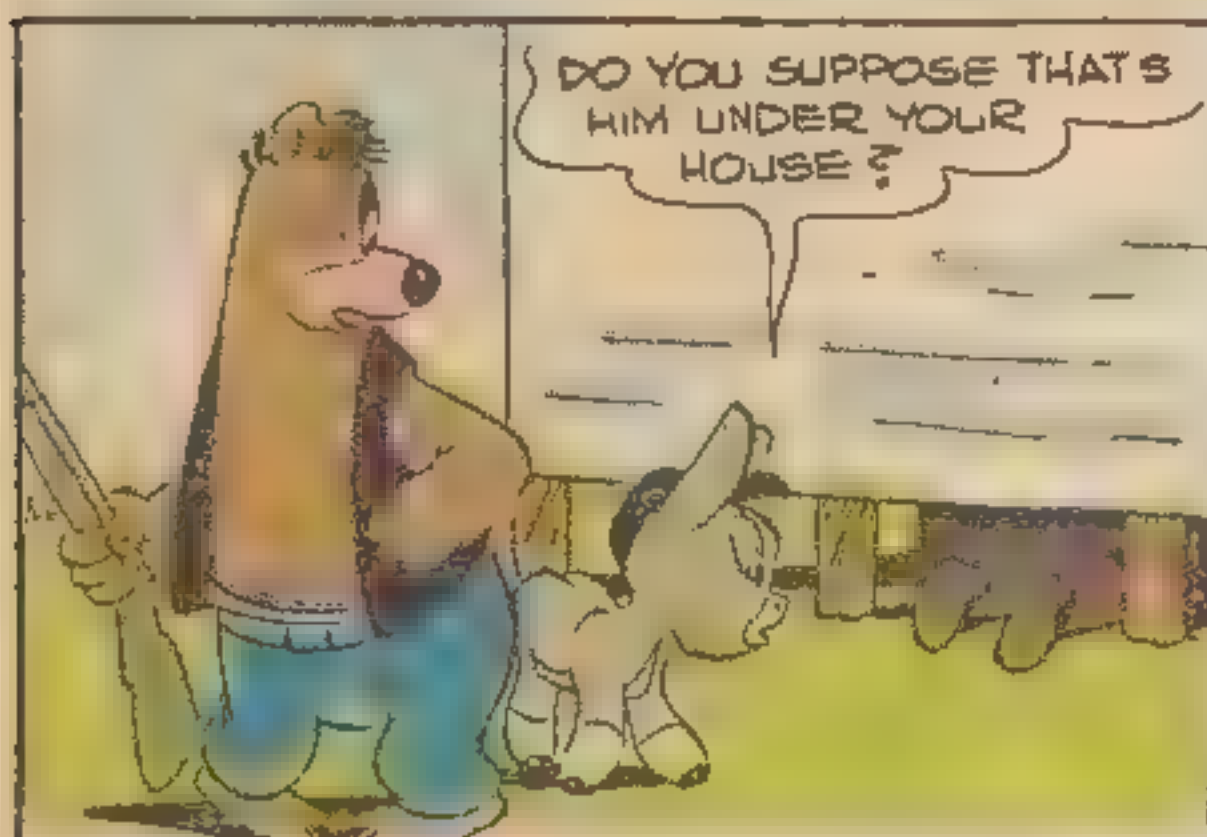
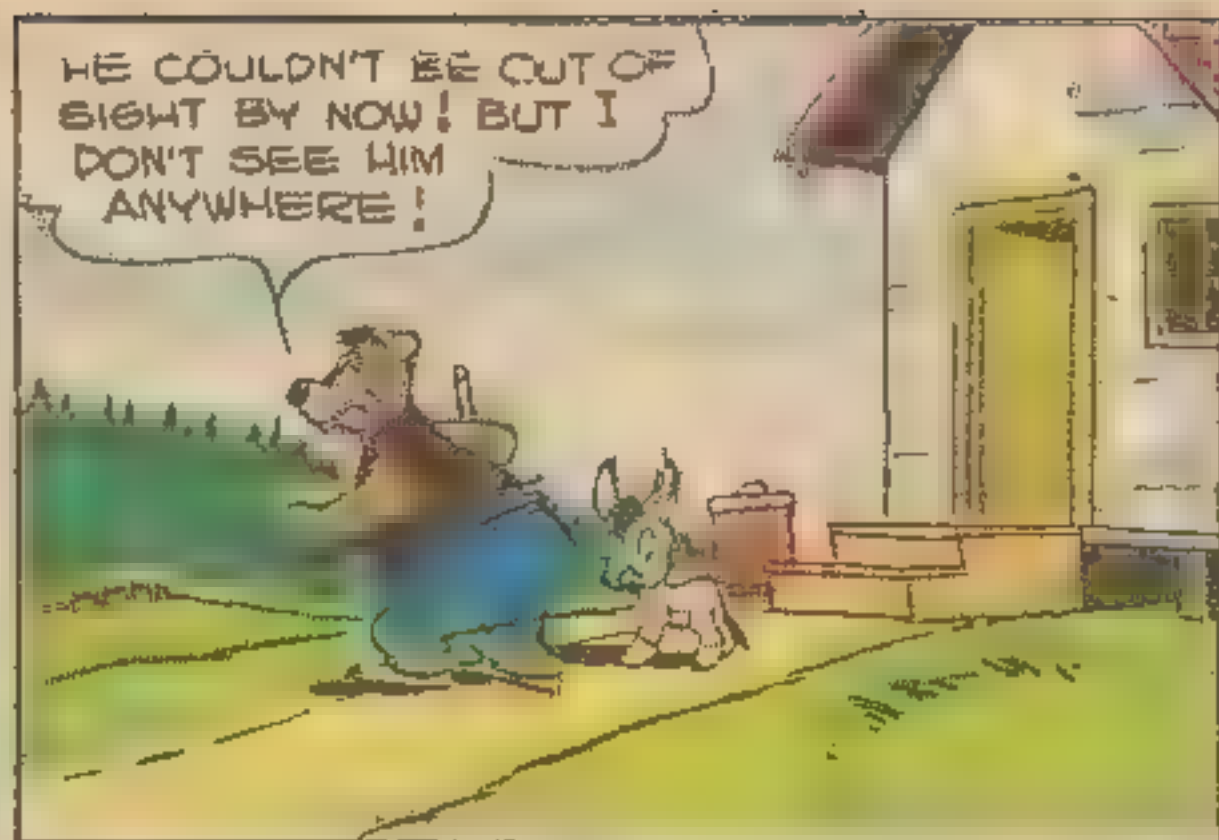
THAT I MUST
SEE!

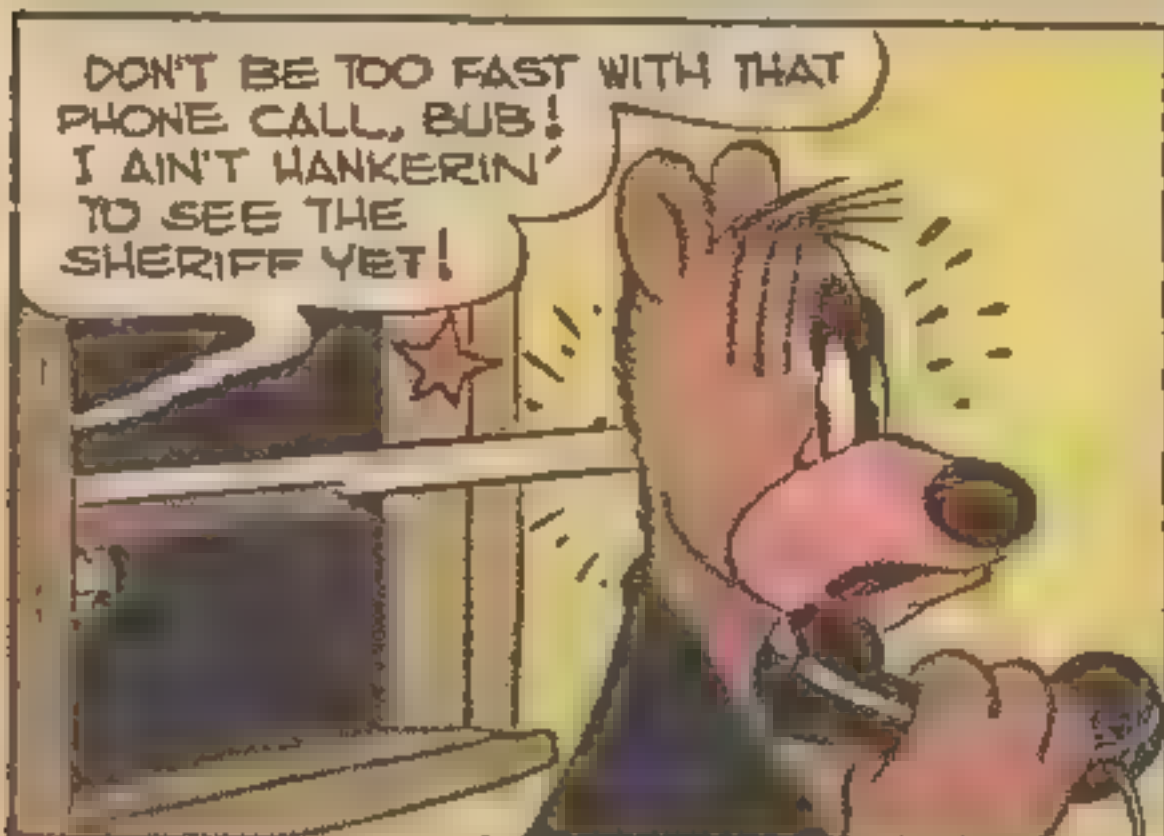
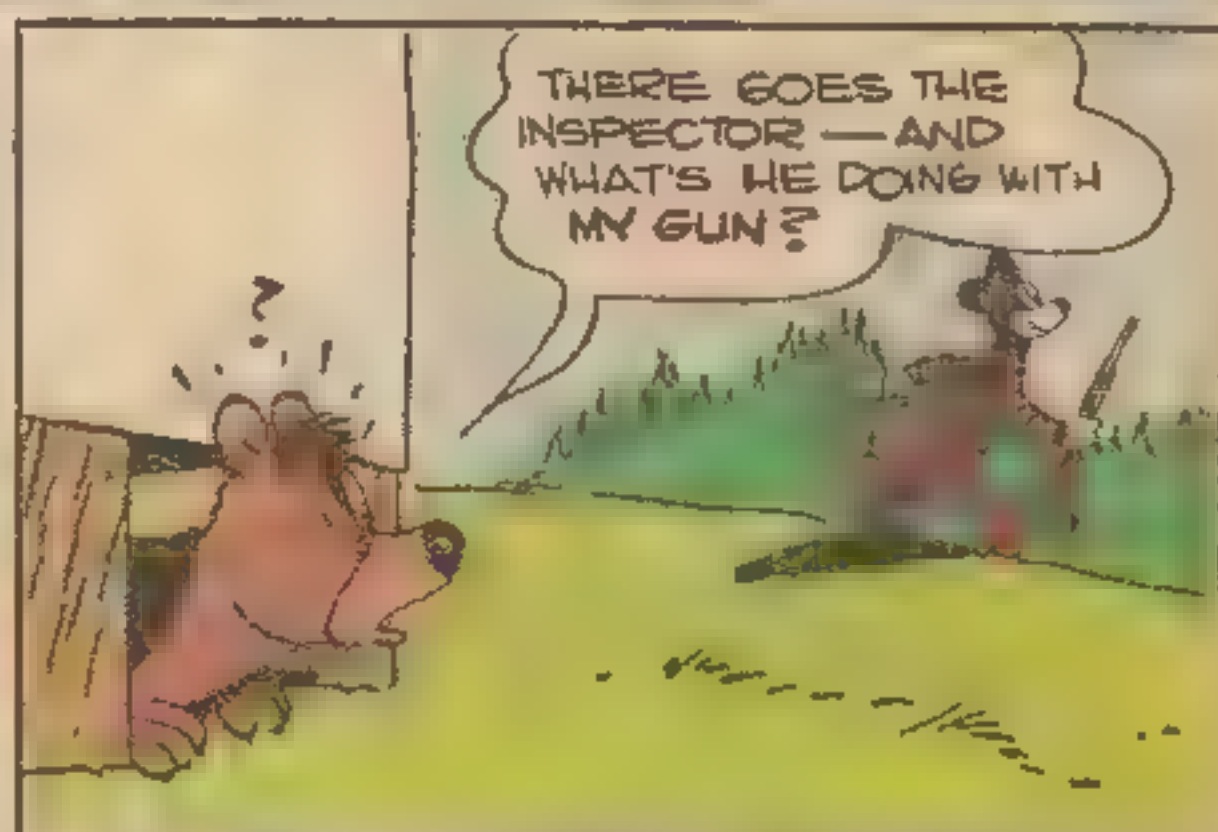


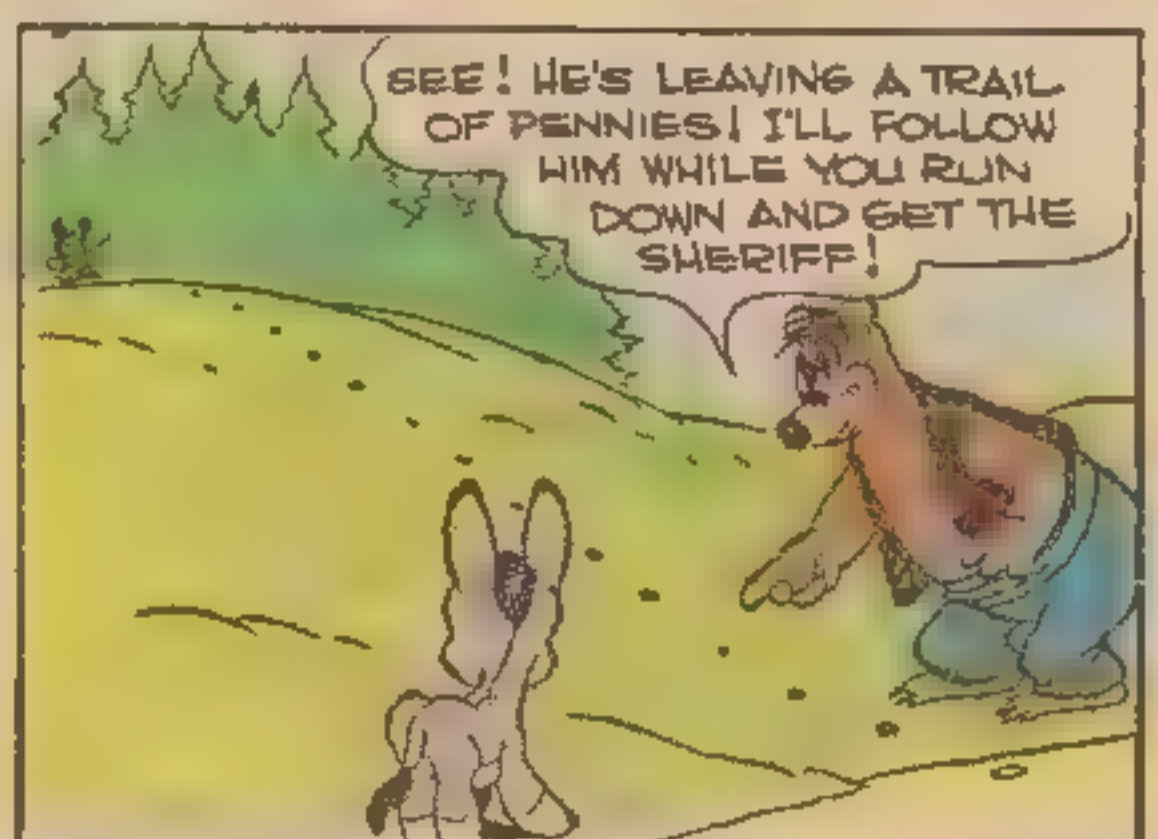
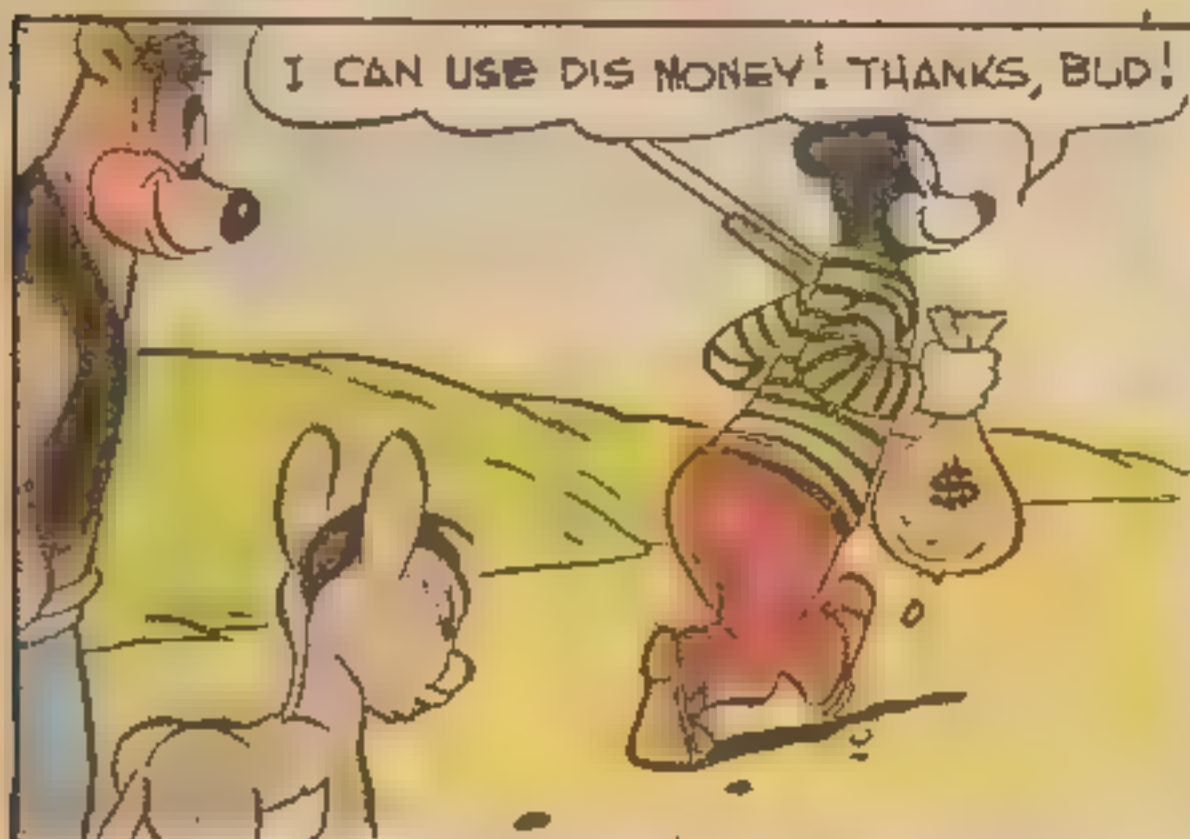
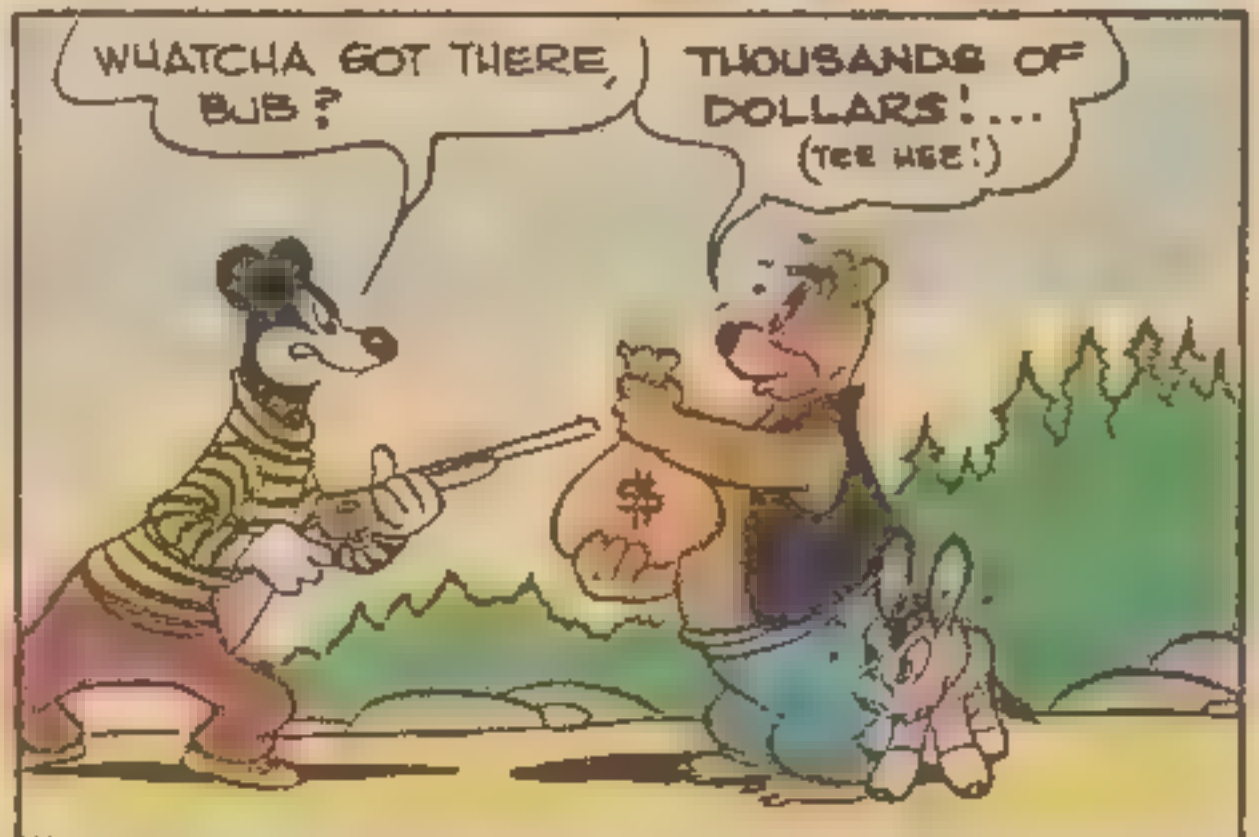
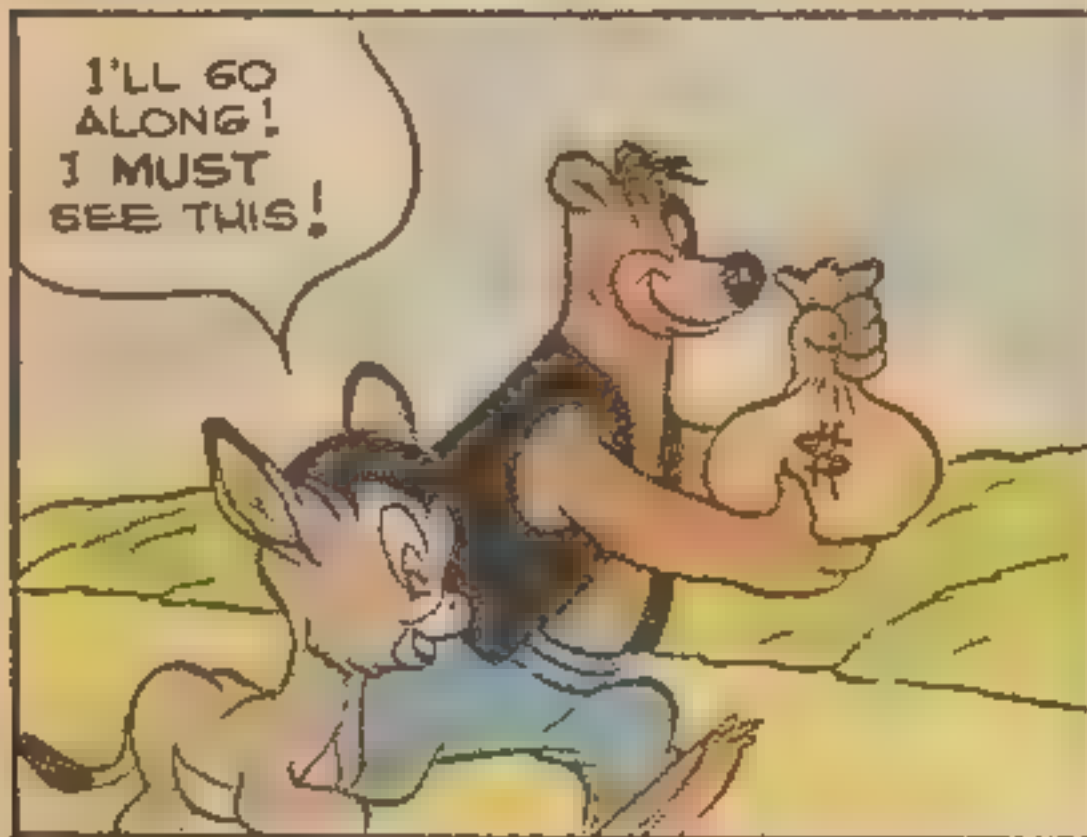
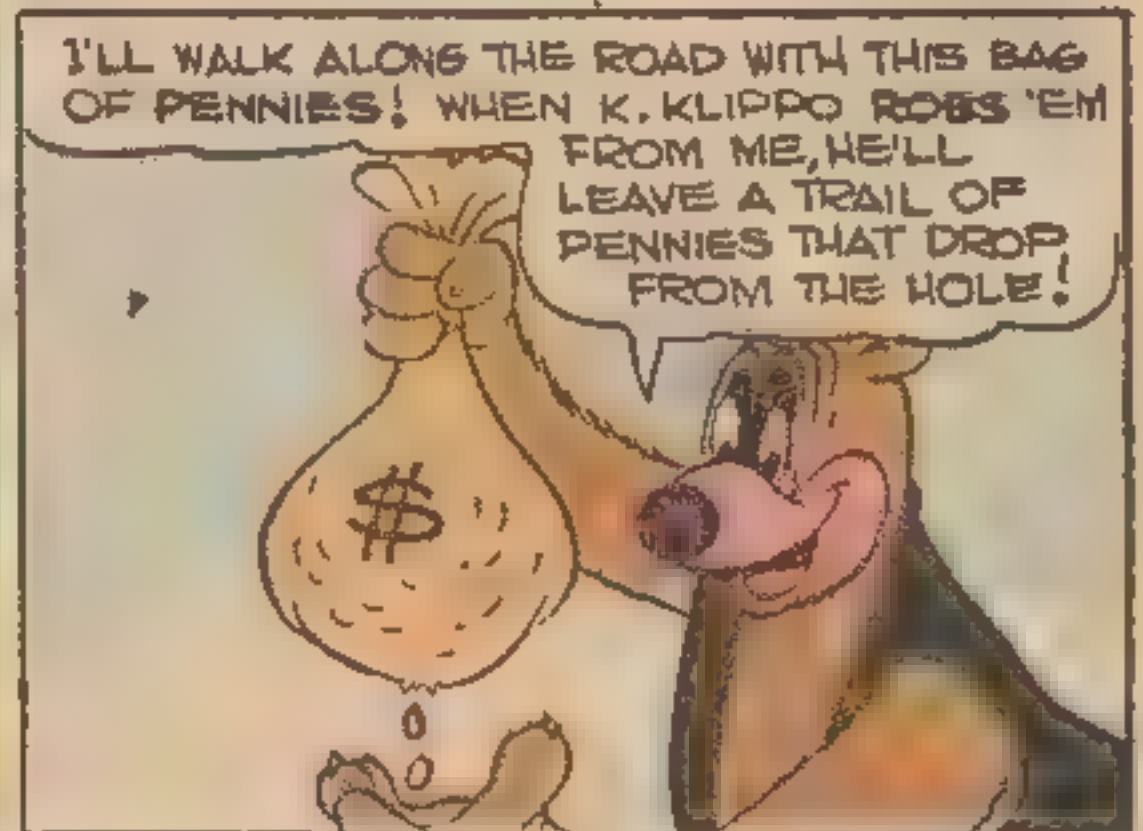
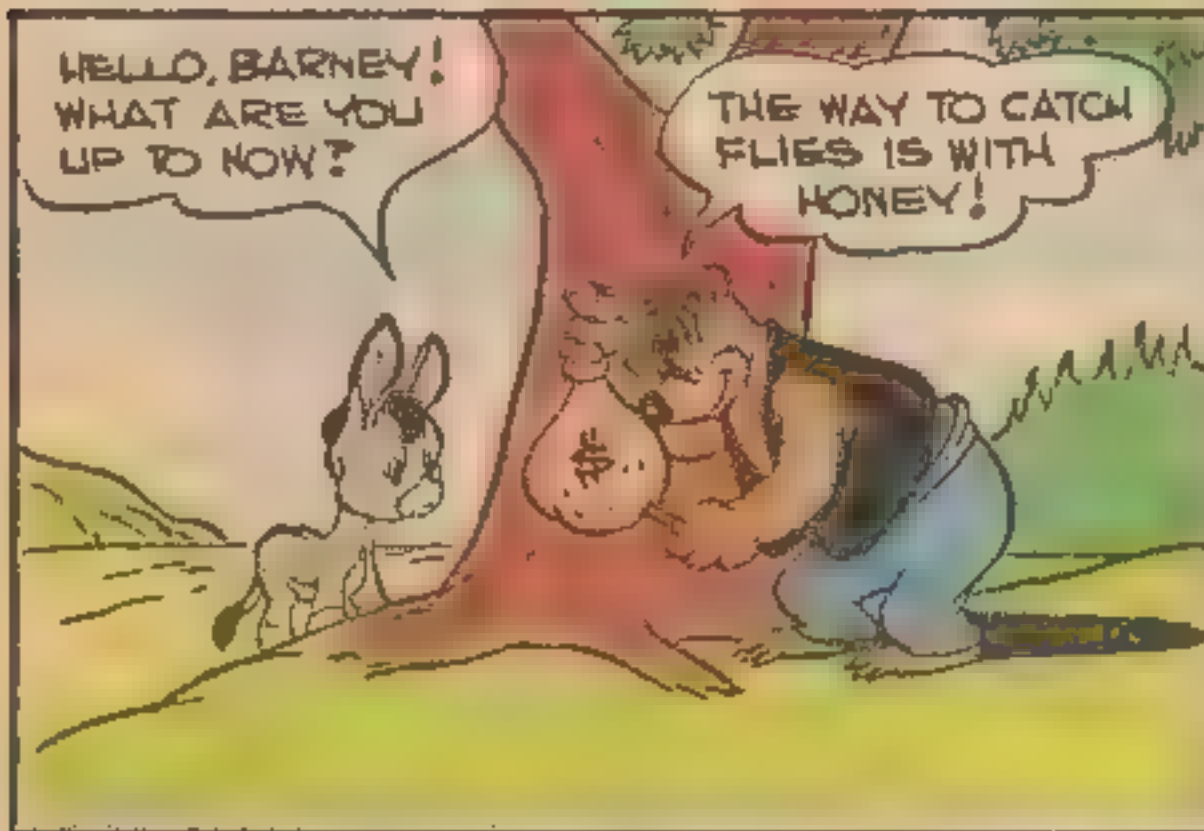
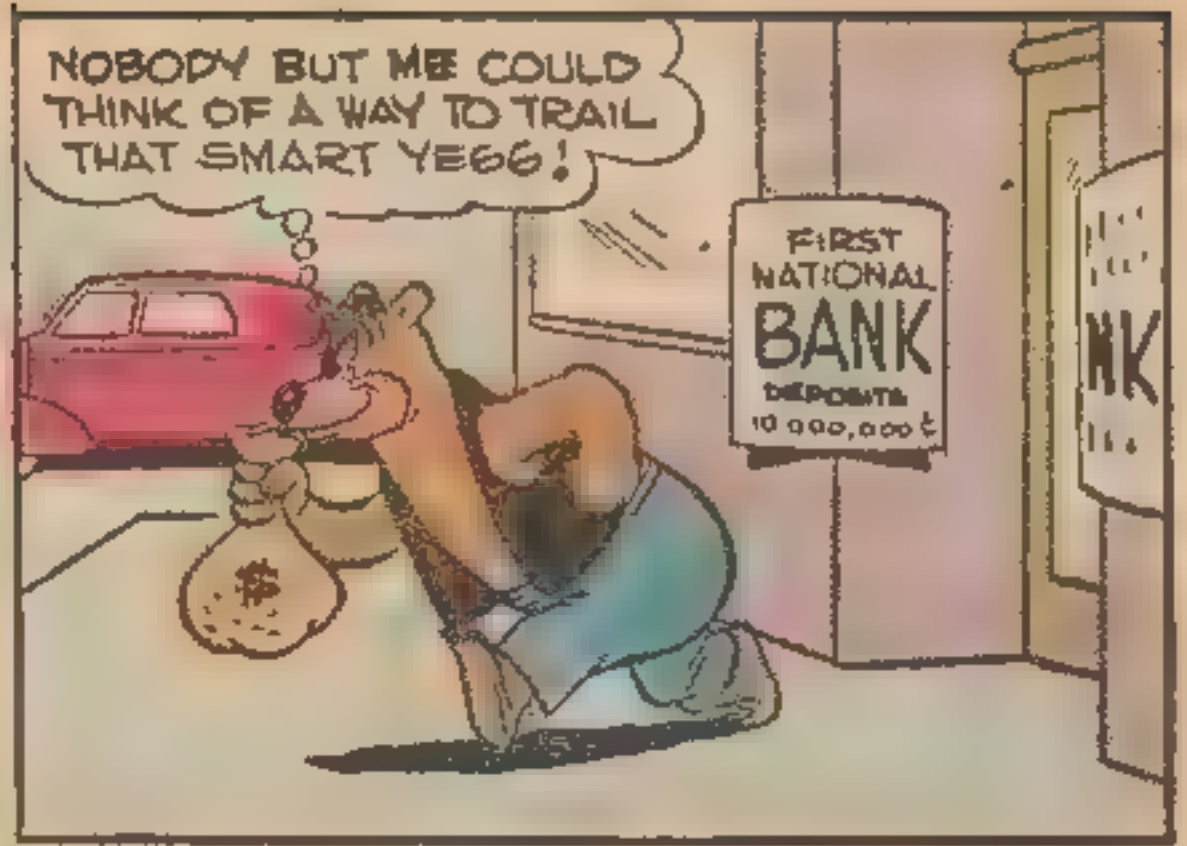
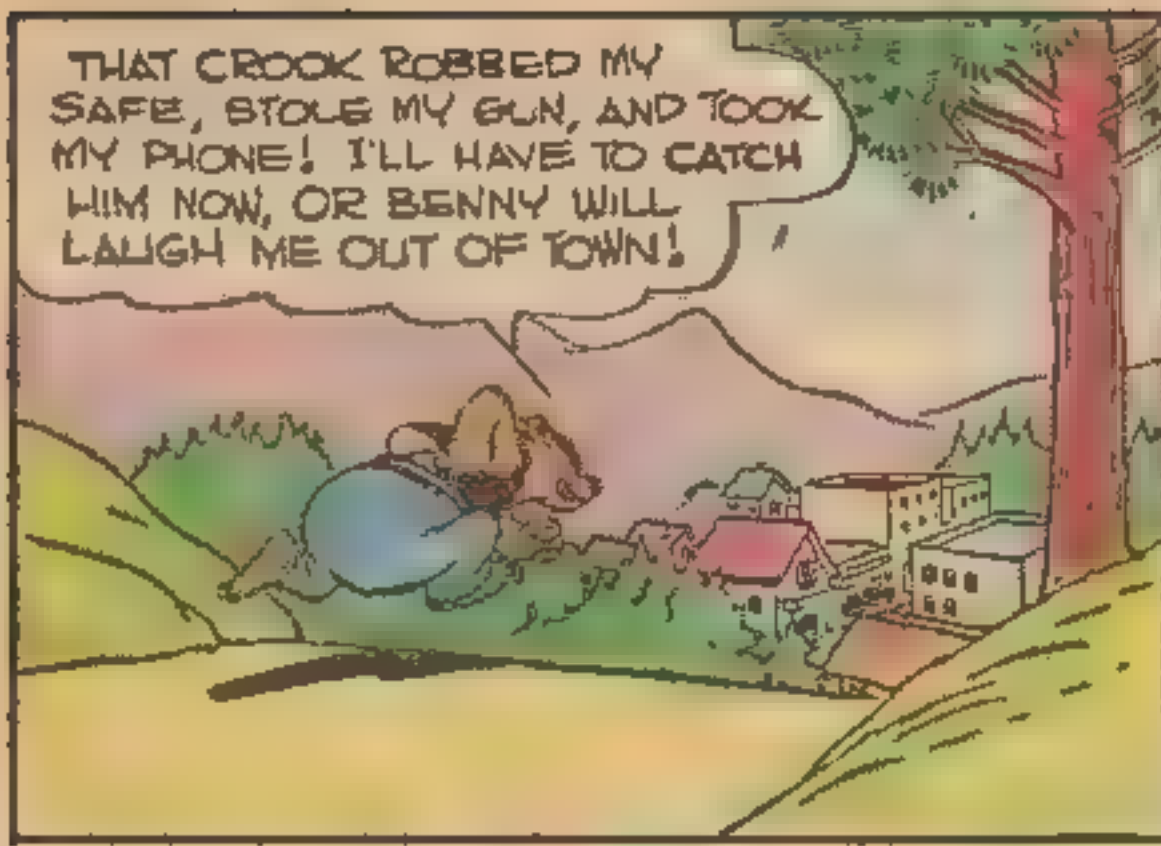
FIRST I'LL CLEAN AND OIL MY GUN!
THEN I'LL START LOOKING!

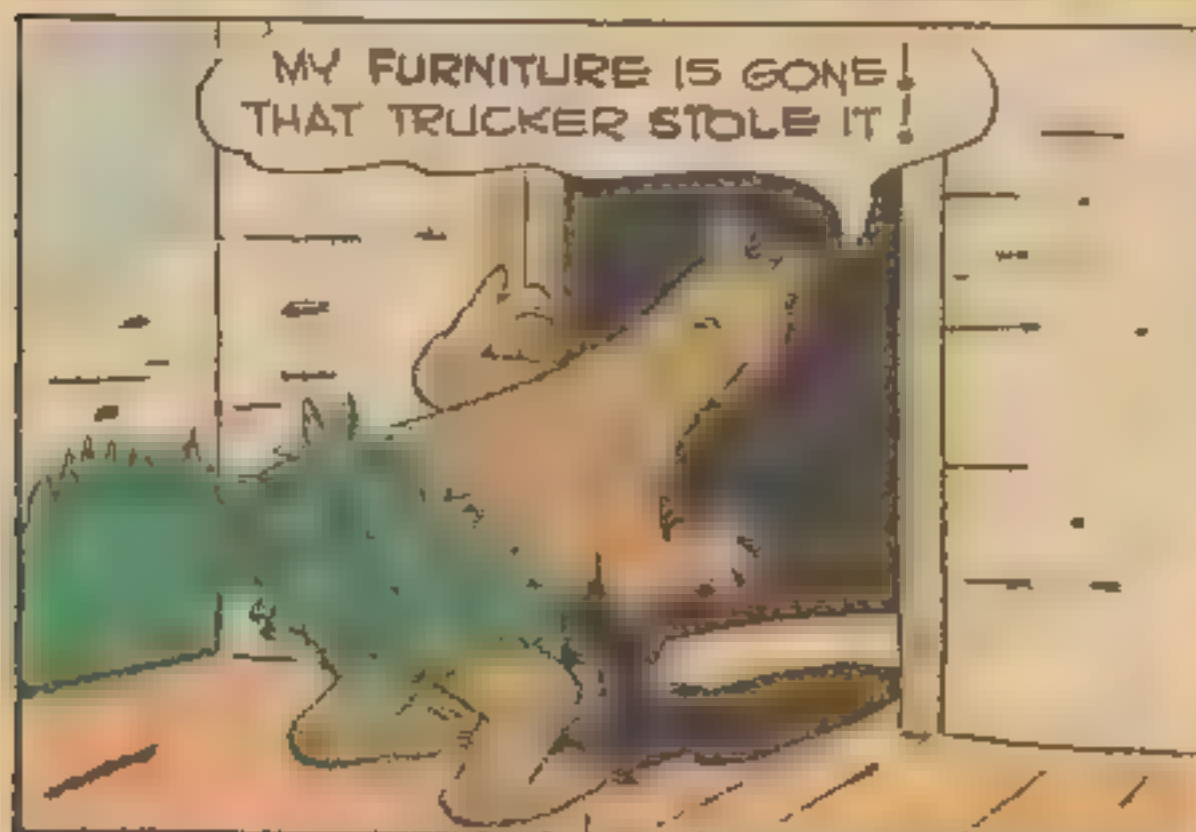
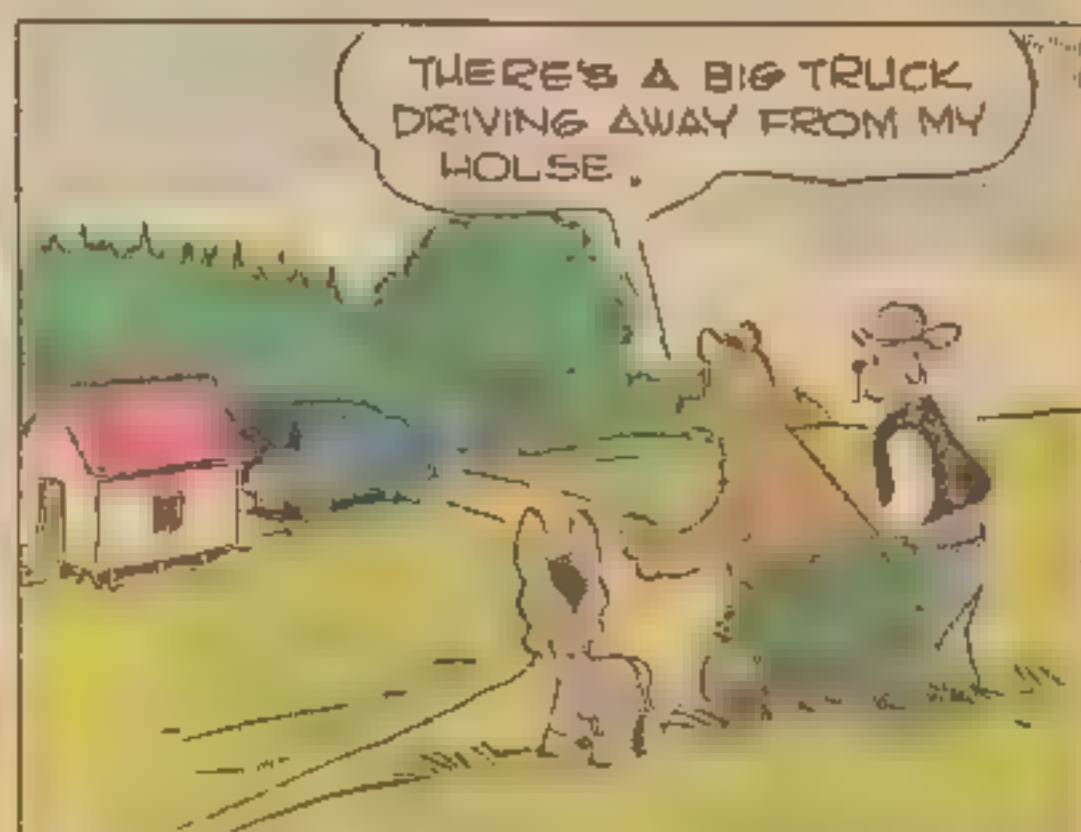
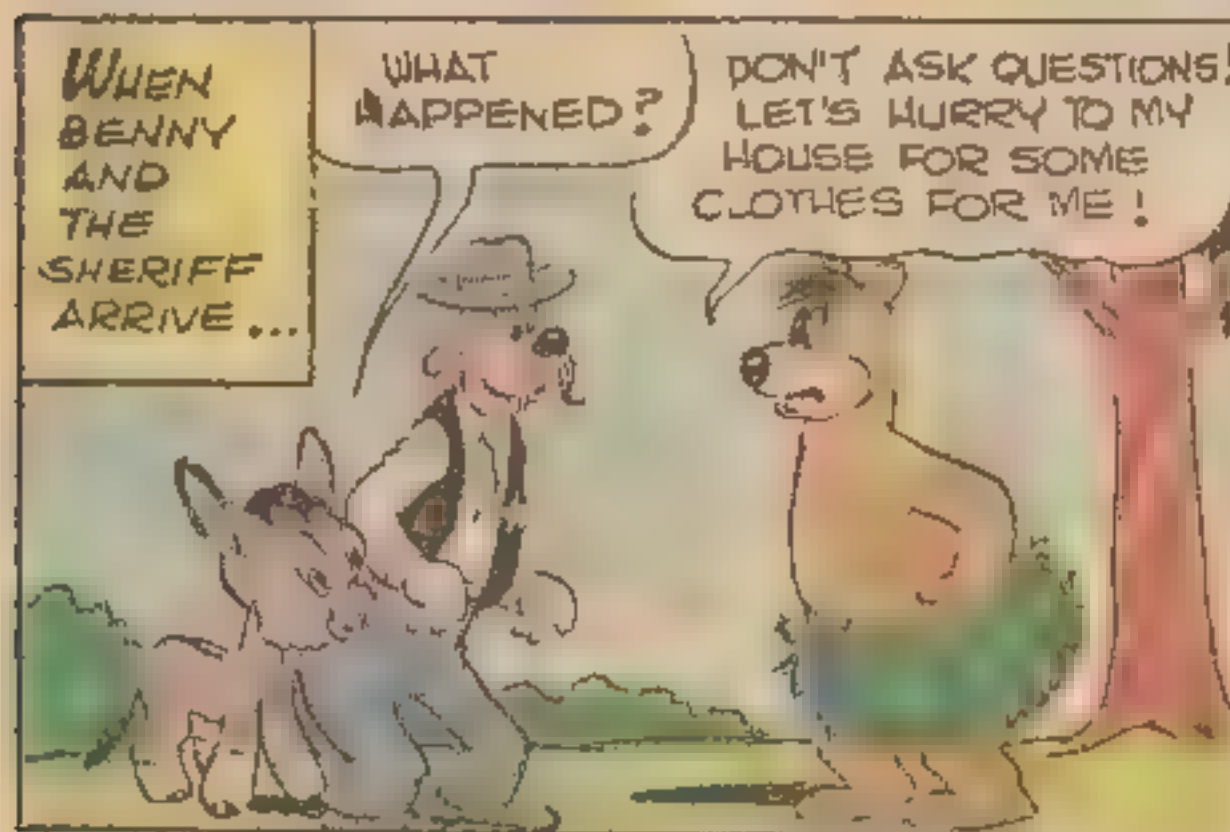
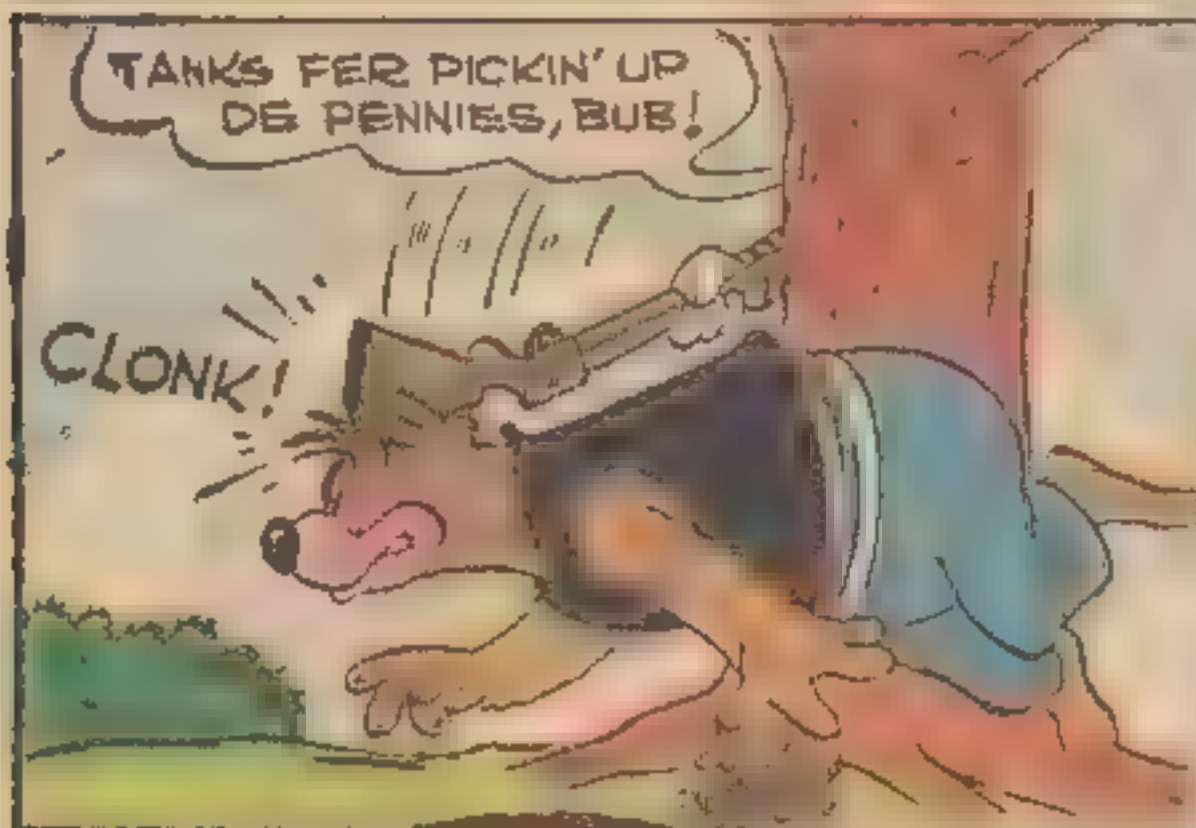
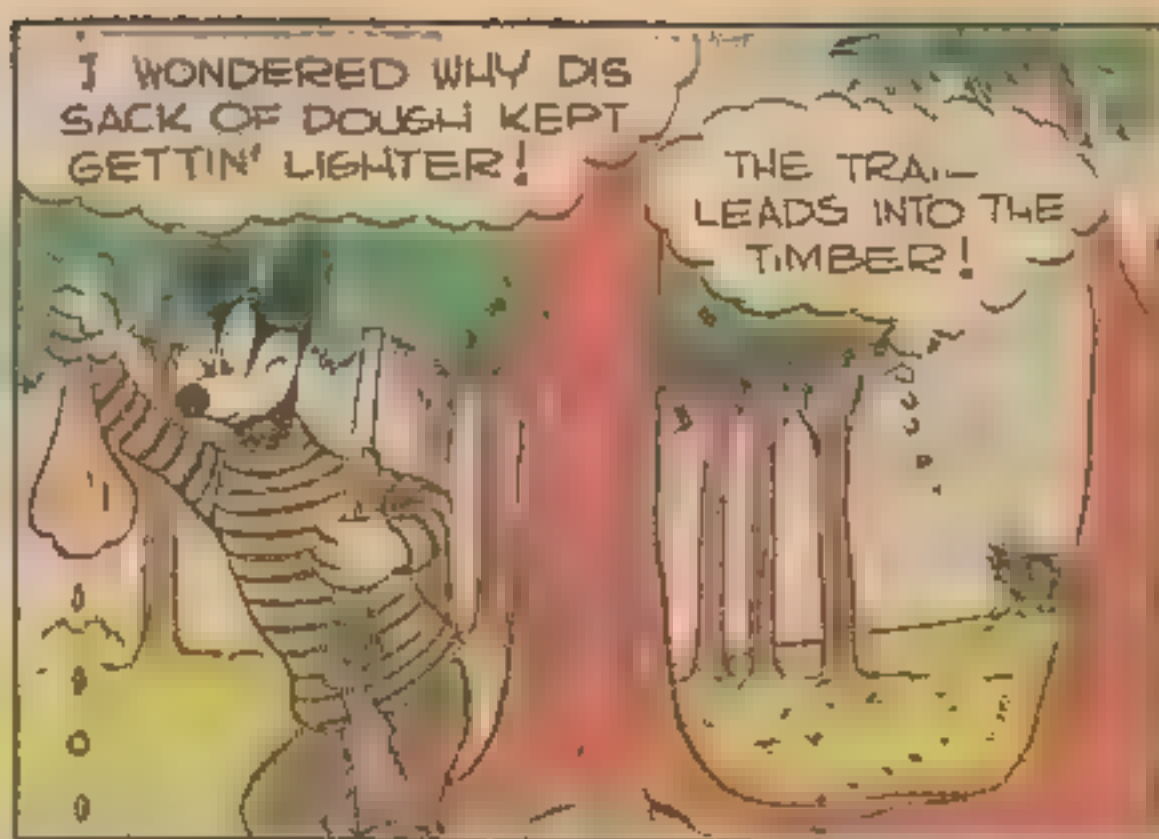
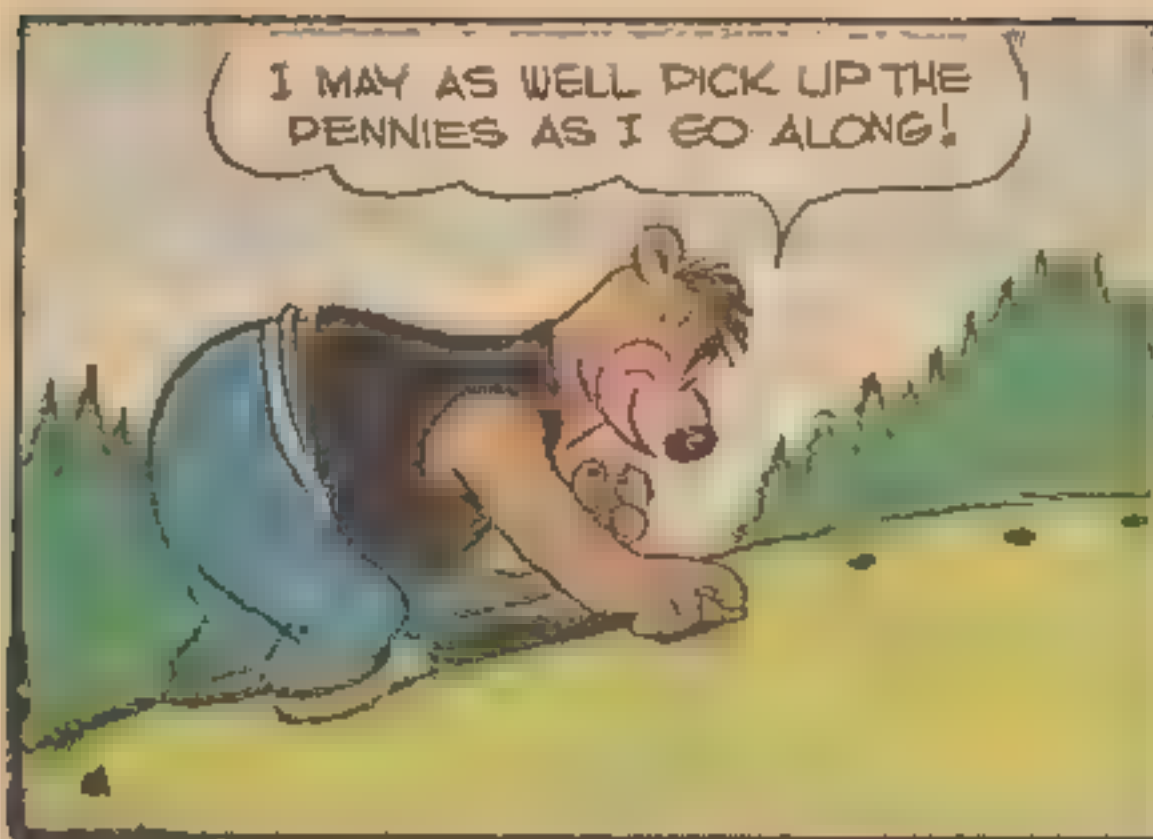
WELL,
GOOD LUCK!
I'M GOING DOWN TO
THE MEADOW
FOR LUNCH!

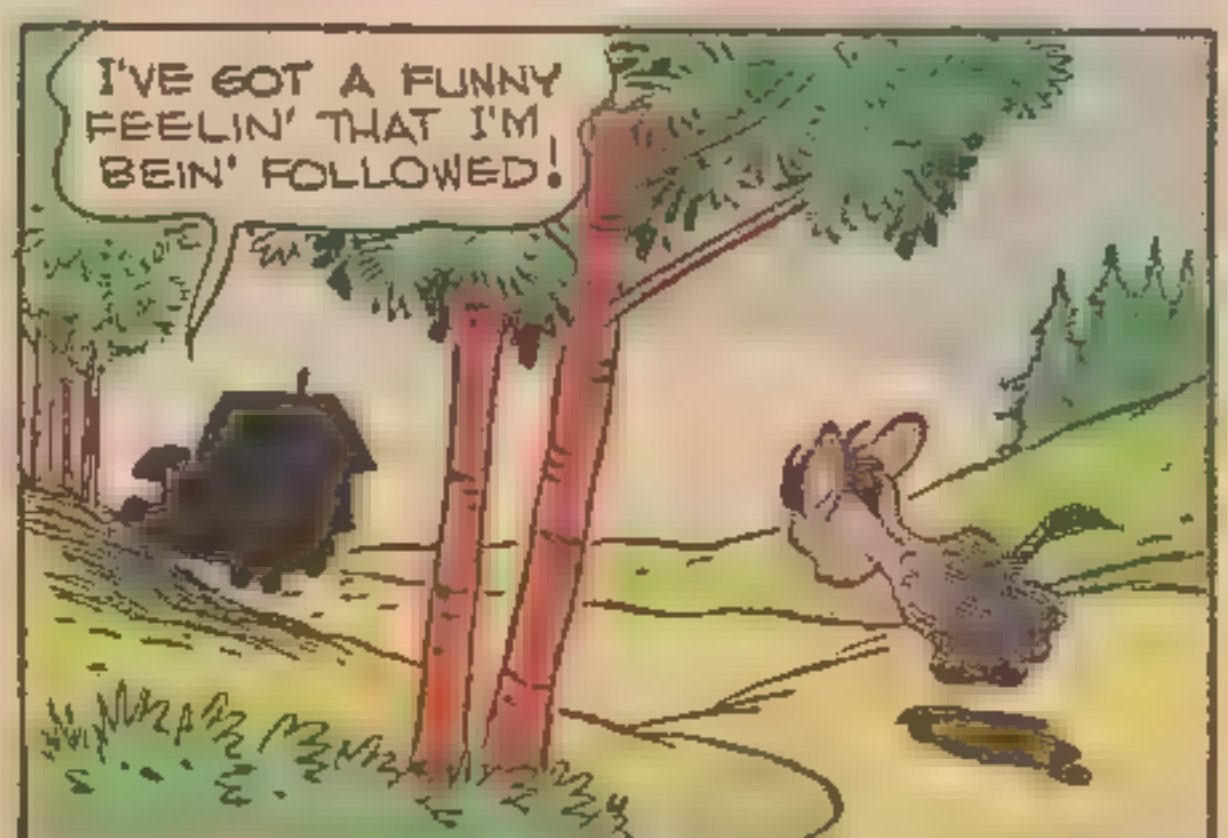
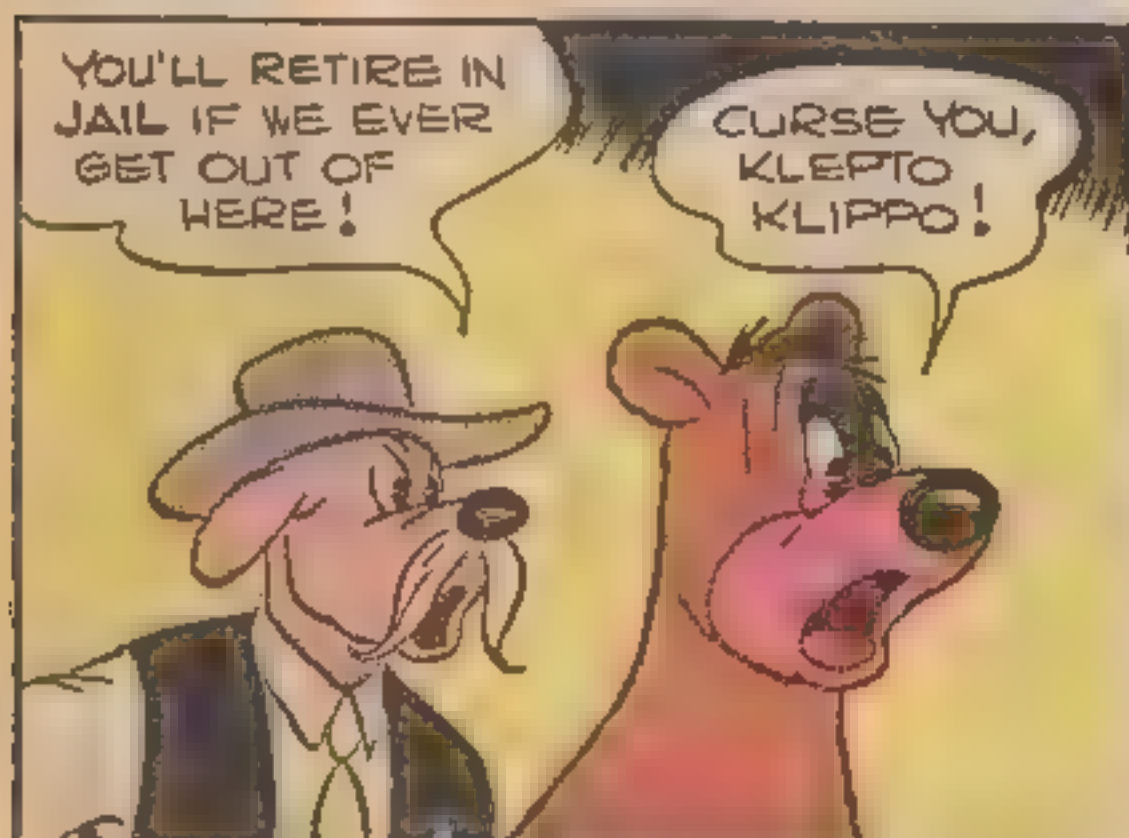
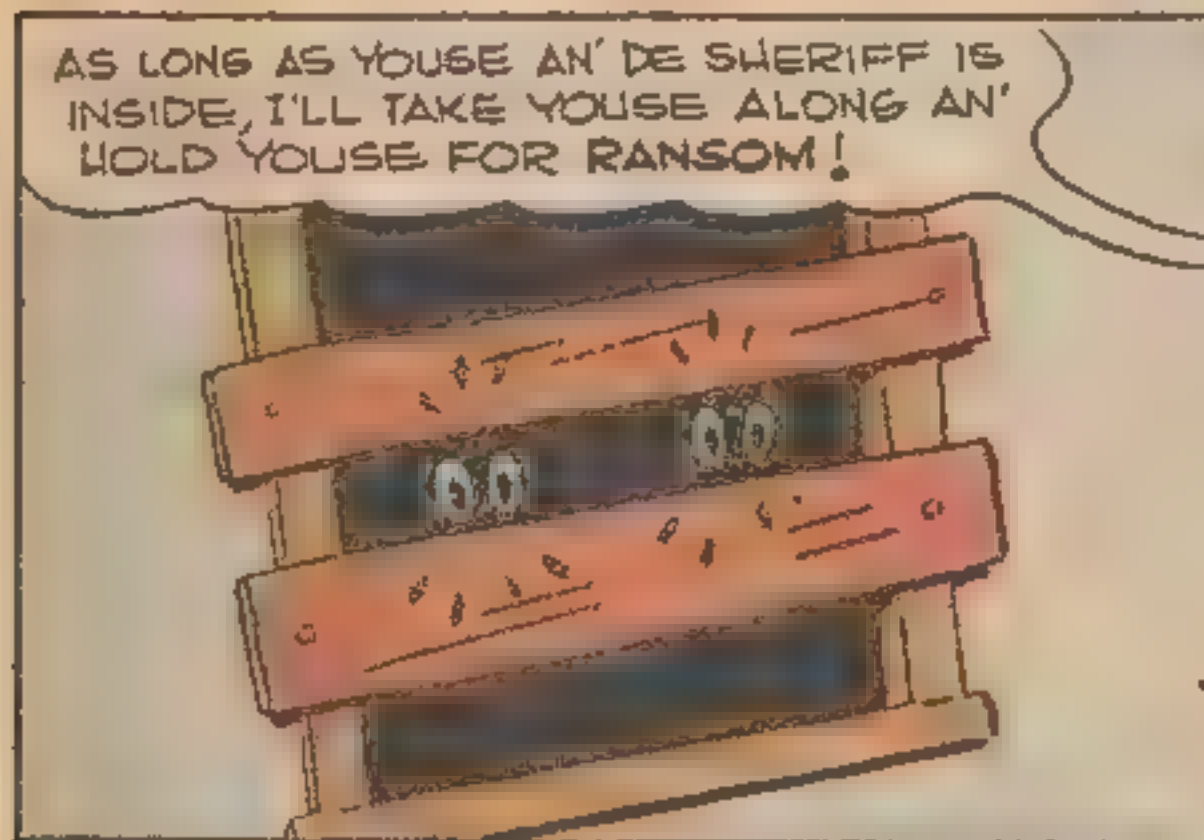
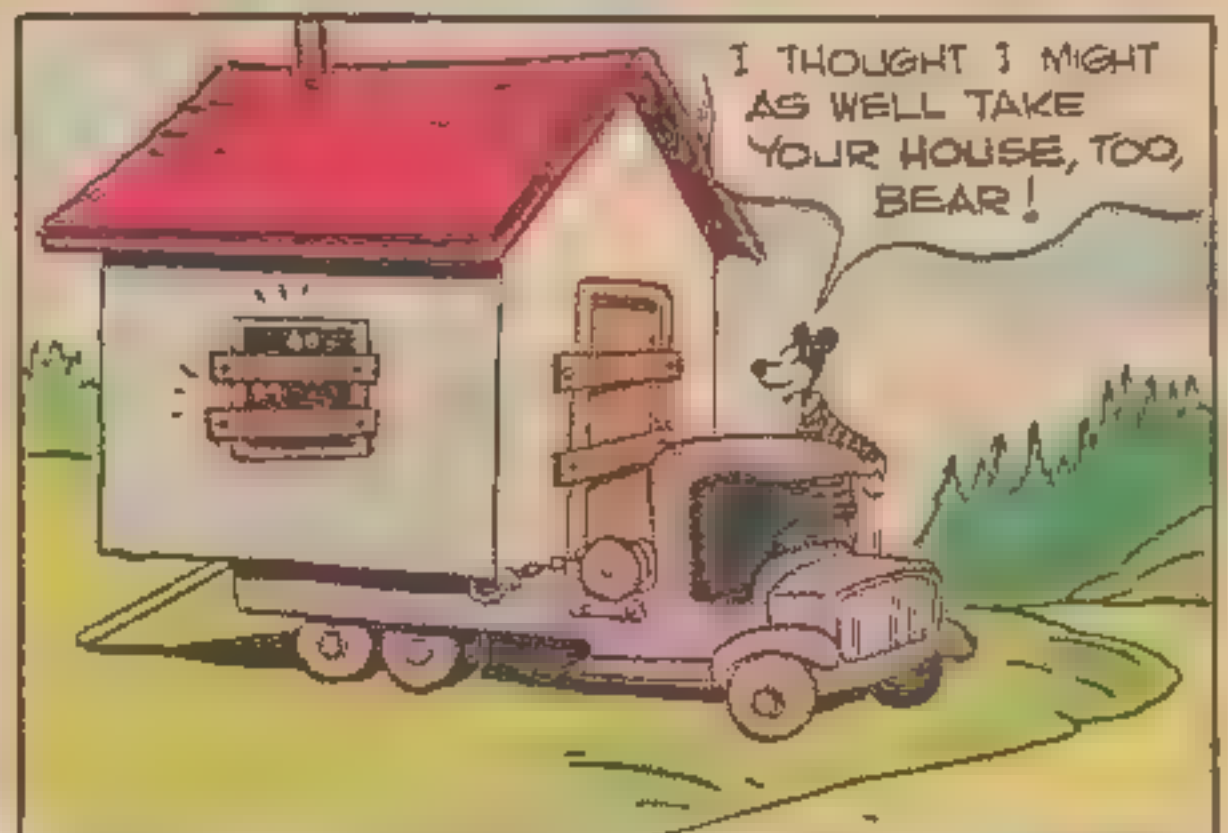
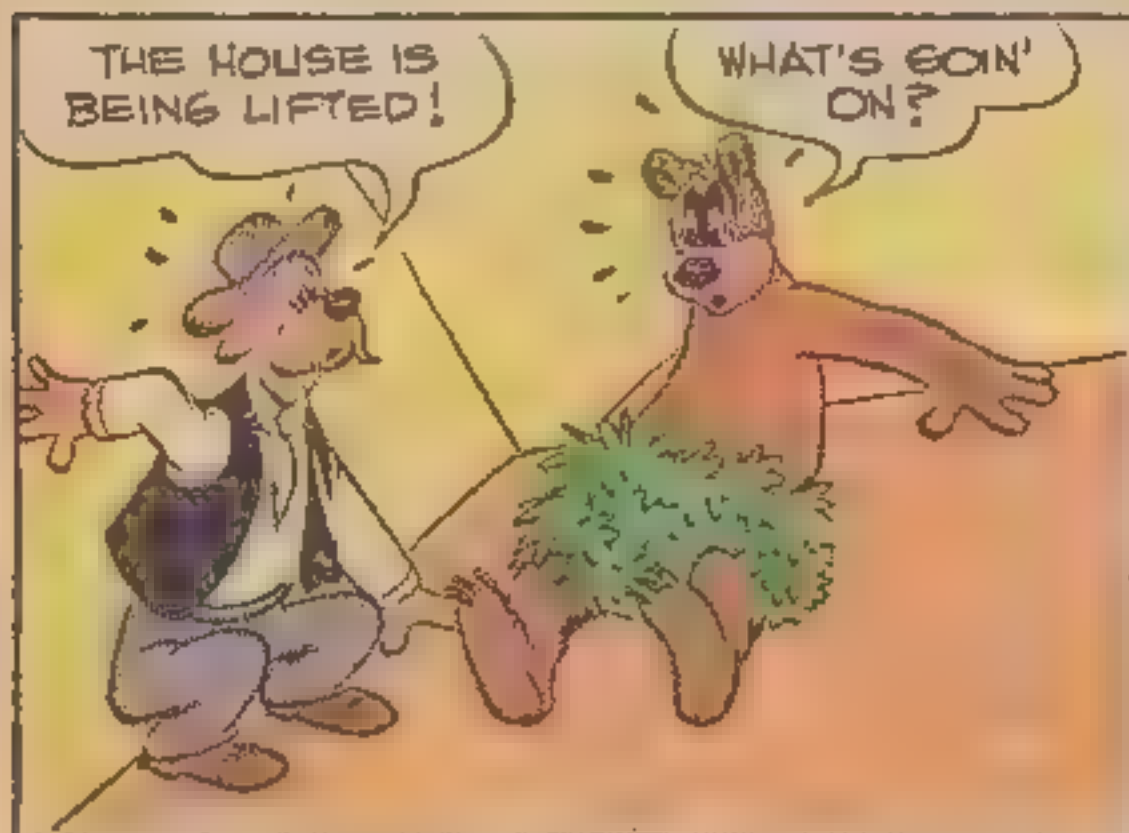
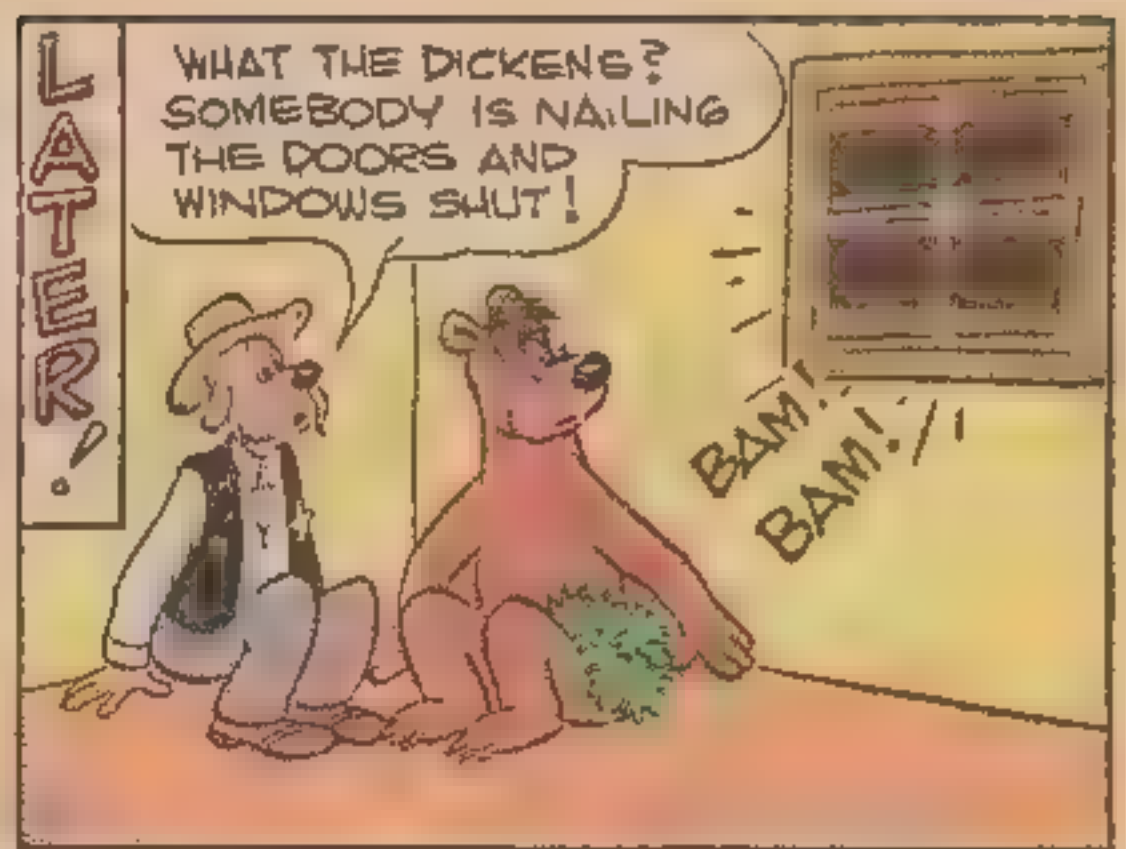
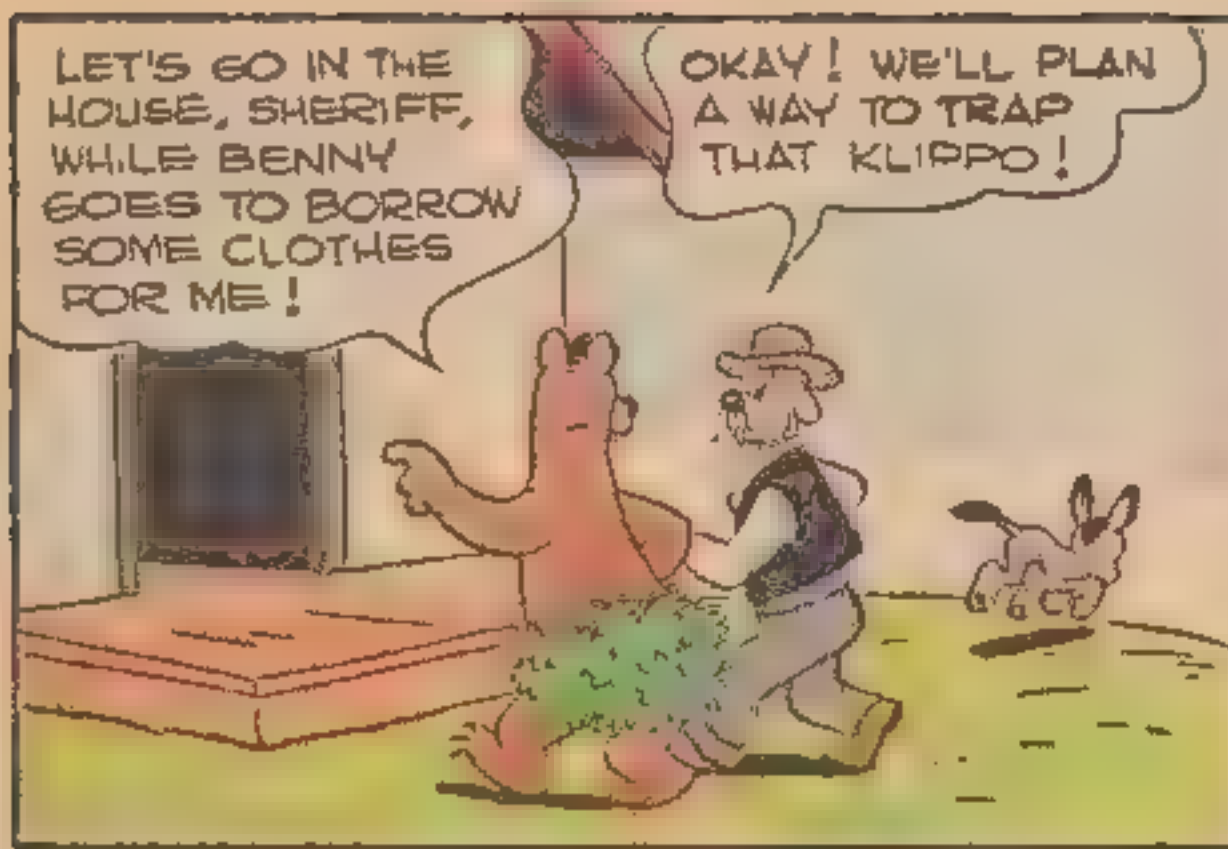


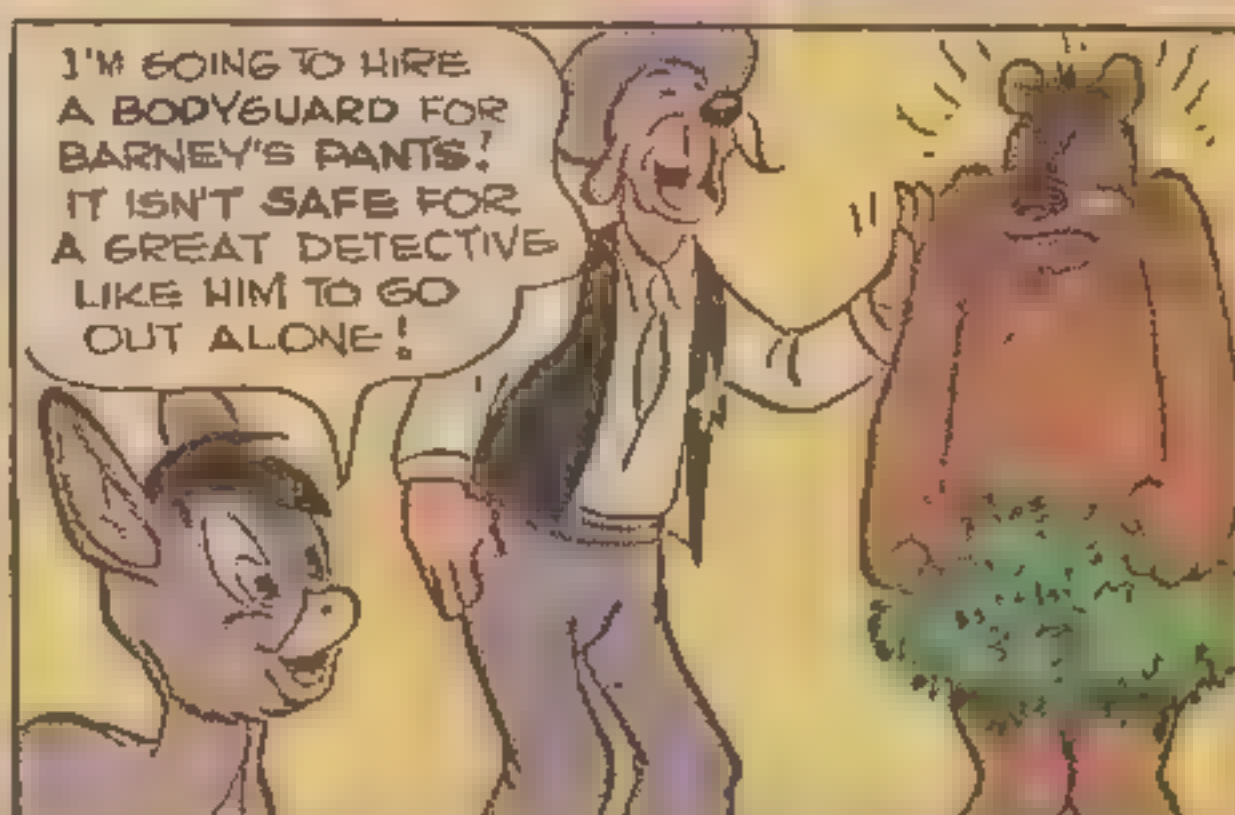
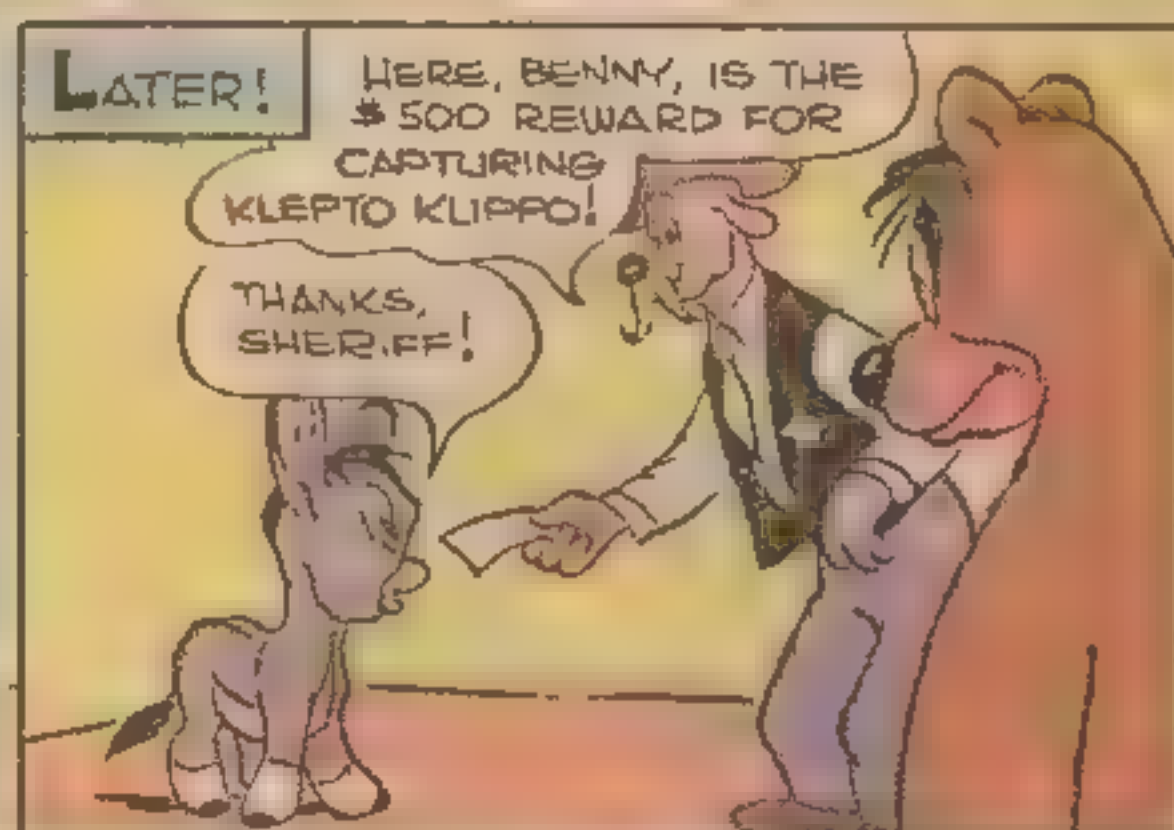
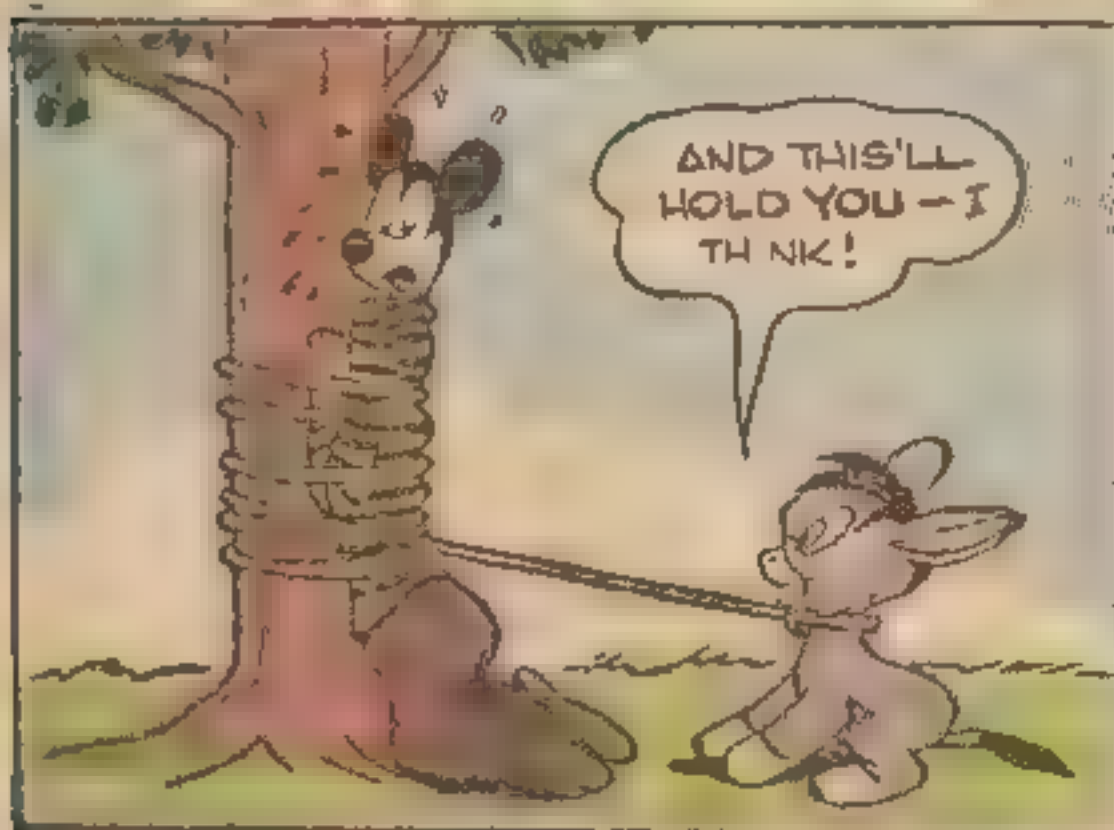
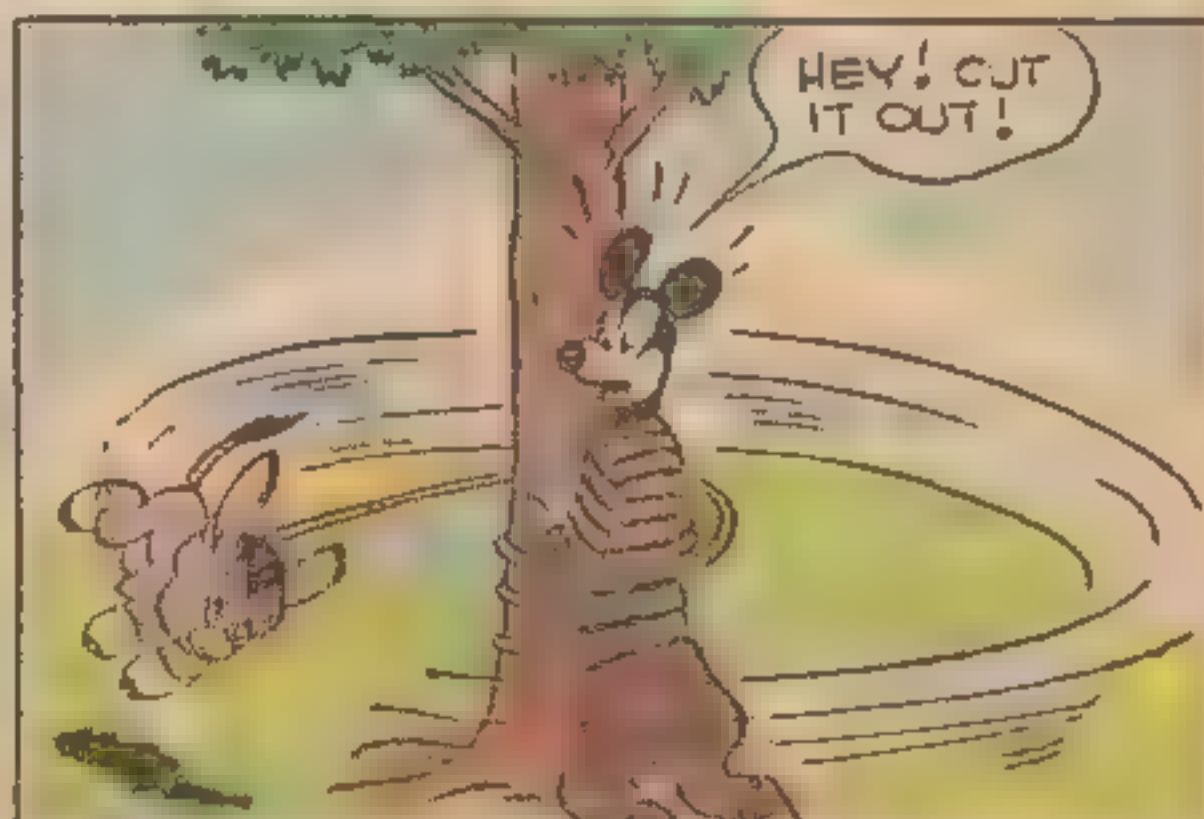
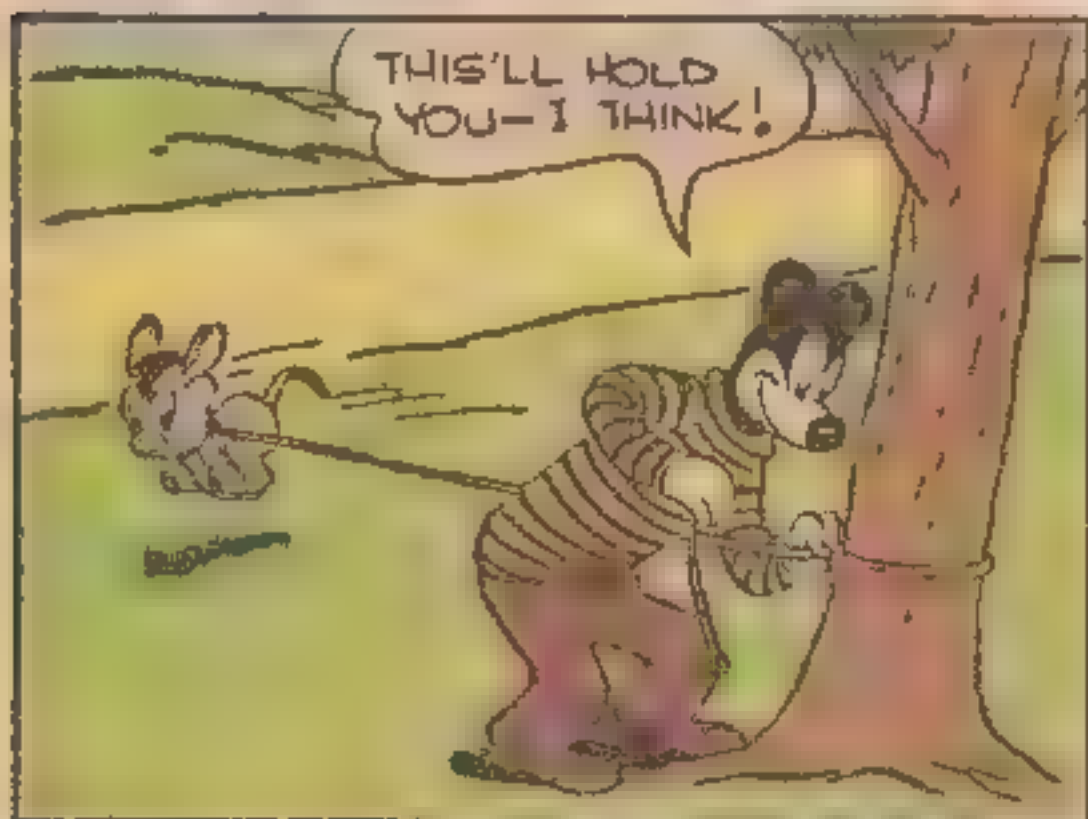
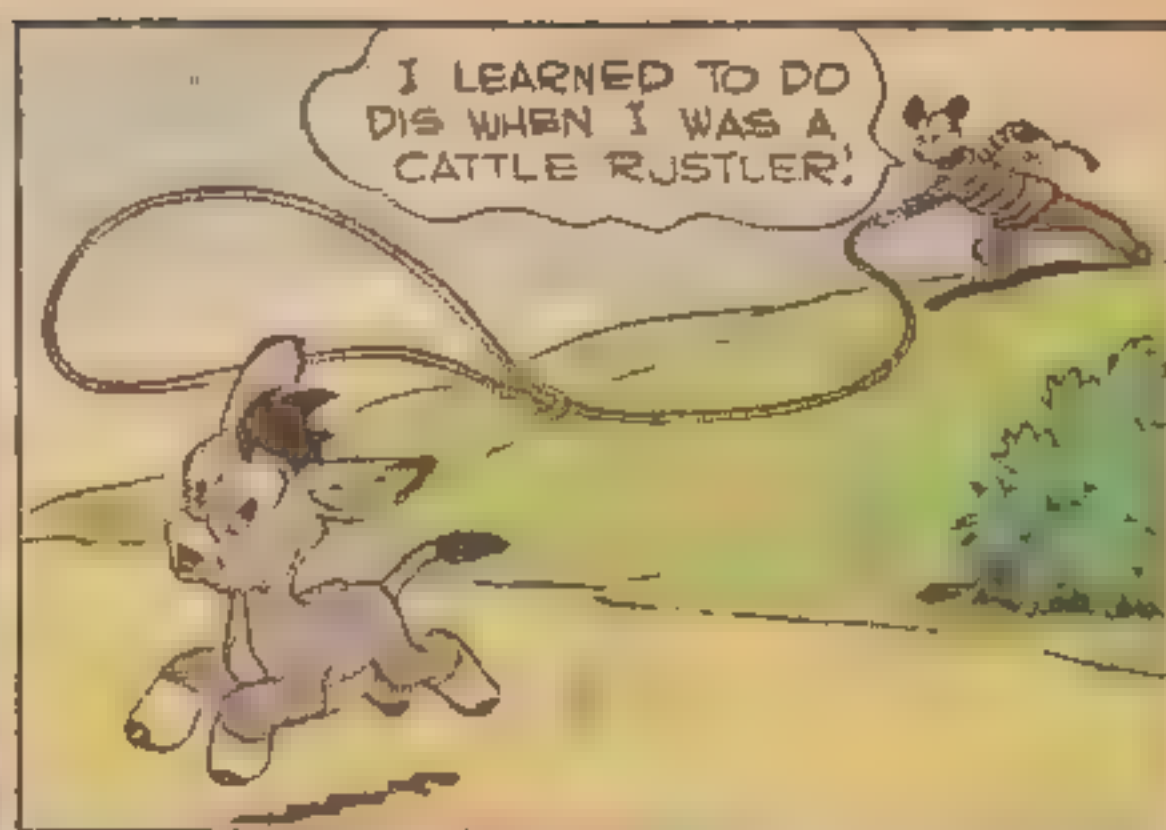
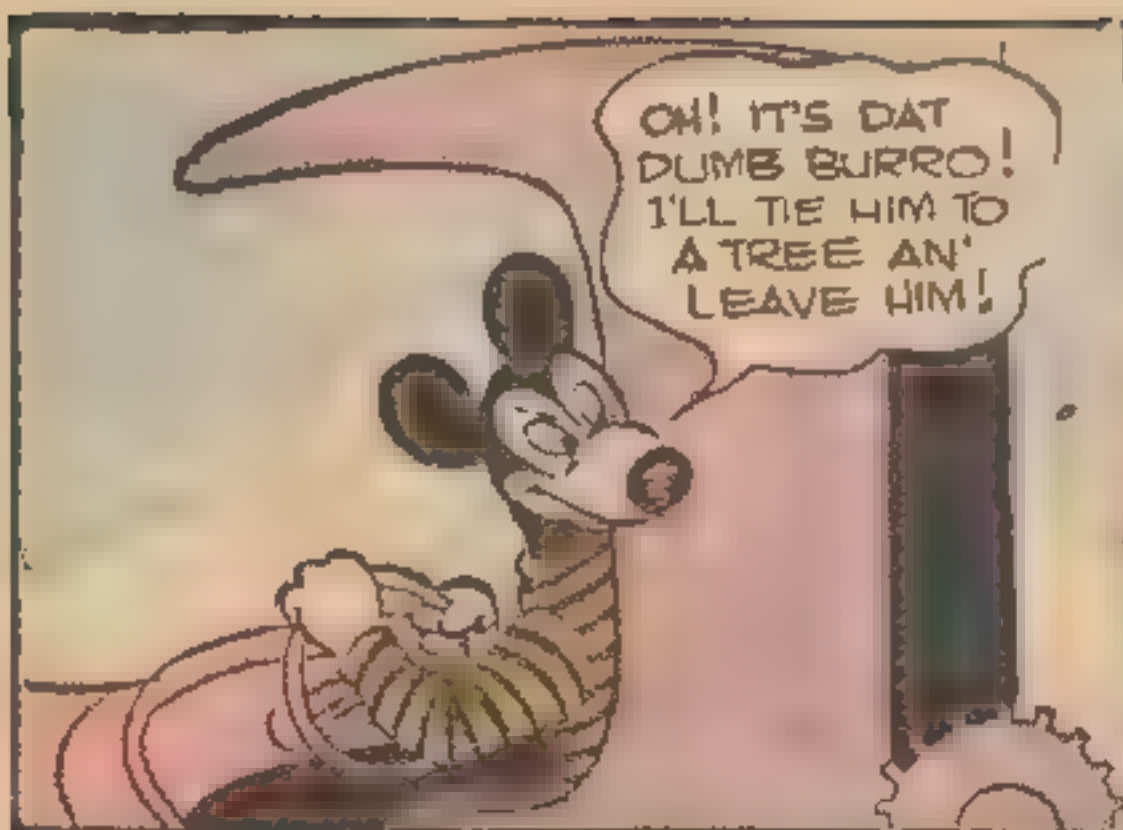




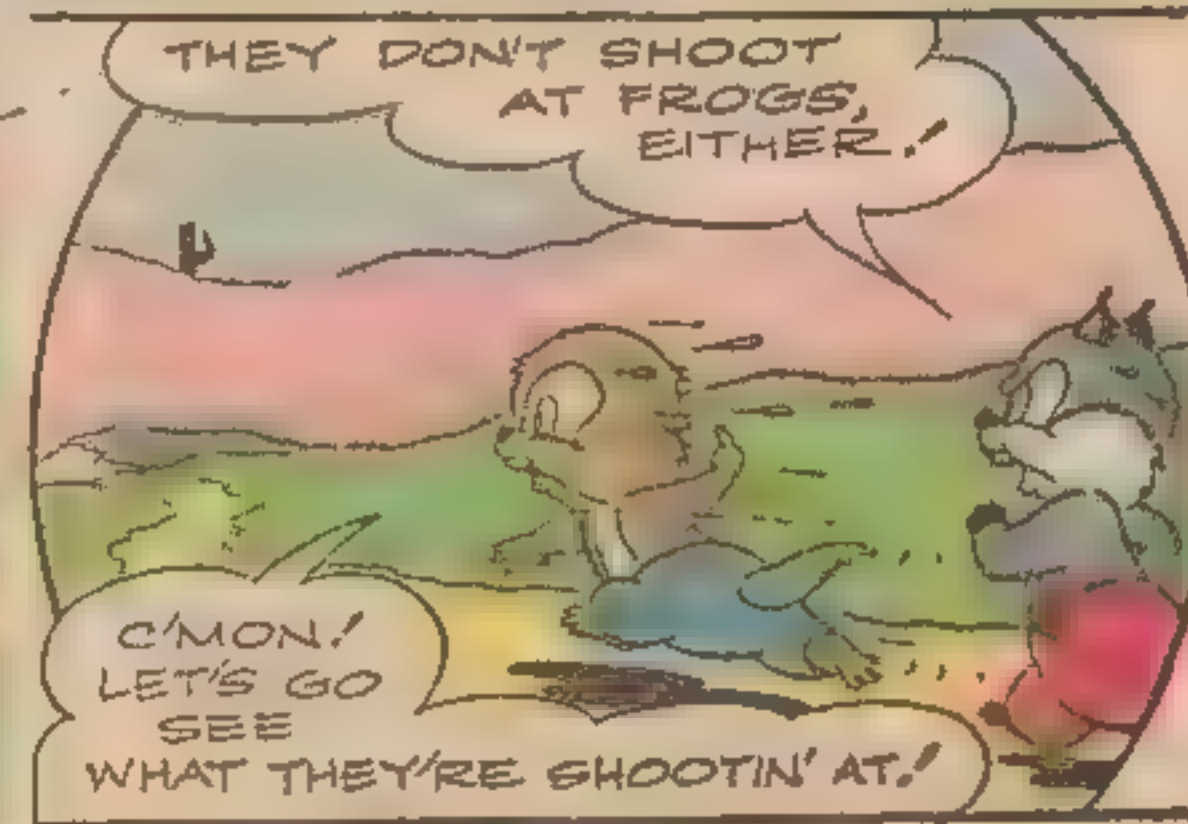
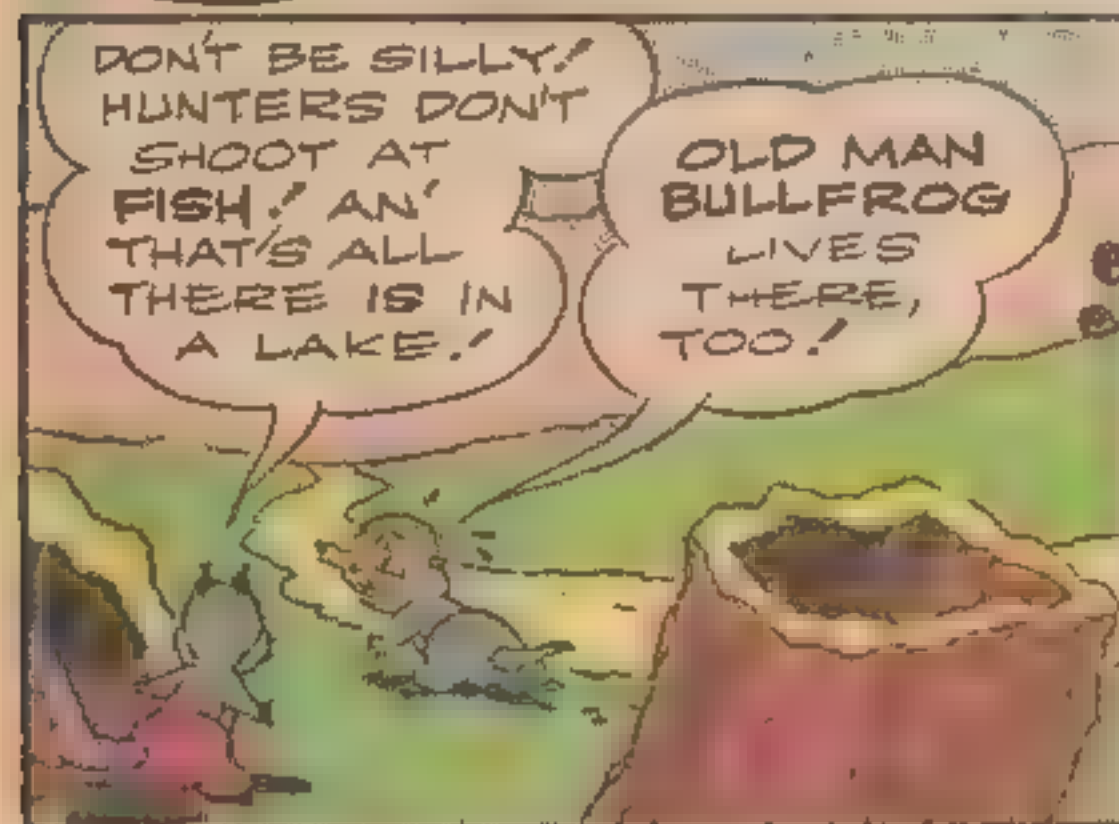
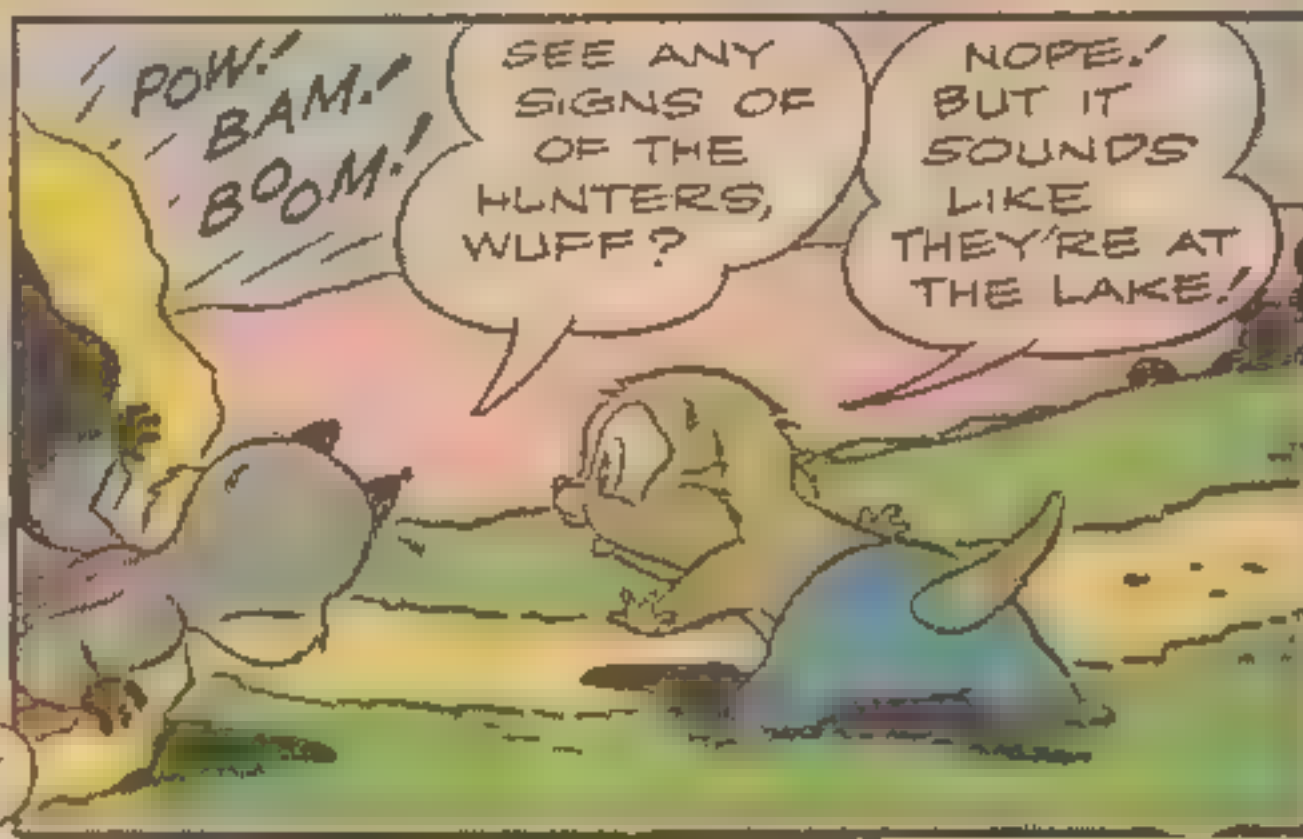
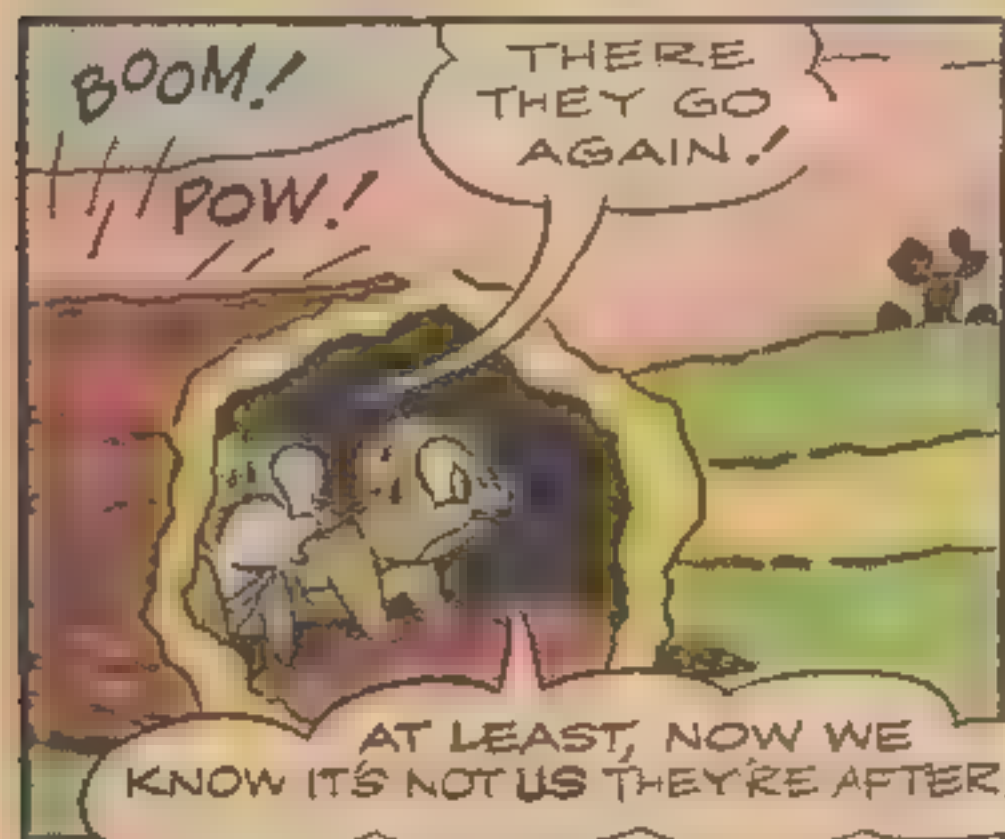
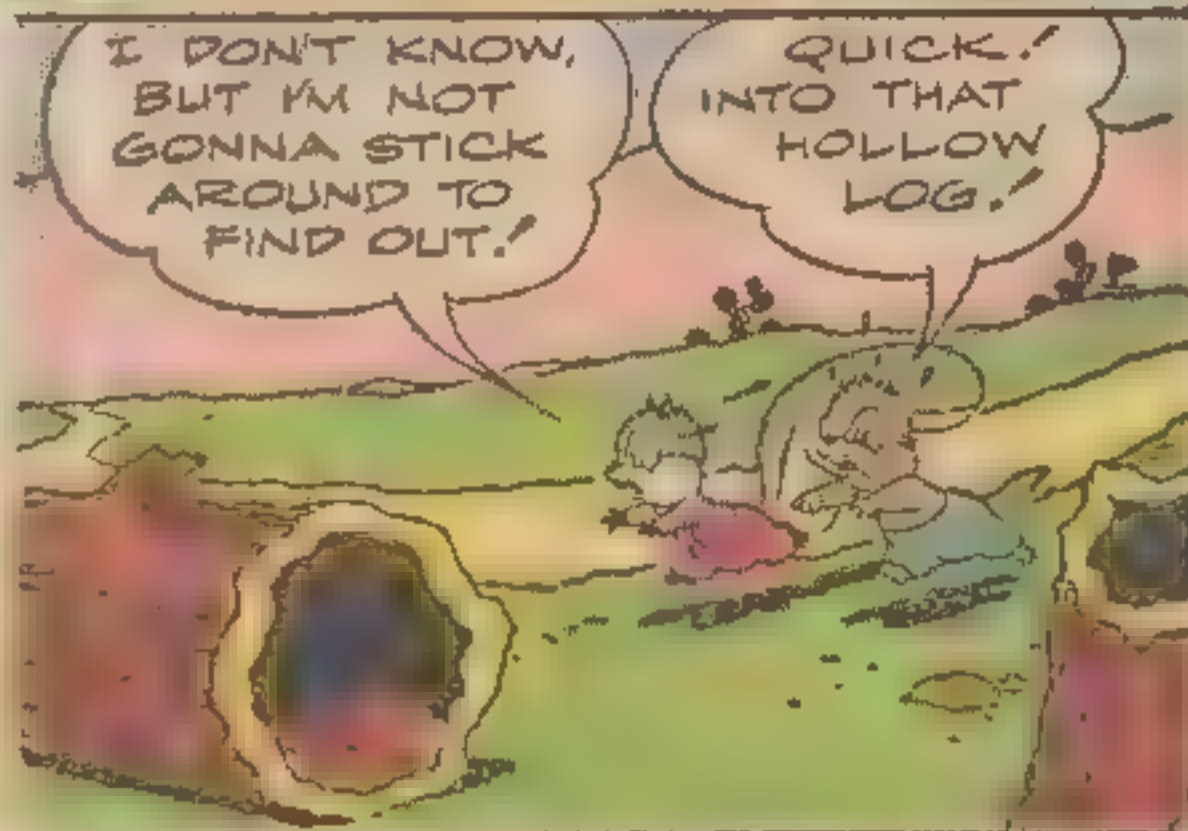
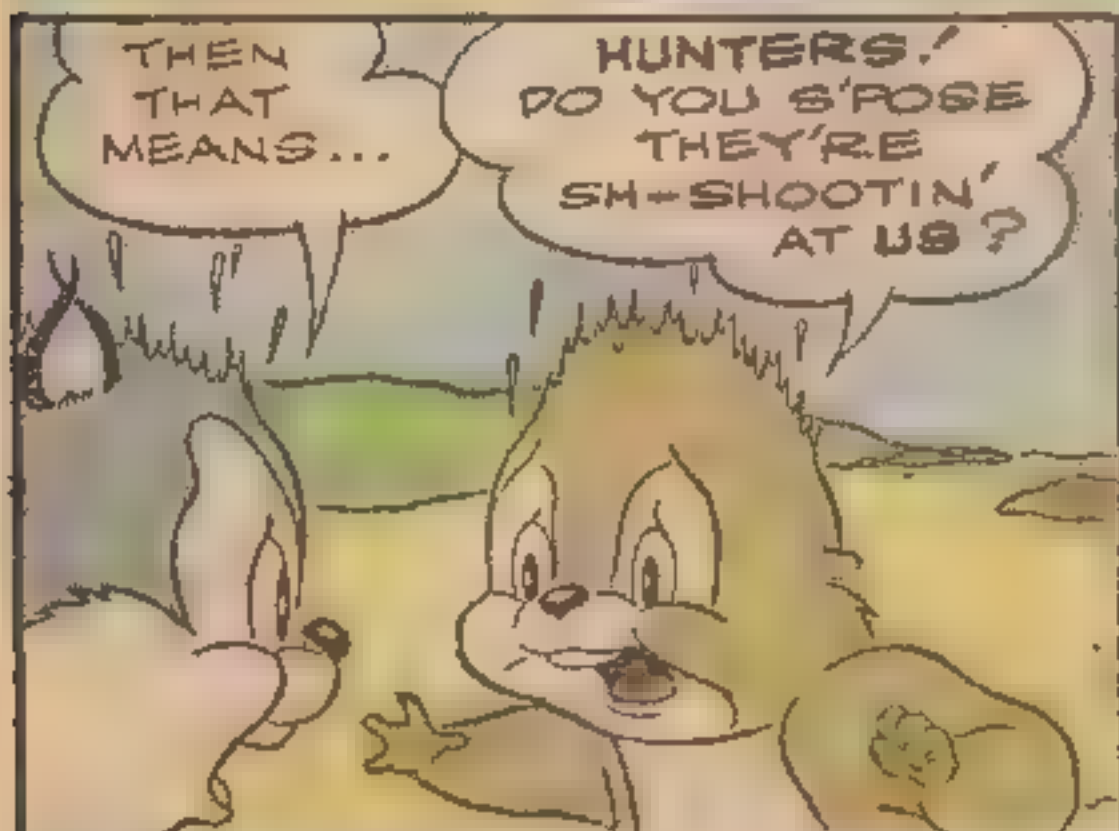
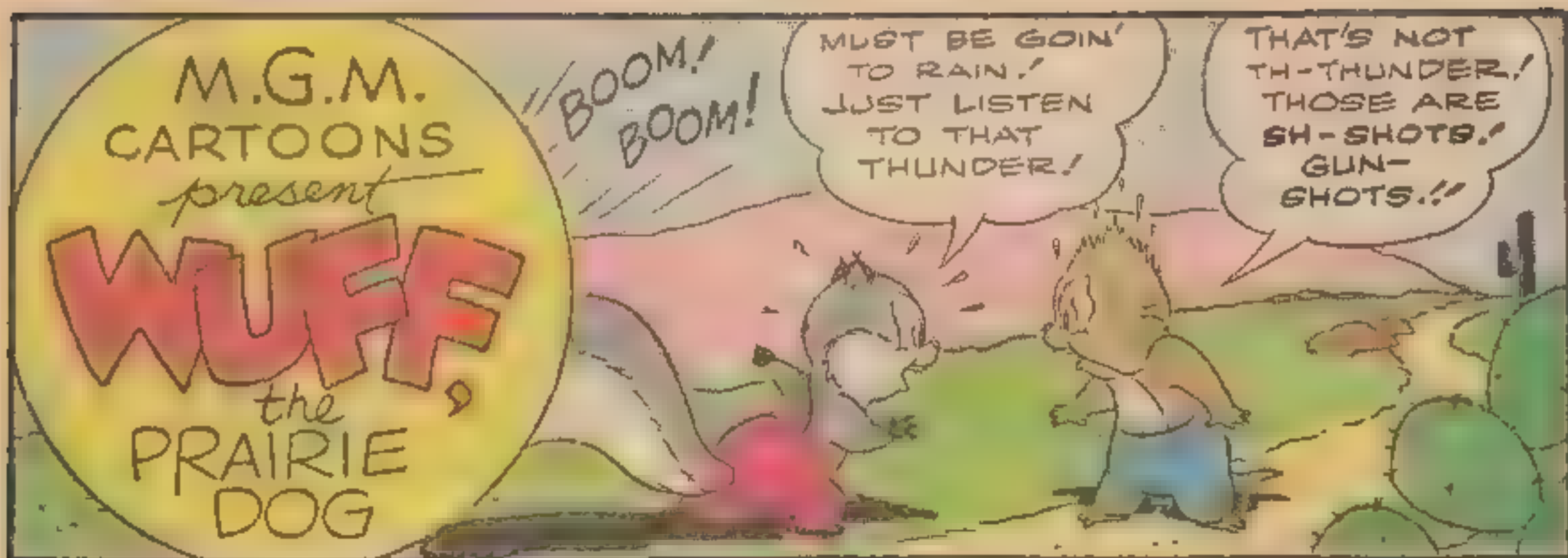


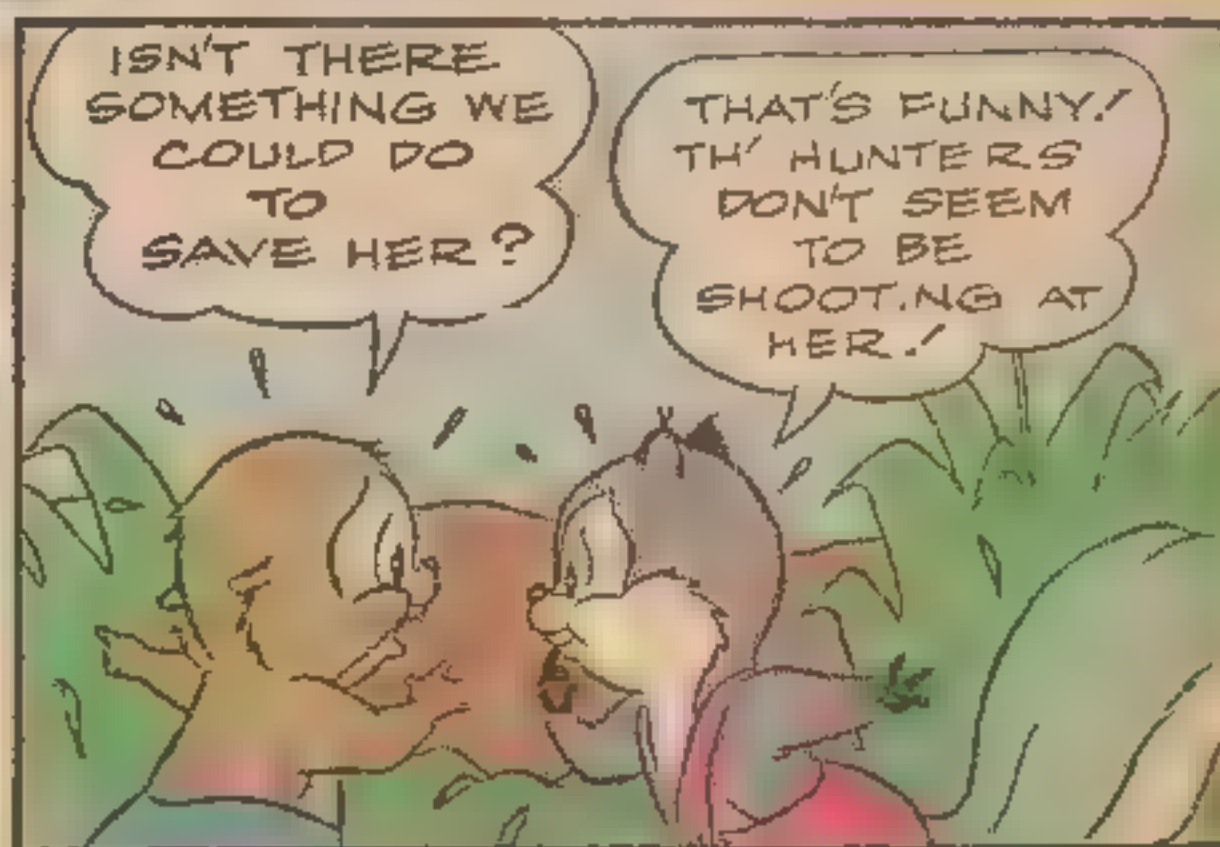
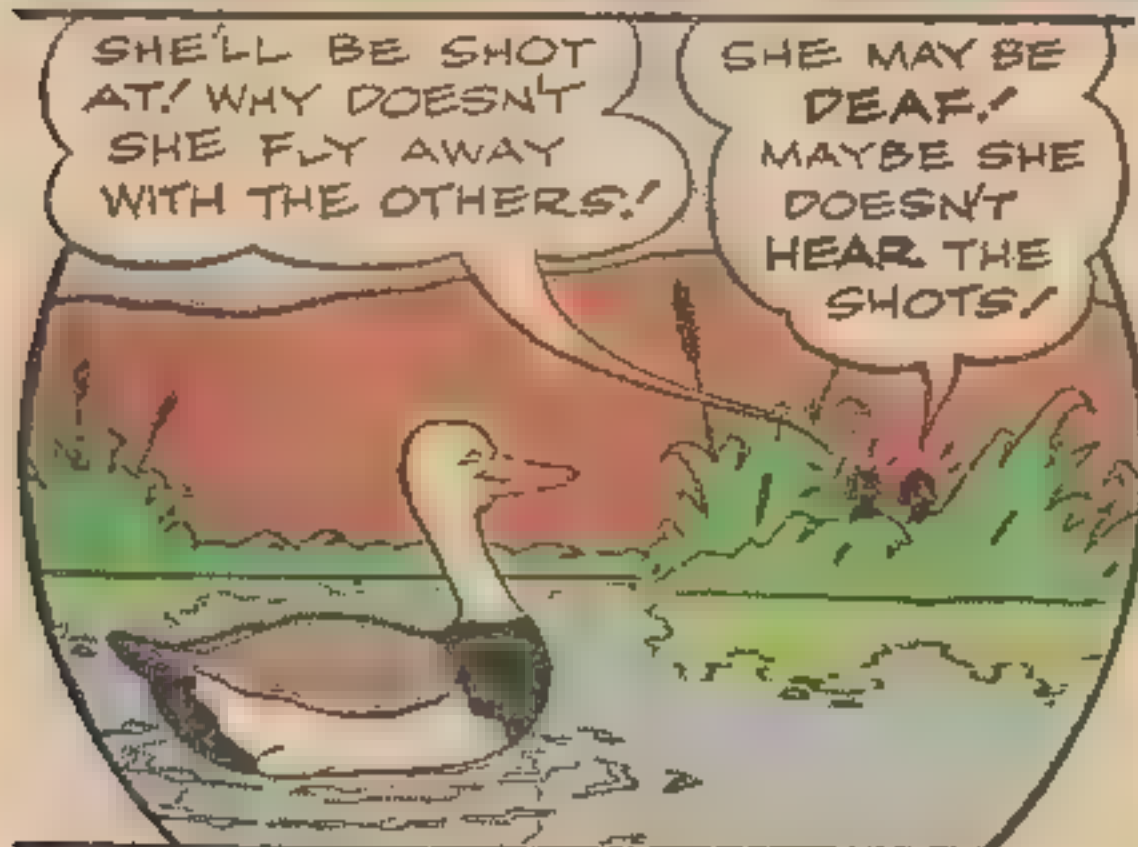
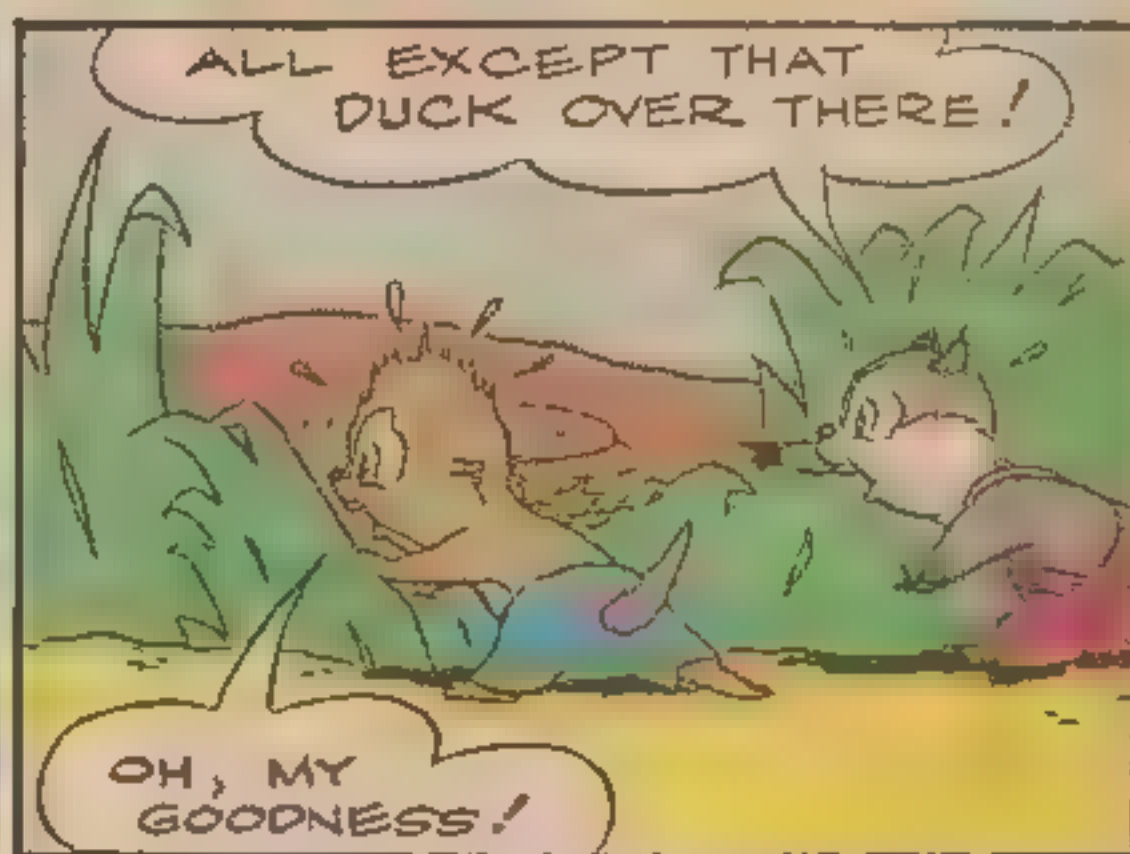
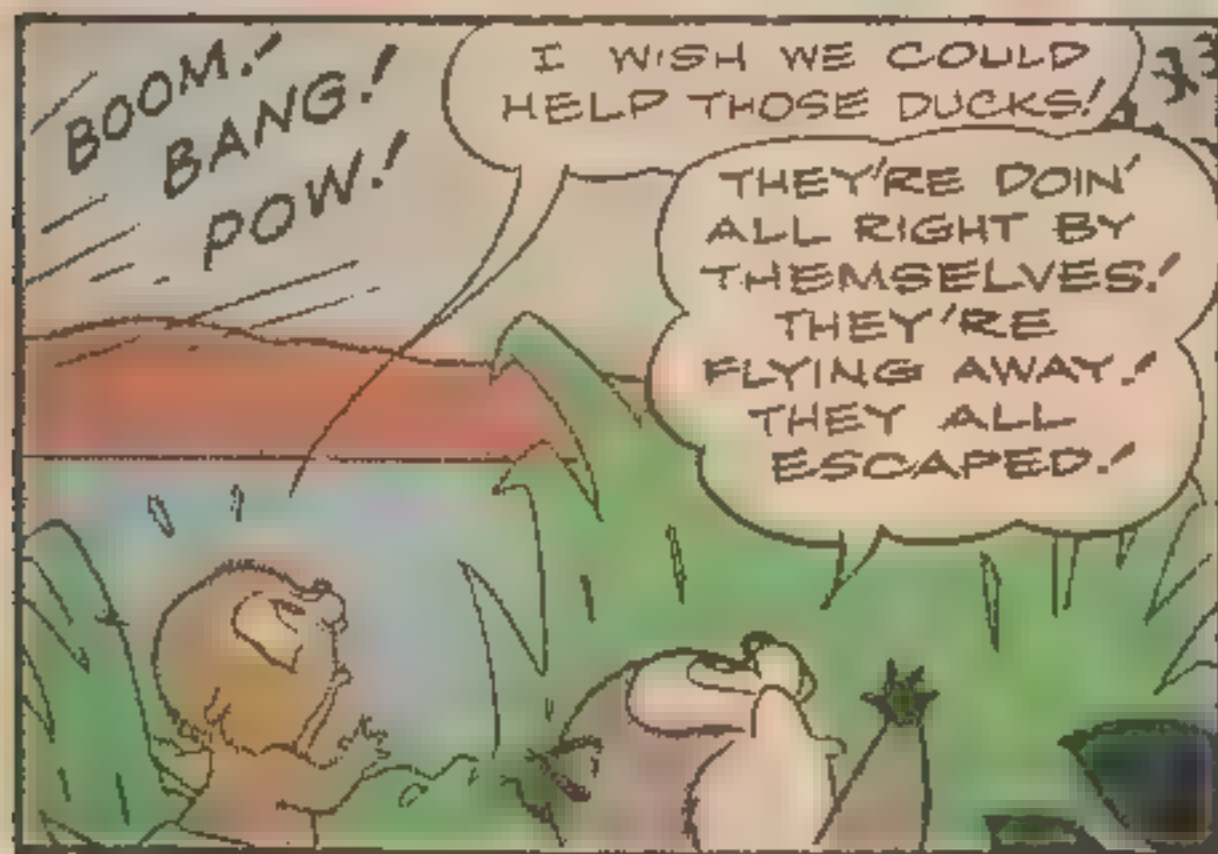
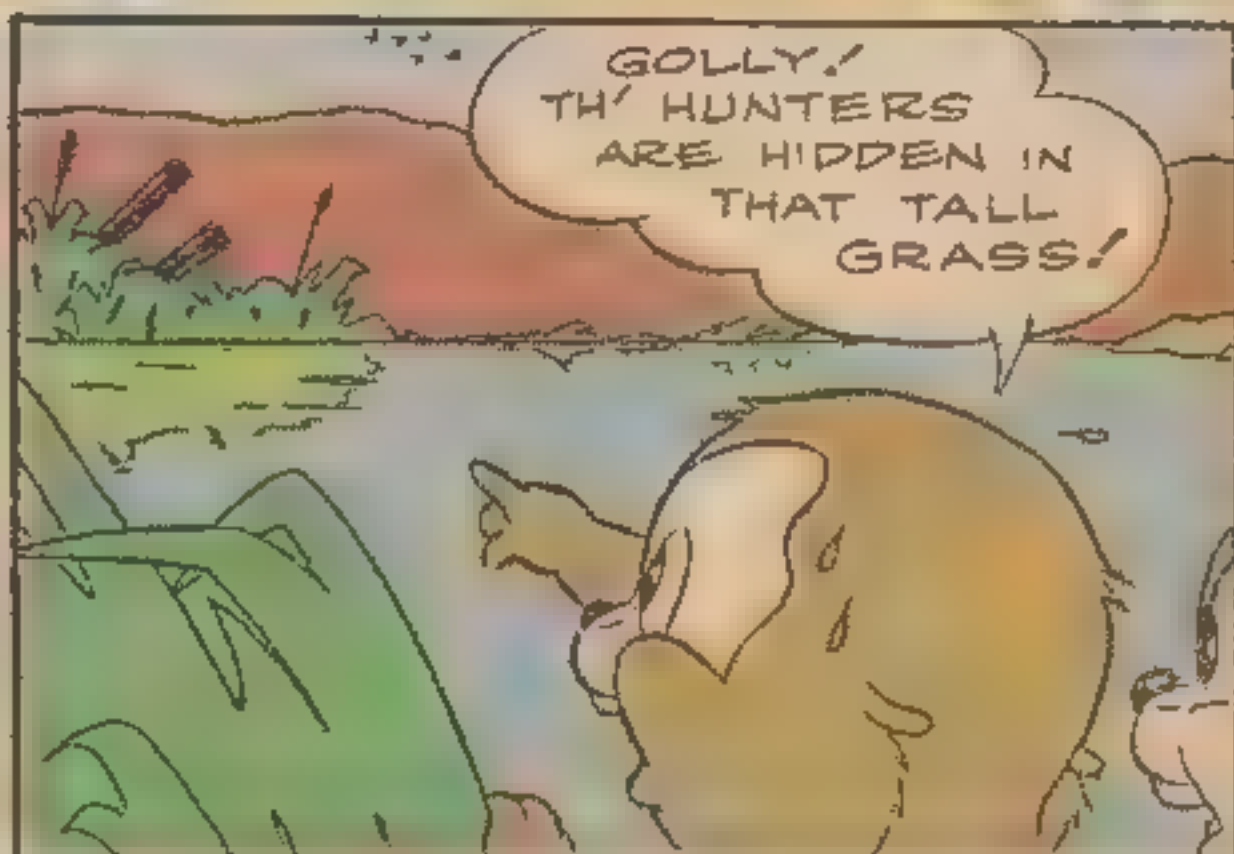
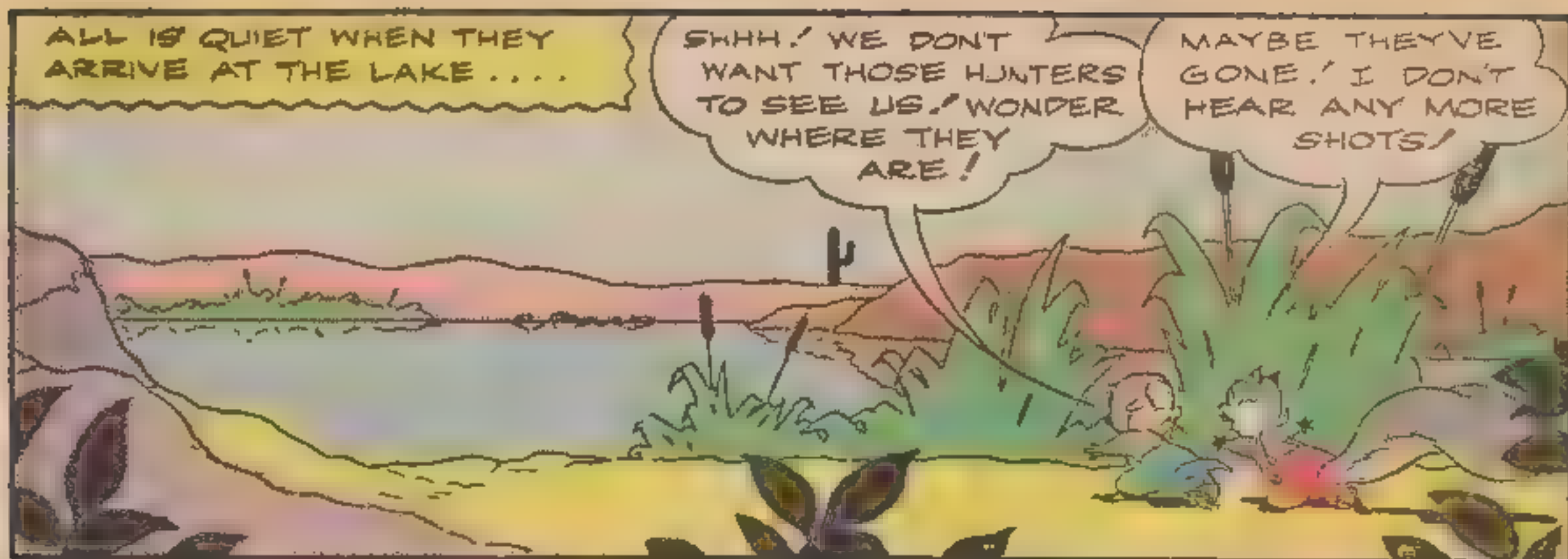


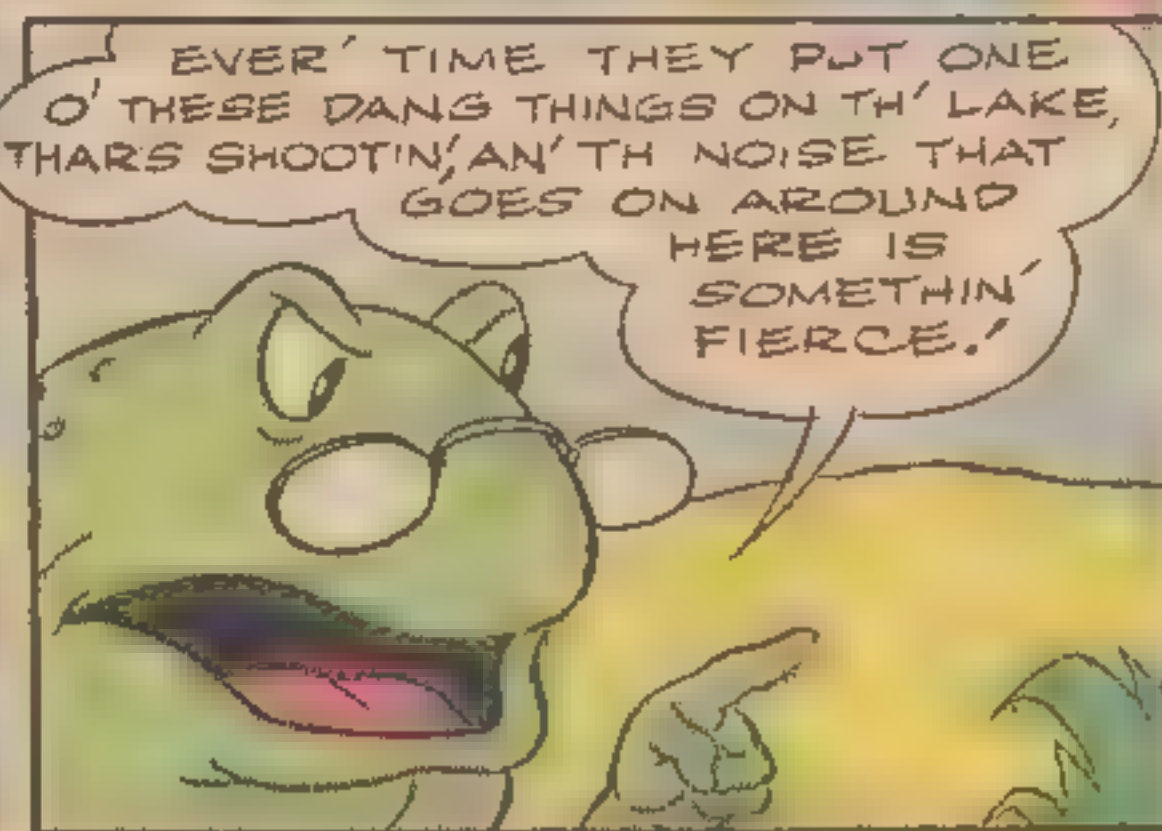
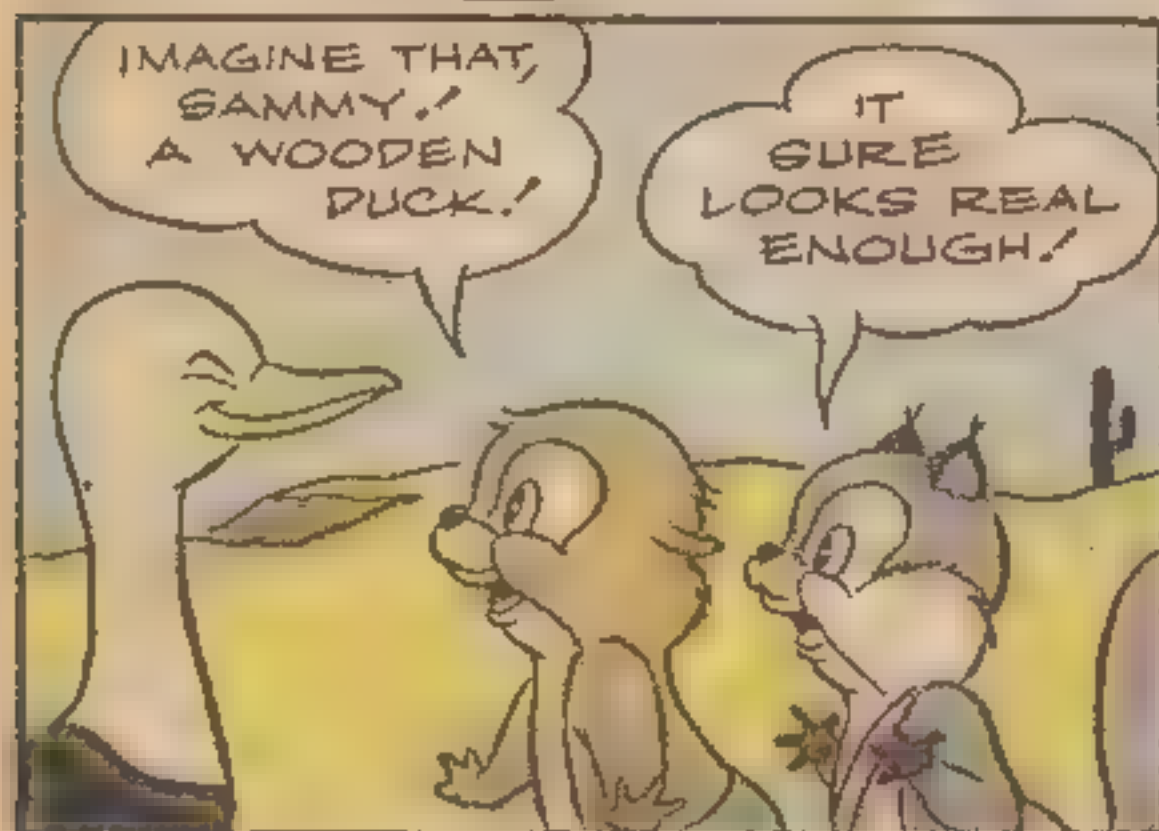
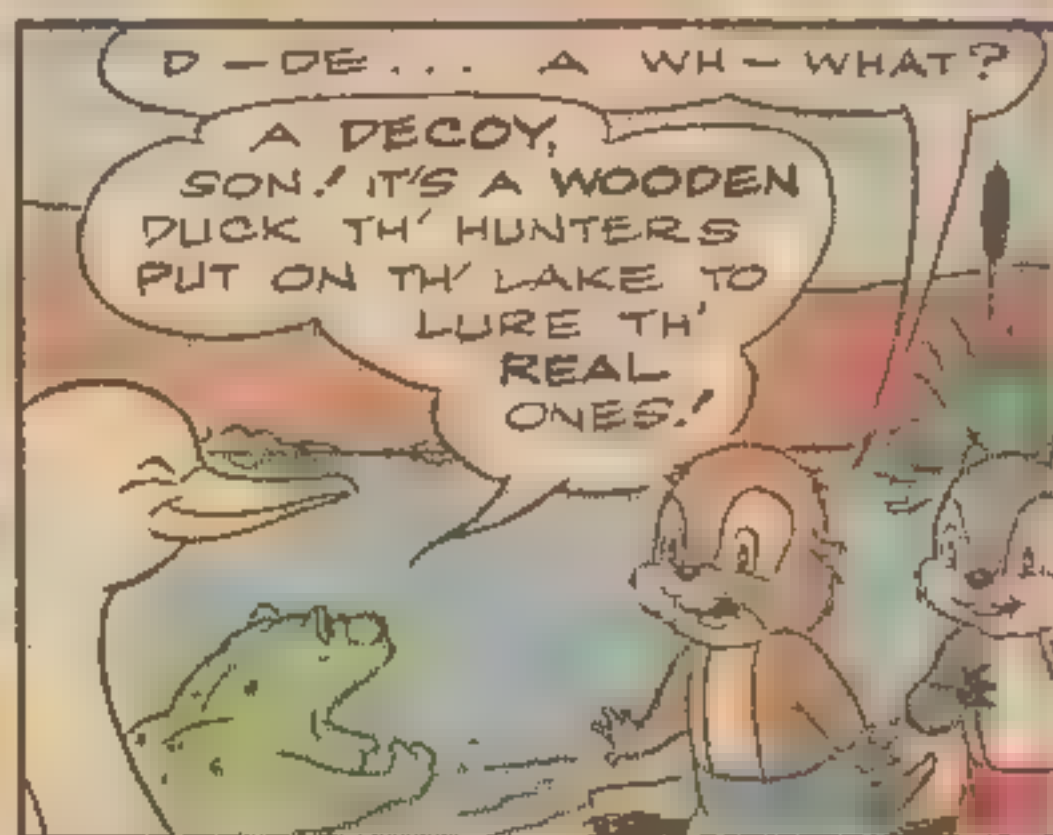
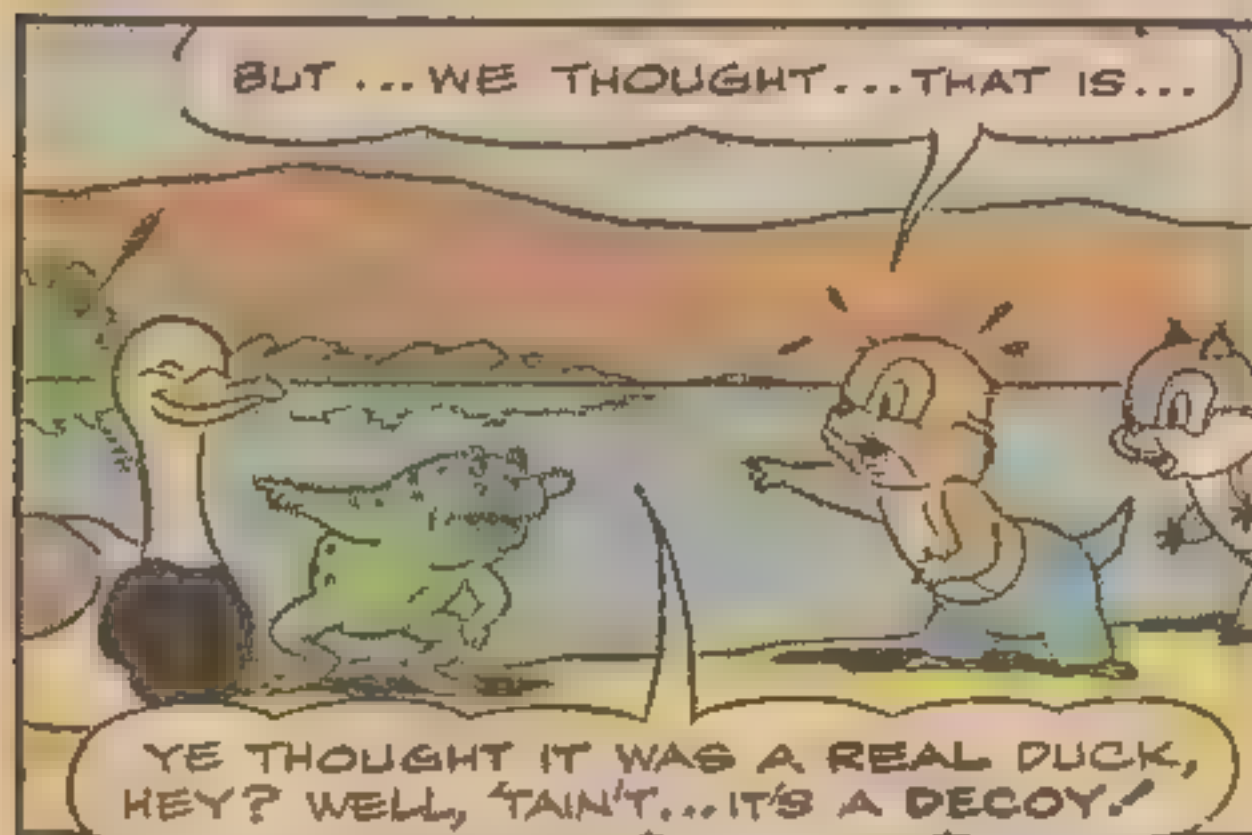
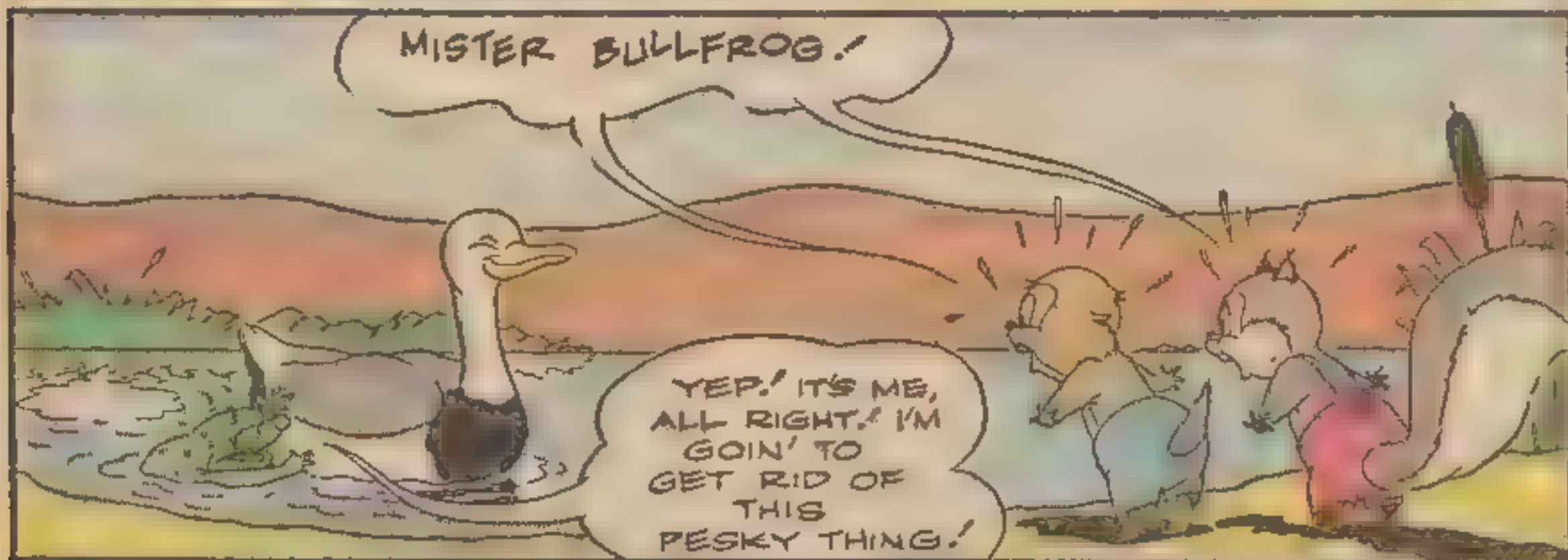
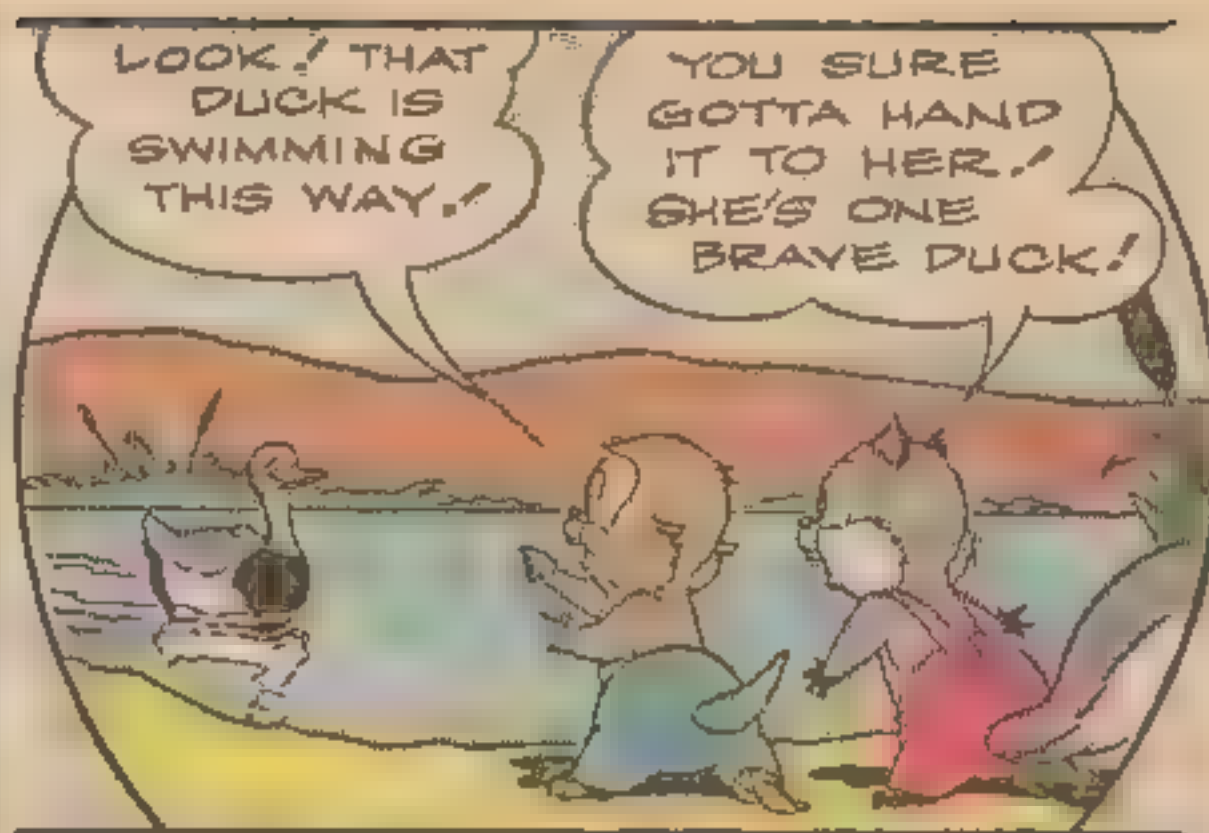
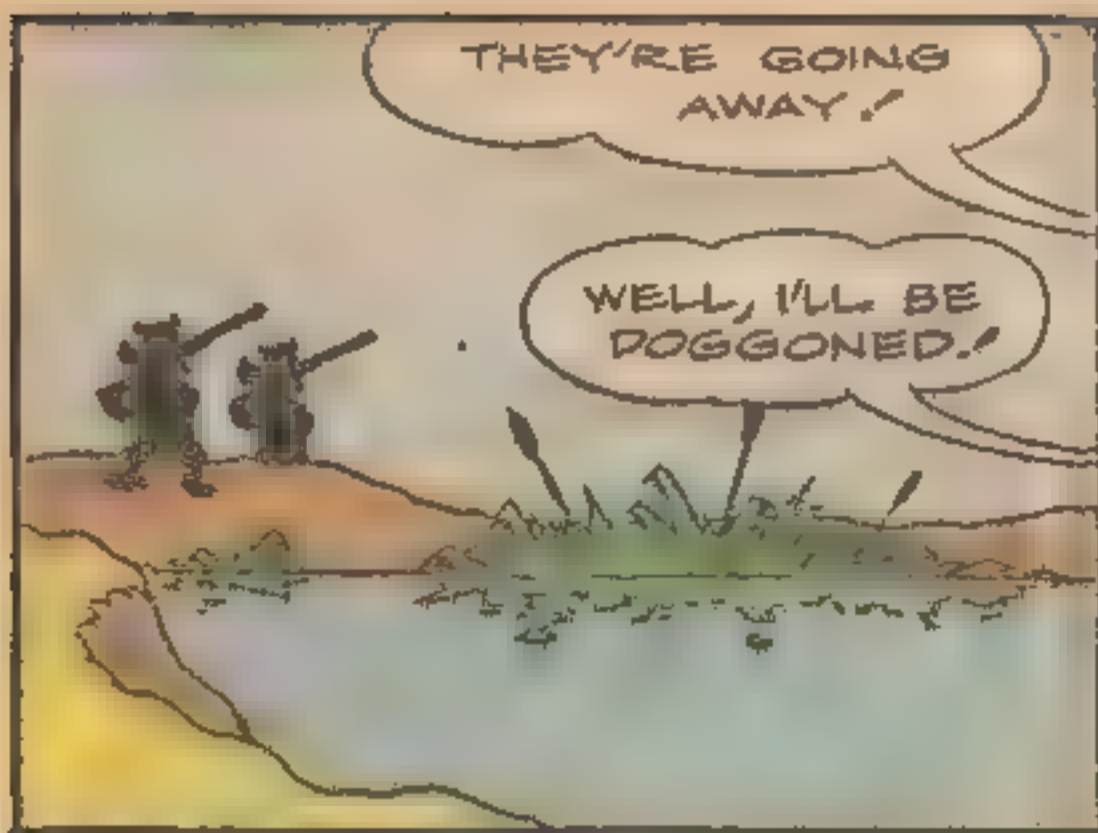


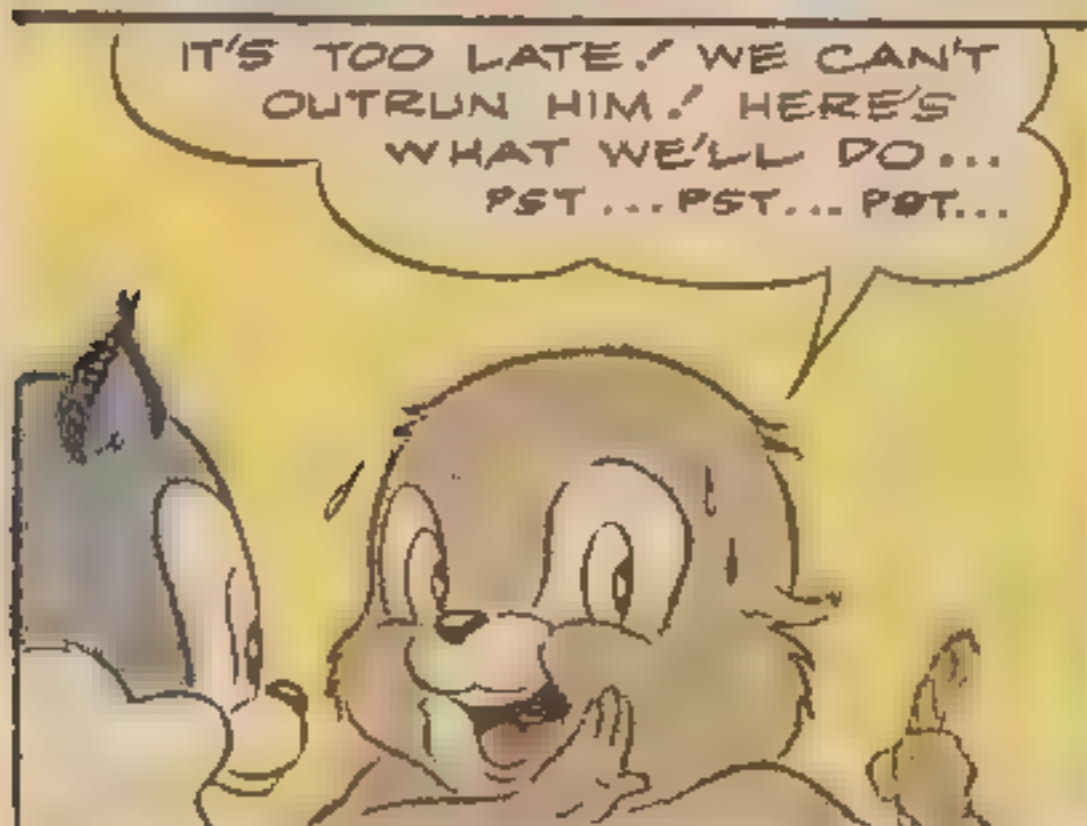
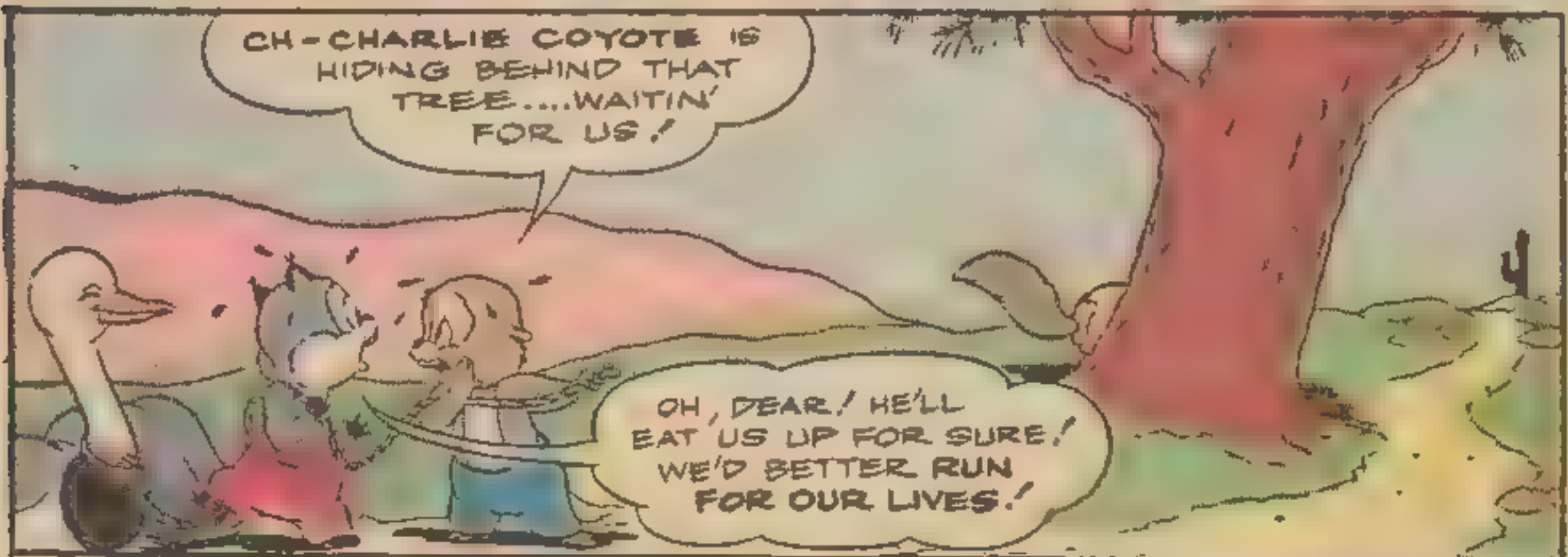
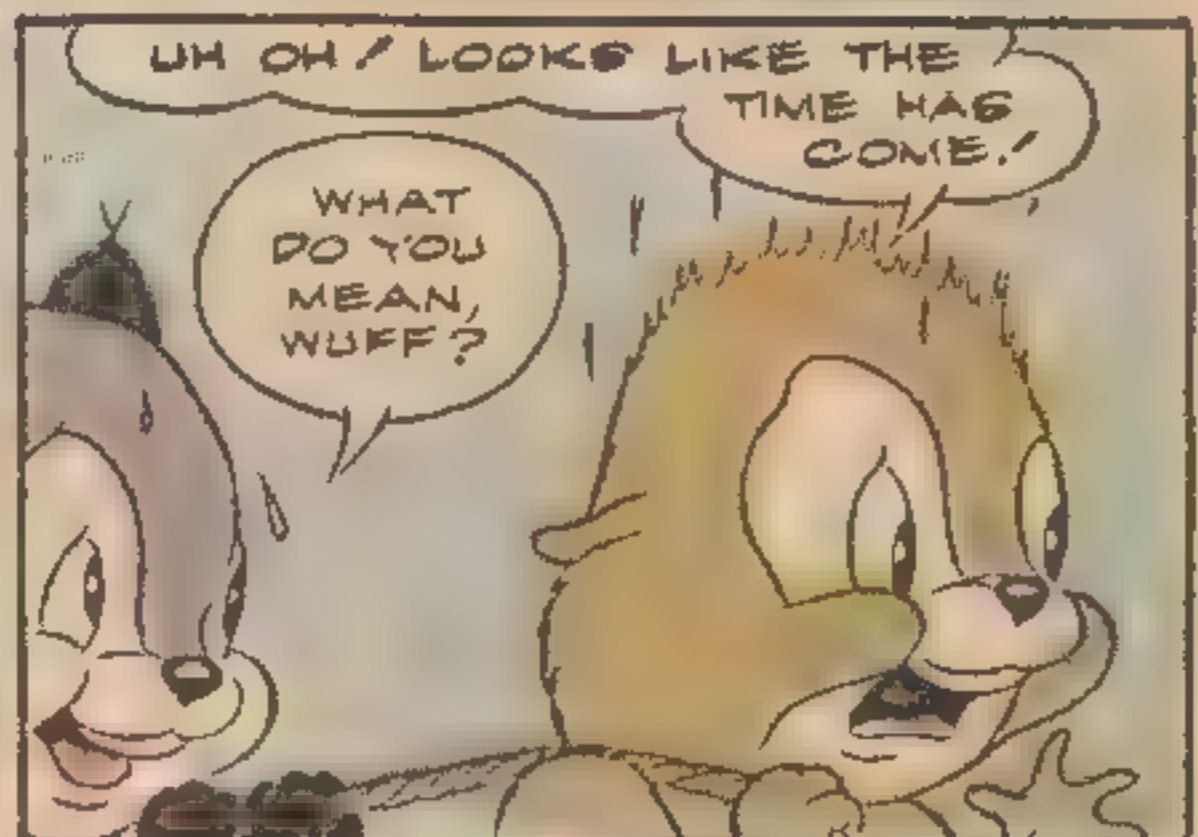
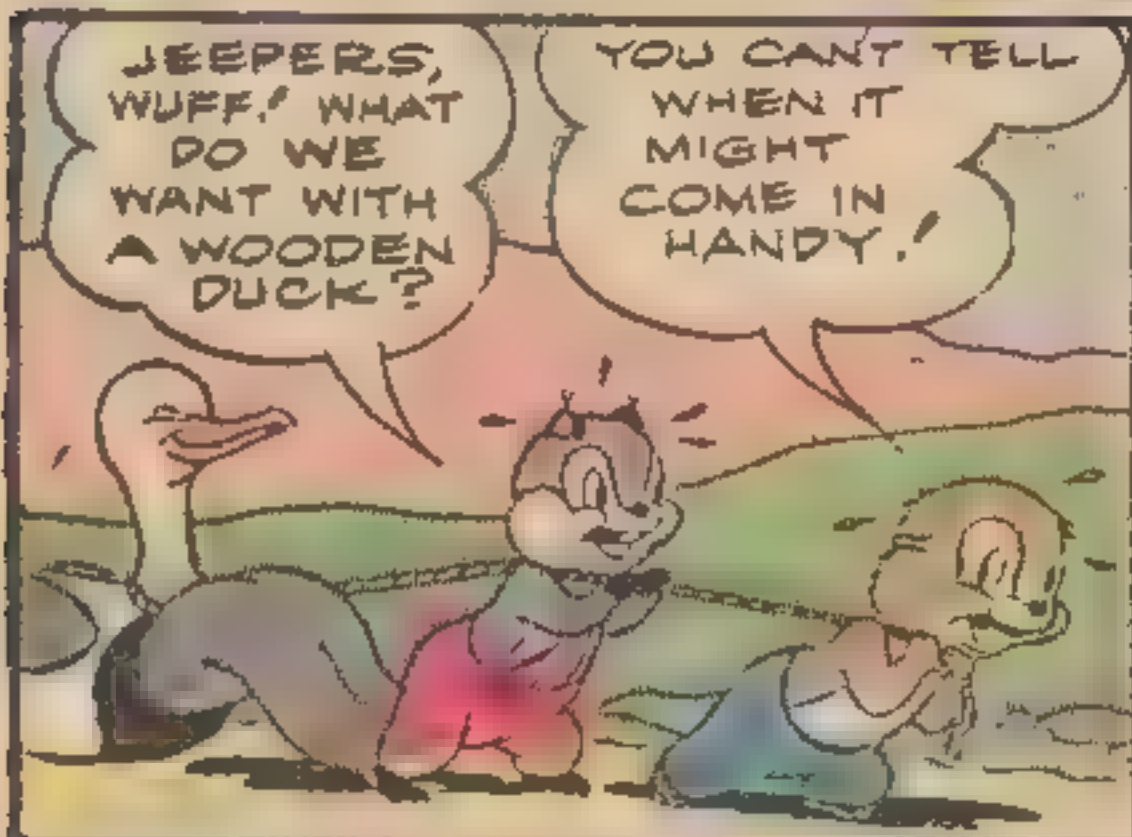
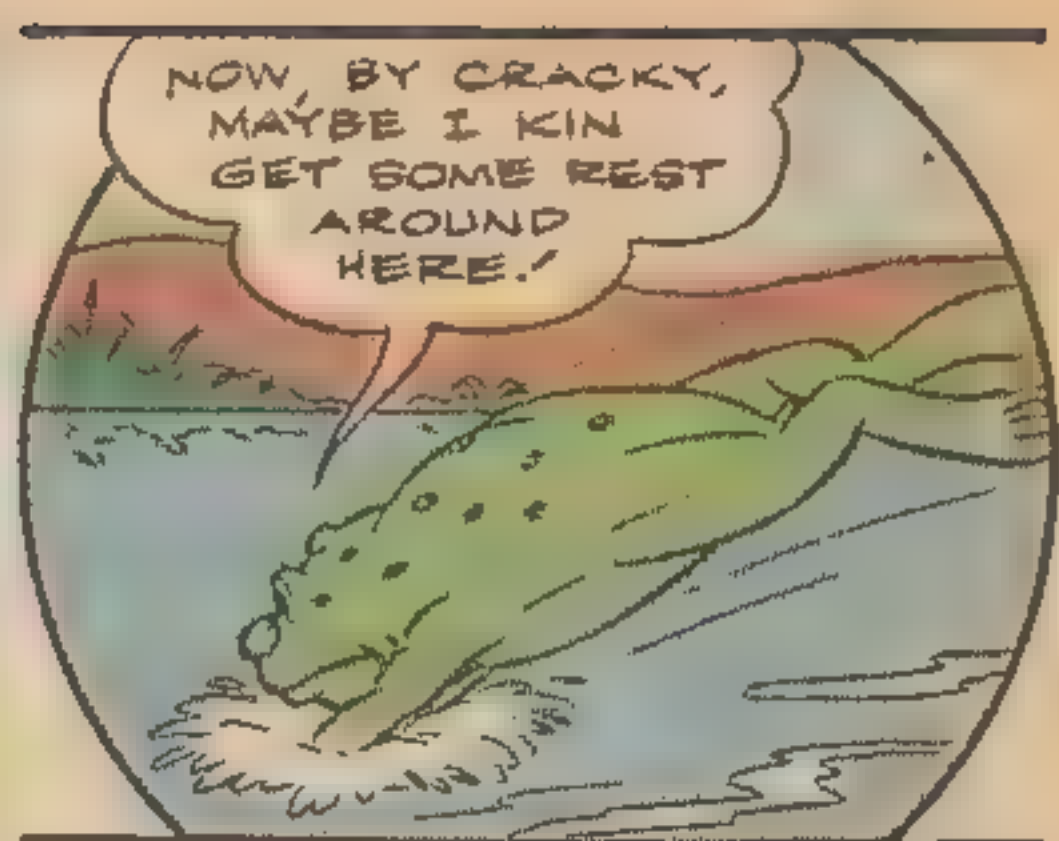


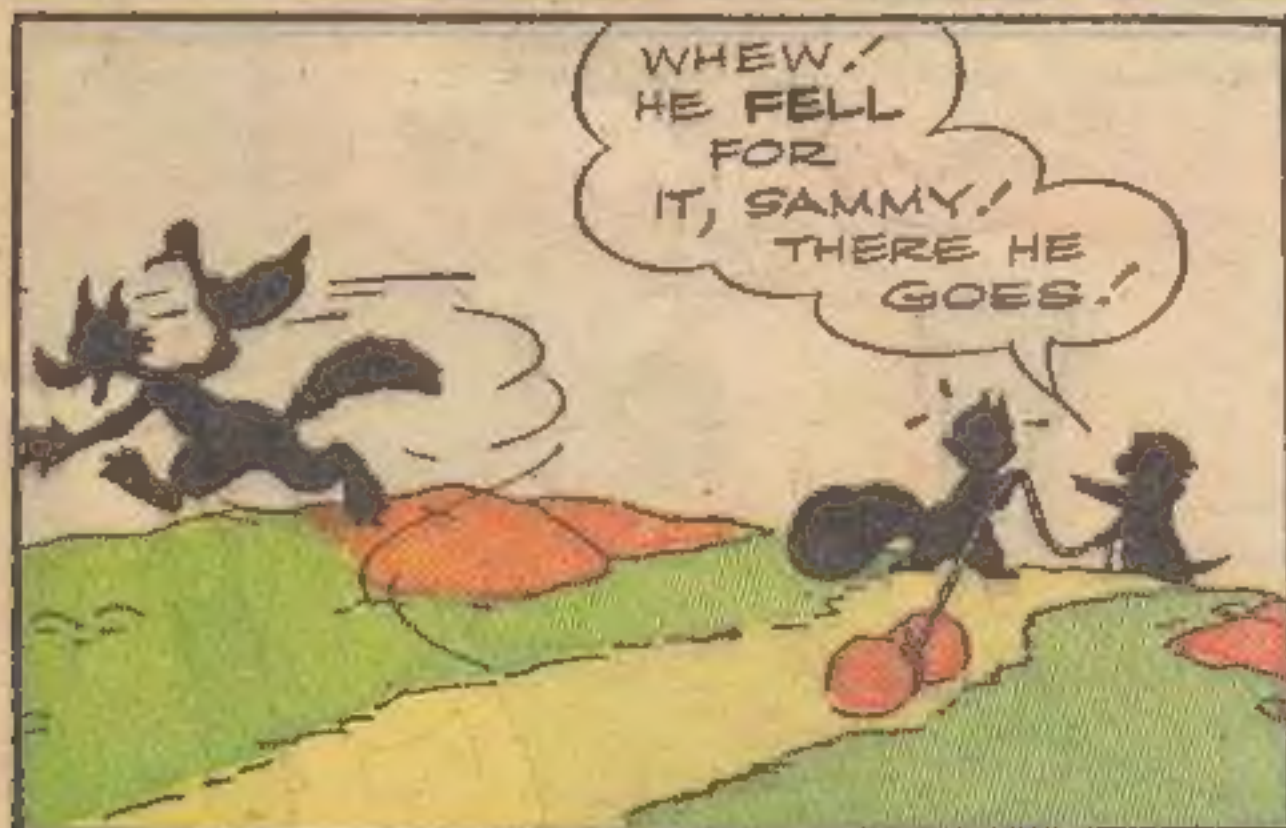
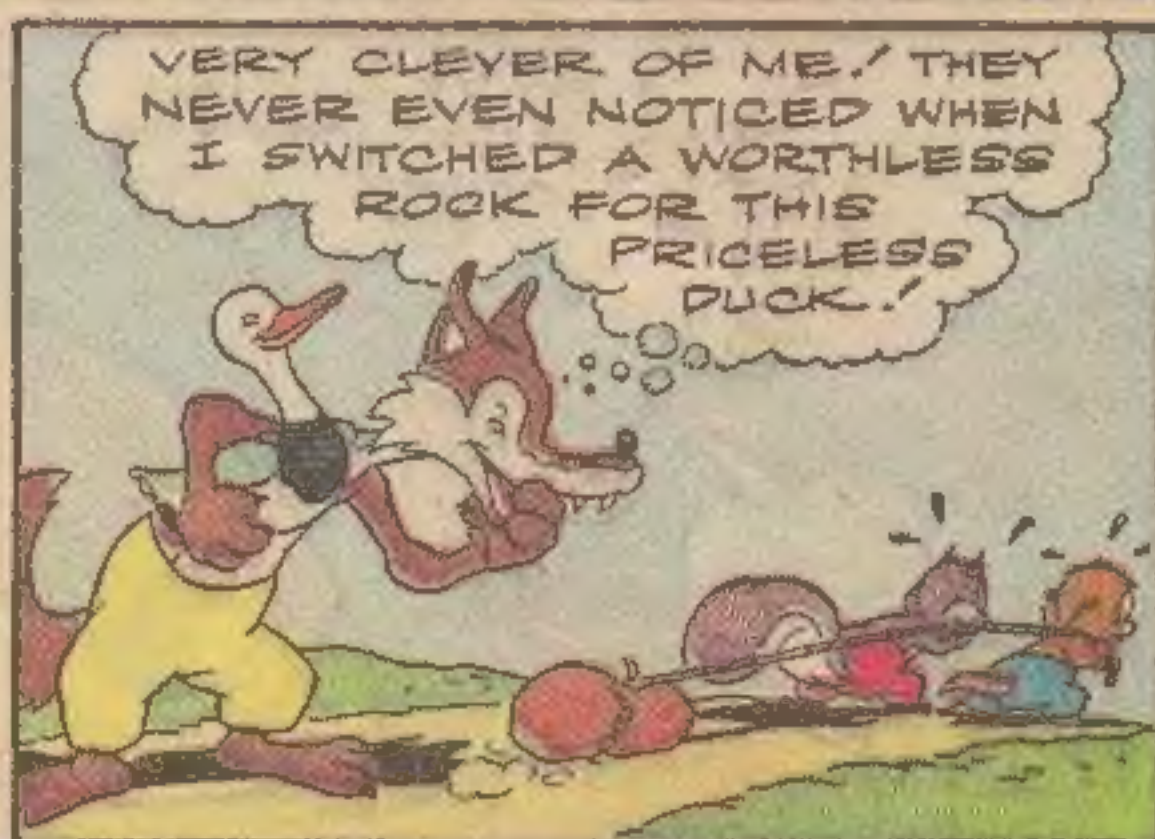
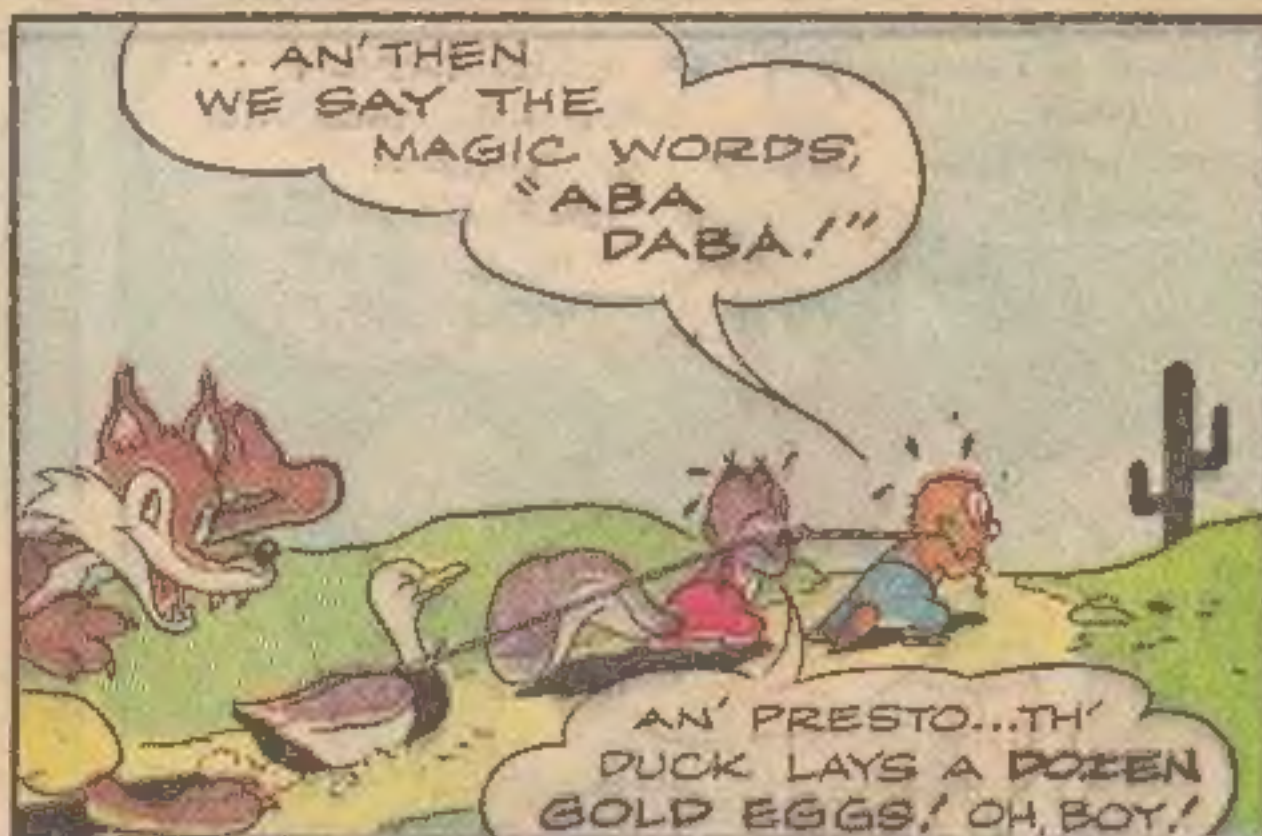
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

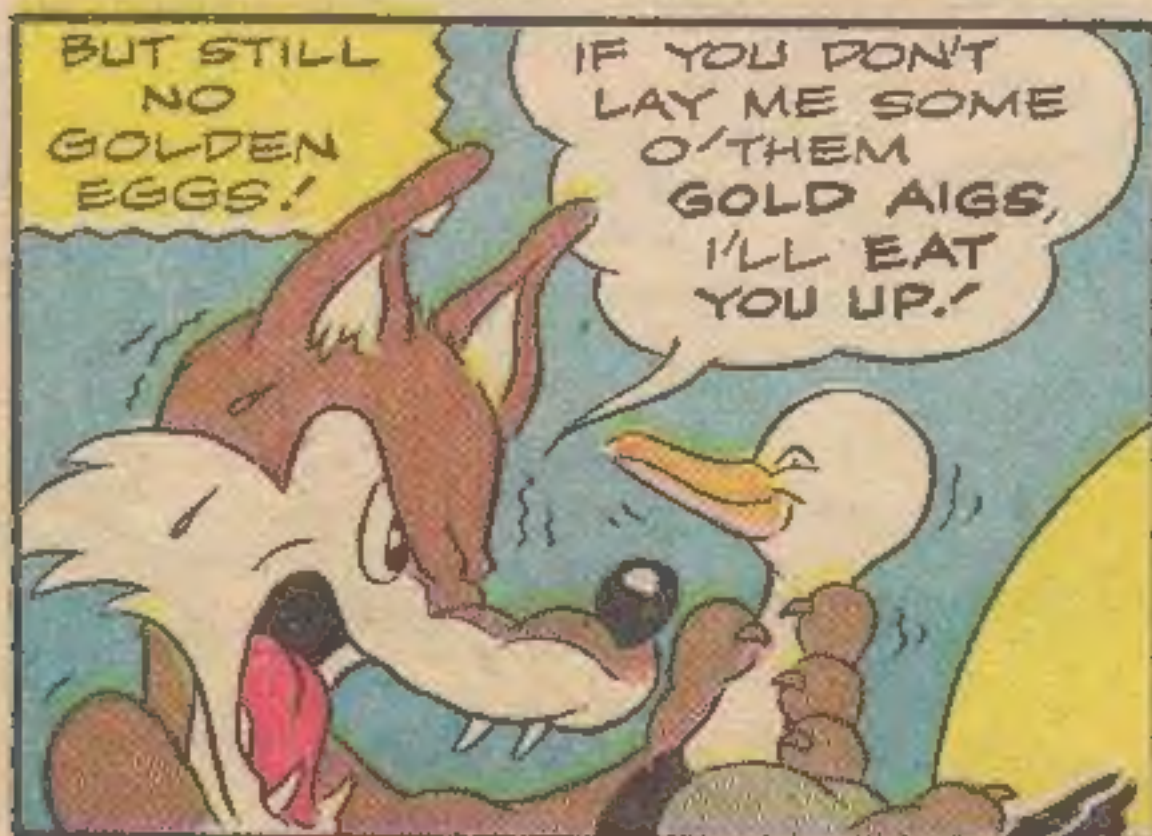
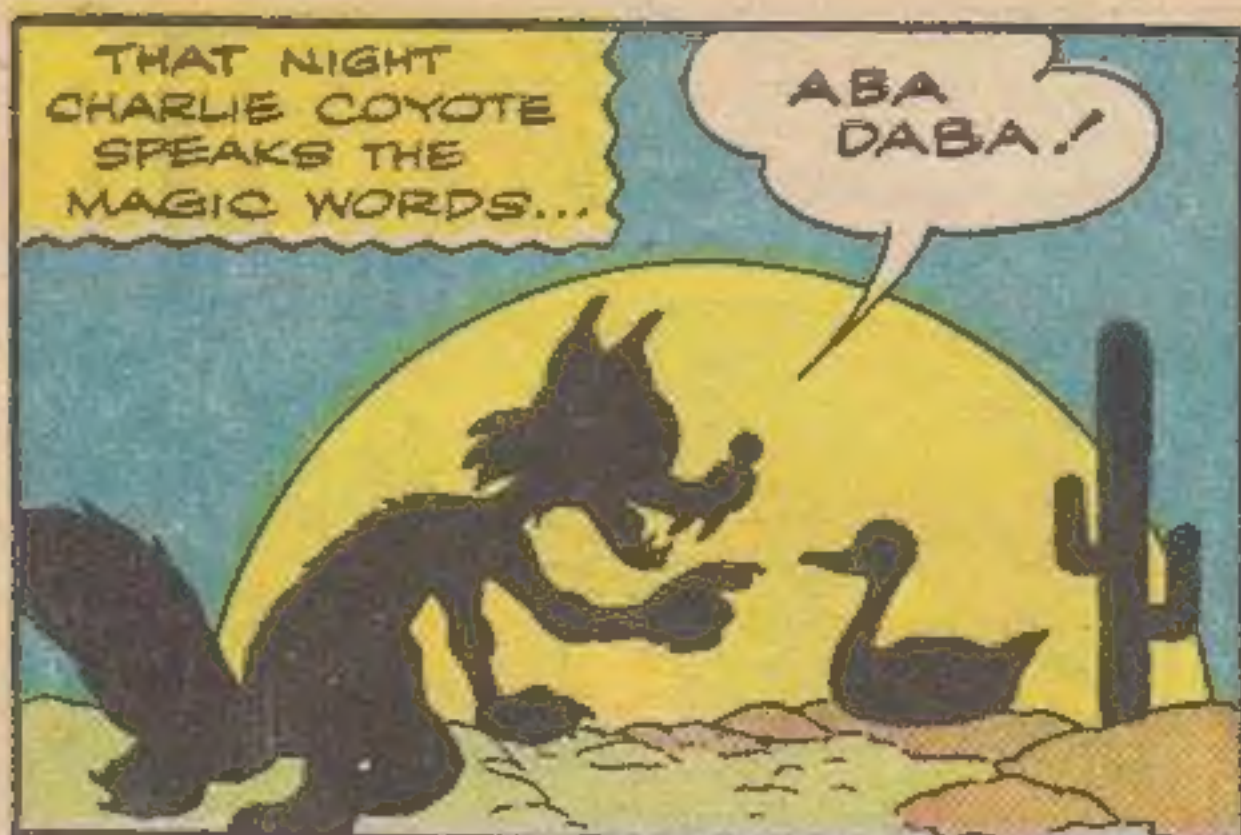


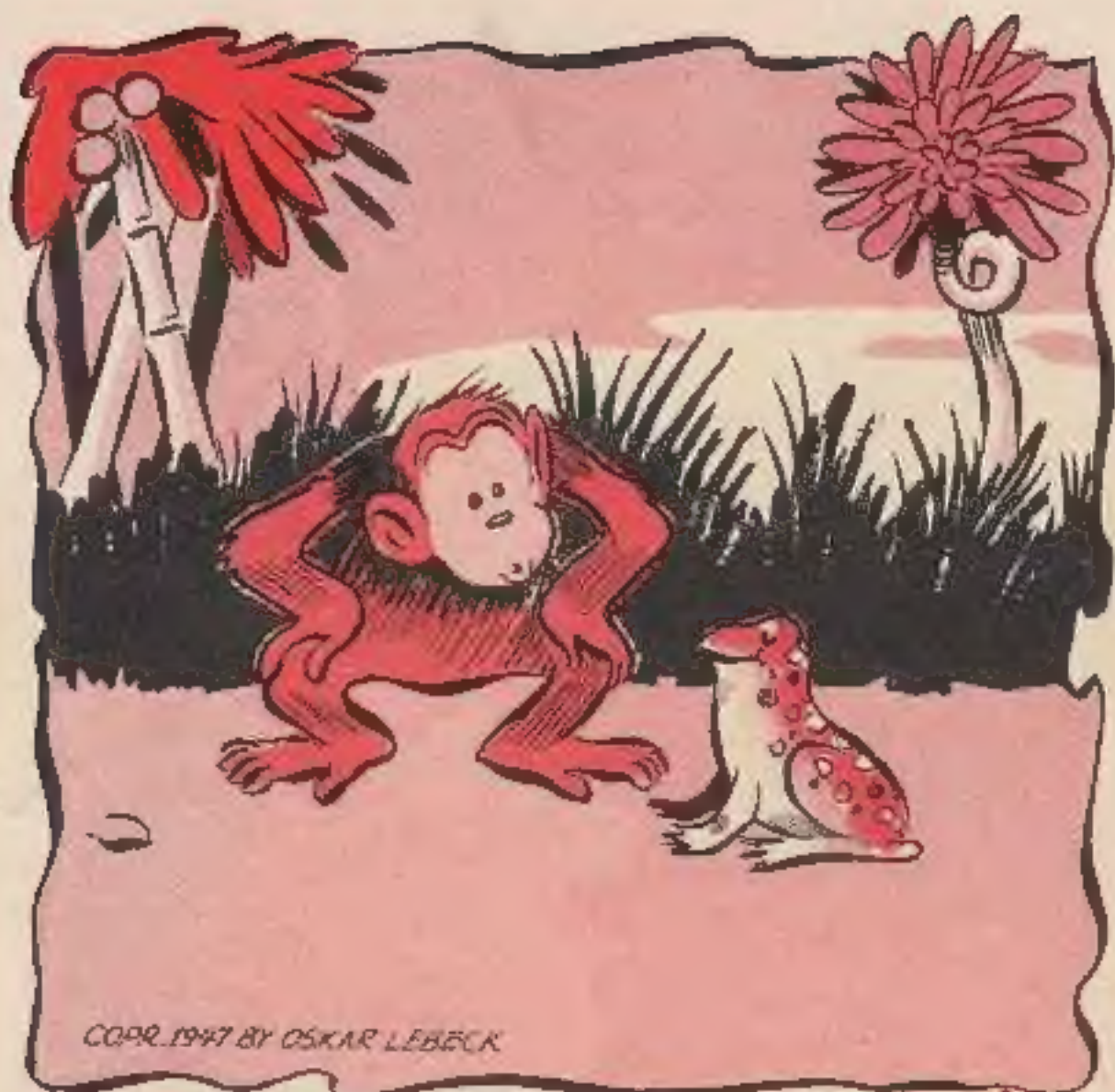












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